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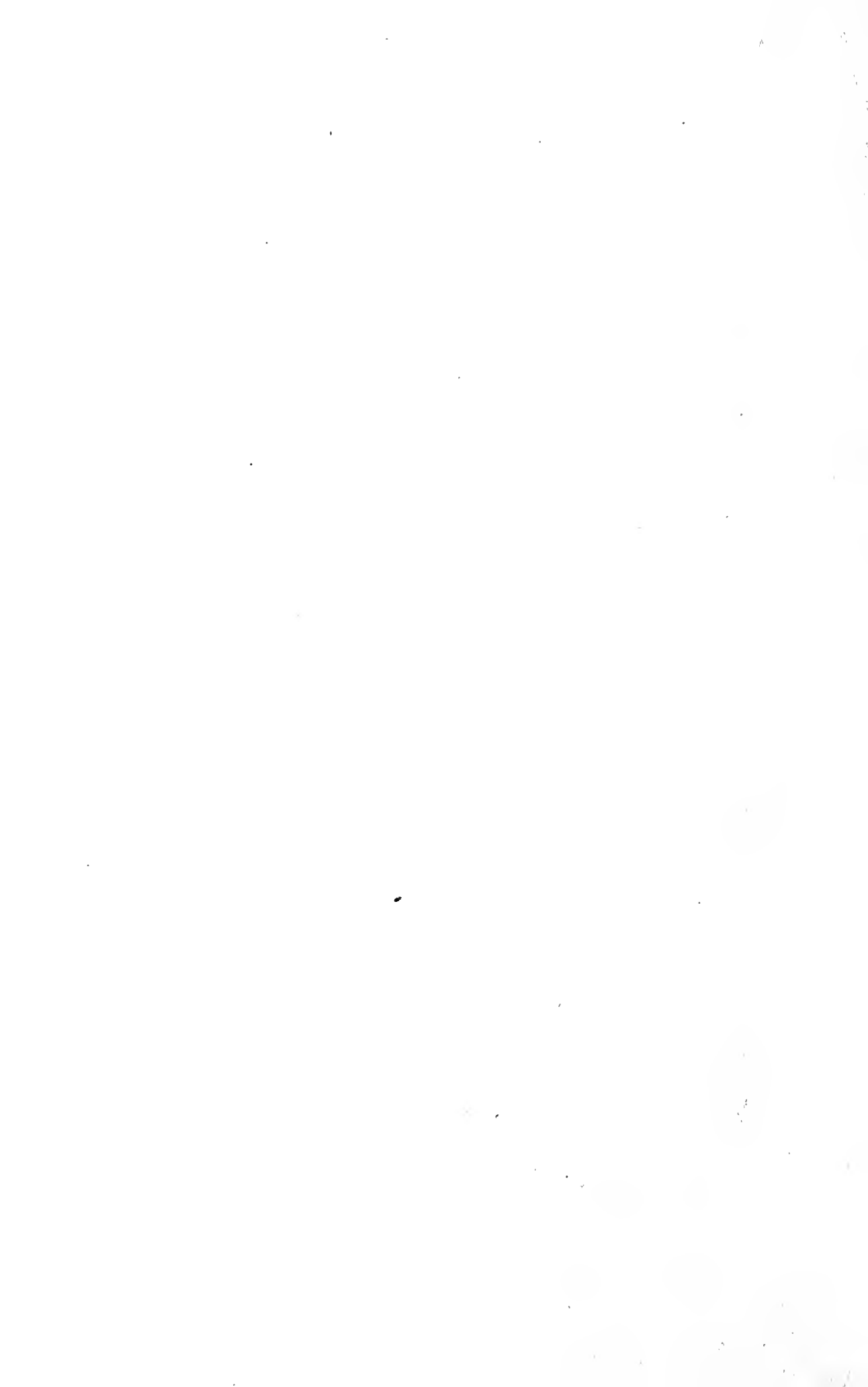
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA



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FRANK L. WORDEN



# CONTRIBUTIONS

TO THE

## Historical Society of Montana:

WITH ITS

TRANSACTIONS, ACT OF INCORPORATION,  
CONSTITUTION, ORDINANCES,

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

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VOL. II.

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"Old legends of the monkish page,  
Traditions of the saint and sage,  
Tales that have the rime of age,  
And chronicles of Eld."

—Longfellow.

HELENA, MONTANA:  
STATE PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
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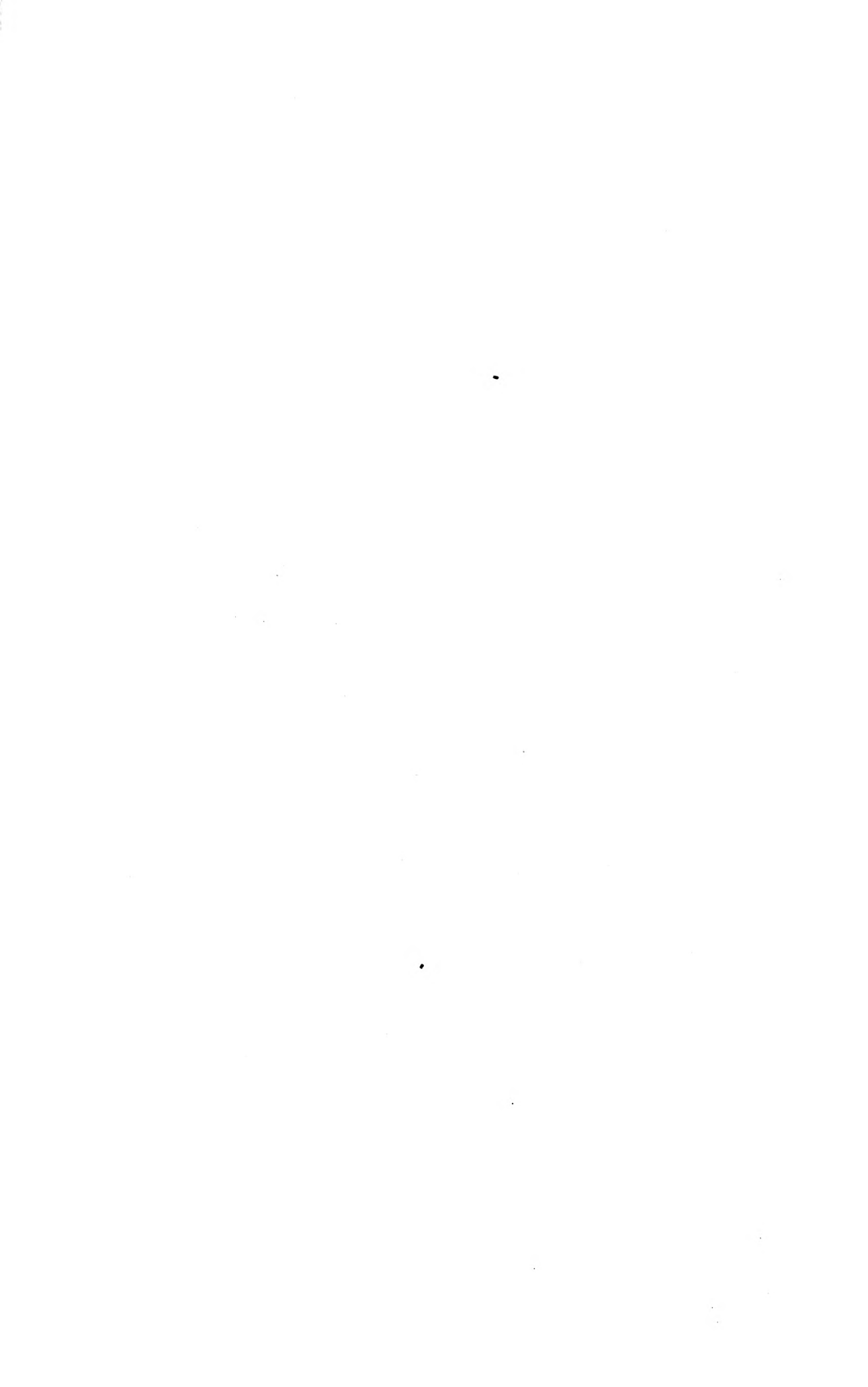
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## INTRODUCTION

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The interregnum since the issuance by the Historical Society of Montana of Volume 1 of its contributions has been filled with events of consequence to the State and its people. When that volume was issued the industries of the Territory were much depressed, its population was small, its resources as undeveloped as they were undoubted; means of intercommunication were difficult and rare, the hopes of the people of railroad construction within its borders had been long deferred and did not promise an early fulfillment. That the combination of so many adverse circumstances should affect the welfare of our society was inevitable. The citizens failing to appreciate the promises of the Territory did not know how great a drama they were enacting: on how large a theatre they moved, nor how vast an audience would be spectators of their every action in the successive generations that should follow their own, and recall with intense and affectionate interest the story of their lives from year to year.

The population contained an unwonted percentage of highly intellectual people, but among them there was a signal lack of the literary faculty, and with difficulty could the few be induced to place in permanent form the experiences of their pioneer life. Our former volume was wrested from a community whose provoking indifference to the objects of the society was a source of deep solicitude to its membership. But the members had abundant reason to congratulate themselves at the cordial reception accorded their first effort both at home and abroad. Beyond any pretense of ours the volume was commended by literary men of prominence and capacity, whose approval could but be adjudged high praise. It has met with some local criticism in that it was not a coherent continued history of Montana and its vicinage, and in that it gave undue prominence to single events which must be dwarfed when other episodes of our early life were placed by their side. It was said the unities of our experiences were not observed, that the perspective was not maintained. The facts which have been made the basis of this criticism must be confessed, but every performance is entitled to be judged by that which it assumes to be. The Society is engaged in gathering the experiences of individuals and preserving them for the use of future his-

torians. It would fair hope that this collection will ultimately be so large and varied that no prominent event of our history, no peculiar or unique phase of the life of this people will be omitted, and that when some single mind shall seize this material and analyze it, and assign to each part its true consequence and import, then will be evolved a connected history of Montana. But that work must be done by individuals: it is not work which pertains to the corporation known as the Historical Society of Montana. There is extant a growing and plaintive impatience that some person does not write the story of this life of these people, who within thirty years have enacted on this area a drama so powerful a people the episodes of whose life, interest: the vicissitudes of whose experiences, thrill. This appeal has addressed itself to several of our citizens and has thus far been passed by unheeded, but some circumstances have recently occurred which give to this desire the authority and dignity of a command. That unblushing Visigoth, the literary huckster with his second-hand wares, has broken in upon our sleeplessness, jarred coarsely on our sensibilities, usurped without invitation or consent the most responsible and solemn position which our civilization has created and in which every citizen has an interest, and has palmed off upon us our own alleged history. These literary commercial travelers seize extant information without reference to its reliability to give currency to wares of unimportant or apocryphal quality, making, however, an occasional contribution to actual history. To the citizens familiar with our "busy life, its fluctuations and its vast concerns," these ventures are innocuous—they may even be said to have their value: they perhaps in individual instances minister to personal pride, they gratify in exceptional cases a shallow vanity and do no immediate harm. But as the written material for history in a new country is lamentably scarce, individual memory and personal observation and experience must be the sources from which that material is largely drawn. This matter cannot be fitly used by a person like our perambulating vandal—on money intent—who gleans it mechanically. He will lack that sympathy born of mutual suffering and experience, he will miss the myriad details which daily observation gives, whereby the great events are fused into an intelligible whole, and he will lack that personal knowledge essential to give to his opinions the remotest value. He will be warped from his duty by gold where ignorance does not betray, he cannot discriminate between the heated exaggerations of personal or party strife or the falsehood which such struggles engender and the plain facts which fall under public observations and are attested by a cloud of witnesses. His mission is fulfilled when he tumbles into one kaleidoscopic mass what has been said, without reference to what has occurred. Such is our self-con-



stituted "Historian" and of such quality is his alleged "History." It would be unjust to dwell on the infirmities of such labor or to deny to it a certain degree of merit. It rescues from oblivion an occasional episode or name worthy of preservation in our annals. For occasional excellencies like these much charity is deserved, but thereby is devolved upon our people a more imperative duty to bring to some responsible tribunal all the essential events of our history, to set them in array, to explain their relation to each other and give the public a coherent and connected story of the pioneer experiences of our people. Material for such a work is scanty and widely dispersed: in some instances it seems to have been wholly lost. But its incompleteness grows with the revolving years and it must not be longer delayed.

It is apparent that public interest in the events of our early history has with the increasing prosperity of the country been greatly augmented. The organization of the Society of Pioneers and the reminiscences of the early times which with increasing frequency appear in our newspapers, demonstrate the increasing solicitude of our people to know of this conquest of Montana from savage life to the humanities and amenities of our present civilization. We cannot attribute the increase of this thirst for local episode solely to the greater prosperity of the country. Interest in the signal events of a people always increases as they recede. The flight of the years corrects the perspective, sets each circumstance in orderly array and relieves it of that prosaic quality which familiarity breeds. The actors in those early days did not themselves appreciate how vast a result they were achieving. "They builded better than they knew." Engaged in a concrete struggle with savage life and rugged nature, their eager competitions led them away from the philosophic, the heroic, the poetic and sentimental aspects of the strife, as such struggles always do. To them it was a contention for farms, for herds, for gold, for office and for the gratification too often of mean ambitions; but time has crystalized it all into the founding of a State, the planting of a civilization.

If we could analyze the motives of the actors in some of the greatest events in history they would develop conditions not unlike those which have occurred in our own experience. The sturdy barons who wrested from King John recognition of their rights were defending their personal rights, and doubtless did not comprehend the significance of their demands, but they made that Island in the Thames a pilgrims' shrine and gave Liberty to the English speaking world. So Prescott at Bunker Hill and Leonidas at Thermopylae achieved more than their most sanguine anticipations or imaginings ever compassed. The daily toil of men, homely though it be, has a fruitage beyond their strivings—aside even

from their most ardent hopes, and this has been the lot of the pioneers of Montana. Therefore it is that they stand surprised at the grateful recognition of their sacrifices and toil, at the homage which is paid them for labor which on retrospection their modesty even will not permit them to belittle.

Yet another circumstance has contributed to intensify the interest in the early life of our people. We live to-day in another world. The completion of railroads into and across the Territory has wrought in Montana an abiding change in all social and economic conditions. It terminated a chapter of pioneer experiences and made it forever a story of the past. As we recur to those early days, when the nearest railroad was at St. Joseph or Atchison or later at Corinne, when the tariff for freight was from ten to thirty cents per pound, when our mails were from two to three weeks old, when the Troy or Concord coach or hack was our fleetest and most luxurious method of conveyance, when we were transported in open wagons through forests dark or deserts wild, beset with perils, looking hither in apprehension of robbers and thither in apprehension of hostile Indians, paying stage proprietors from fifteen to twenty cents per mile to carry our twenty-five pounds of baggage and ourselves, as it was convenient, when the stage driver was the magnate of the country, when our merchandise could arrive only late in the year annually, when the Salt Lake Vedette was our newspaper and Utah and Colorado our nearest neighbors, when we were hedged in on the west by the Bitter Root Mountains and on the east by the Belt Mountain Range, and all beyond was terra incognita, it is as a tale that is told. But all this was solemn verity to our earlier pioneers. Probably never before did the normal migration of a people in so short a time work so complete a transfiguration, and from this change we are compelled to other experiences and live other lives. In our mind's eye we have dropped the new era of to-day in the robes of dullness, and we are painting that unique past with primrose hues. To those "dear, delightful days" we recur as an era isolated from our present lives; they are a thing apart, they stand by themselves.

The Society is endeavoring to avail itself of the advantages which this increasing interest in the early times must bring to historical inquiry and it has to acknowledge gratefully the patronage of the Territory, whereby it has been enabled to gather much of interest from our earlier settlers which will remain of permanent interest to the people. Inexperienced as the officers of the Society are in ventures of authorship, in the collation of manuscripts and the editing of books, and being sincerely desirous to maintain a high standard of excellence for the series of books of which this forms the second volume, they launch it

forth with profound solicitude, bespeaking from citizens whose experience enables them to criticise, contributions which will give added interest to the succeeding volume which we contemplate issuing at an early date. First impressions of a country and its people are generally vivid, and if our people would recover from their correspondents the letters which they sent them on their arrival in this remote region descriptive of their impressions and permit the Society to become their custodian, it would be in the possession of pen pictures so graphic as to be of absorbing interest. Carlyle says history is the essence of innumerable biographies.

As in an extensive battle one observer cannot see the entire field, so in this epoch of our life one vision can comprehend but fragments of the strife. We must gather the whole story from all who were actors or the precious harvest of episode and experience must remain ungathered and our example remain a vain oblation. It is possible out of the homely drudgery of our work day world to yield something of our observation, our thought, our experiences for the delectation of succeeding generations.

The volume herewith given to the public contains several addresses of a historical character delivered on the hundredth anniversary of our National Independence. Although published in the local newspapers of the time we have thought them worthy of more enduring preservation, and have therefore in this instance departed from our rule to publish only original papers and have given them a prominent place among our contributions. The authors have in some instances so revised them as to make them original contributions.

The reminiscences published in this volume were largely gathered under the authority of an Act of the Legislative Assembly making an appropriation for that purpose and chiefly pertaining to life in the mountains prior to 1863. Diligence to gather that information was necessary for the men who were its repository—men mostly advanced in years or retreating before the advance of a civilization to which they had long been unused.

As the Society has no resources for information which it desires but in contributions and services of early pioneers of the northwest and their children and friends, it renews with whatsoever of emphasis it can command its appeal for contributions, and as indicating the character of the information it desires it repeats the following enumeration in the first volume of these contributions:

1. Manuscripts and diaries giving a sketch of the country, or of events occurring therein—those kept at the various forts and trading posts, prior to the settlement of the Territory, being especially desirable.

2. Files of newspapers, complete or partial, heretofore published in the Territory. To replace the files lost by the fire any contribution will be valuable; and, where desired, the Society will undertake to return to the donors those not needed to complete its files. A special effort on the part of the people is the only possible method of preserving, with any completeness, the list of various newspapers heretofore published in the Territory.

3. Early maps of the Mississippi, Missouri and Columbia valleys.

4. Reports of Government expeditions from the Mississippi or Missouri rivers, across the plains, or to the Rocky Mountains, or up the Missouri river.

5. Reports of private expeditions of adventure or business upon the plains or in the Rocky Mountains.

6. Sketches of journeys in the Territories heretofore under the jurisdiction of the Hudson Bay Company.

7. Biographies of missionaries, and of the leading traders and trappers connected with the fur trade, and histories of the Northwest Fur Company, the Columbia Fur Company, the Pacific Fur Company, the American Fur Company, the Missouri Fur Company, the Hudson Bay Company, and of the independent expeditions of Captain Nathaniel Wyeth, Major Pilcher, Captain Bonneville and others.

8. Histories of the Indian tribes, and such special information as to the tribes of the plains and the Rocky Mountains as will illustrate their characteristics, or give information of their wars, migrations, expeditions, treaties, reservations, hunting grounds, chiefs and numbers, with information of missionary labors in their behalf.

9. Information as to the location of the various trading posts and forts of the fur companies, along the Yellowstone, Columbia and Missouri, and their tributaries.

10. Legislative journals of the States and Territories under the jurisdiction of which Montana was, at any time prior to 1864.

11. Statistical and historical documents of the States and Territories published by them.

12. Histories of the discoveries of mines, the settlement of towns, prospecting expeditions and descriptions of current events in the Territory, as they are seen day by day.

13. Books for its library—historical, biographical or otherwise. The library, under restrictions adopted to preserve it intact, is for the use of our citizens generally.

14. Contributions to its cabinet. As this is the only cabinet of a permanent public society preserved for the whole Territory, it is hoped that whatever is appropriate, curious and rare will be preserved therein, and no longer scattered abroad.

15. Catalogues of works relating to American history, and any information of books or manuscripts of local interest to the society.

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1895

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\*Deceased.



# ACT OF INCORPORATION

AND OTHER LEGISLATION MATERIALLY AFFECTING  
THE SOCIETY.

---

AN ACT to incorporate the Historical Society of Montana.

---

*Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Montana:*

SECTION 1. That in order to collect and arrange facts in regard to the early history of this Territory, the discovery of its mines, incidents of the fur trade, etc., H. L. Hosmer, C. P. Higgins, John Owen, James Stuart, W. F. Sanders, Malcolm Clark, F. M. Thompson, William Graham, Granville Stuart, W. W. De Lacy, C. E. Irvine and Charles S. Bagg, their associates and successors, are hereby made and constituted a body politic, under the name and style of the Historical Society of Montana.

SEC. 2. Said corporation may have and use a common seal, and alter the same at pleasure, and shall have power in its corporate name to sue and be sued, to contract and be contracted with, plead and be impleaded, in any of the courts of law and equity in this Territory, and own such real estate as may be necessary for the transaction of their business.

SEC. 3. The persons herein named, or a majority of them, shall meet at such time and place as may be designated by a call signed by at least three of the persons named in this act, to be published in some newspaper in this Territory, and choose a president, secretary, treasurer, historian and a board of five trustees, which officers shall continue in office one year, or until others are chosen in their places.

SEC. 4. The board of directors, or a quorum thereof, shall have power to form such by-laws and ordinances as shall from time to time seem to them needful and proper, and to alter and amend the same at their pleasure, in accordance with the constitution of the United States and the laws of this Territory.

SEC. 5. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved February 2, 1865.

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AN ACT to amend an Act entitled an Act to incorporate the Historical Society of Montana.

*Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Montana:*

SECTION 1. That the act entitled "an act to incorporate the Historical Society of Montana," approved February 2, 1865, be amended by adding to section three thereof the following: "And there shall be au

annual meeting of said Society, at such time and place as the said and other officers and members thereof shall determine; and if they shall fail to fix a time and place for such meeting, then said Society shall hold its annual meeting at a time and place to be designated by the president and secretary, of which there shall be at least three weeks' notice published in a newspaper of the city where said meeting shall be held, at which meeting those present shall constitute a quorum.

SEC. 2. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved May 5, 1873.

### AN ACT making certain appropriations to the Historical Society.

*Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Montana:*

SECTION 1. \* \* \*

SEC. 2. That the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated each year out of any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, to the Historical Society of Montana, to be expended for the purchase of manuscripts and books illustrating the early history of the region of country now embraced within this Territory, and in paying the postage and express charges thereon, and for such necessary printing as its officers may deem necessary, to be expended by the president, secretary and librarian thereof.

SEC. 3. That on or before the 1st day of June, 1873, and each year thereafter, before said date, it shall be the duty of the territorial auditor, upon the request of . . . the officers of the Historical Society mentioned in section two of this act, or any two of them, to draw his warrant on the territorial treasurer for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, payable to the order of said officers, or one of them, and deliver the same to them, or some one of them, in pursuance of this act, and annually thereafter to draw and deliver like warrants, on or before June 1st of each year, and to deliver the same as is herein provided in this section, and according to section two of this act, in like form and with like interest and payable on like terms as are other warrants on the treasury; provided, that the . . . officers of said Society shall annually, on or before December 1st of each year hereafter, make to the Governor of the Territory a report of the expenditure of said money and the condition of the . . . library, with such suggestions as to its increase and usefulness as may occur to them, with such other information as in their judgment would be of interest to the people of the Territory, and which said report the Governor shall transmit to the Legislative Assembly; and provided further, that if the said auditor shall see fit, he may at any time require security for the faithful application of said moneys so appropriated, and unless said Society shall accept the terms and conditions in this section imposed as to its report, and signify the same to said auditor within six months from the taking effect of this act, it shall not be entitled to avail itself of the privileges and advantages conferred by this act thereafter.

SEC. 4. \* \* \*

Approved May 7, 1873.

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House Joint Resolution making appropriation for the Historical Society of Montana.

Be it resolved by the House of Representatives, the Council concurring, That there be and is hereby appropriated annually to the Historical Society of Montana, to be drawn by the treasurer thereof, the sum of four hundred dollars, in payment of the rent of rooms, fuel and light, furniture, the binding of newspapers and magazines and services of a librarians; and the territorial auditor is hereby authorized to draw his warrant or warrants in favor of such treasurer for the said sum of four hundred dollars per annum.

Approved March 10th, 1887.

## HOW THE SOCIETY

TRANSFERRED ITS LIBRARY AND PROPERTY TO THE STATE AND HOW  
THE MISCELLANEOUS DIVISION OF THE MONTANA STATE LIBRARY  
BECAME CONSOLIDATED WITH AND MADE PART OF THE  
LIBRARY OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF THE  
STATE OF MONTANA.

The following is a copy of the first two sections of the Act, approved March 4, 1891, authorizing the making of the transfer:

### “ HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ”

*Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Montana:*

SECTION 1. That the Historical Society of the State of Montana, now organized under the provisions of an Act of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Montana, entitled, an ‘Act to incorporate the Historical Society of Montana,’ approved February 2, 1865, may become the Historical Society of the State of Montana, by complying with the terms, conditions and limitations as may hereafter be enacted for its government or control by the Legislative Assembly. Said Society shall be the trustee of the State, and as such shall faithfully expend and apply all money received from the State to the uses and purposes directed by law, and shall hold all its present and future collections and property for the State, and shall not sell, mortgage, transfer or dispose of in any manner, or remove from the capital any article thereof, or any part of the same, without authority of law or the consent of the Legislative Assembly: Provided, That this shall not be construed to prevent the sale or exchange of any duplicates the Society may have or obtain. There shall be an executive committee of said Society, of which the Governor, Secretary of State and Attorney General shall be ex-officio members, and take care that the interests of the State are protected.

“SEC. 2. The Society may have a librarian who shall receive a salary of \$600 per annum, to be paid out of any funds in the State Treasury not otherwise appropriated. The Public Printer shall cause to be bound in suitable binding all newspaper files and other printed matter which the Society has or may hereafter have, under direction of the Library Committee, and on the approval of the Governor, and such printer shall print such circulars, labels and other matter as may be required by said committee for the use of the library.”

The remaining sections relate to the duties of the Society and its officers, and the Act will be found on page 199 of the second session laws of the Legislature of 1891.

In accordance with Section 4 of said Act, the officers of the Society, on the first day of April, 1891, at a meeting held for that purpose, passed a resolution accepting the terms and provisions of the Act donating to the State all books, papers and other property then owned by said Society, and delivered the same to the Secretary of State.

After the trustees had accepted the conditions of the Act of March 4, 1891, the Legislative Assembly of the State of Montana at its third regular session passed the following:

"An Act placing the books, papers and other property of the Historical Society of the State of Montana, under control of the State, and providing for the appointment of trustees to manage the same.

*"Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Montana:*

"SECTION 1. That the books, papers and other property now in the custody of the Librarian of the Historical Society of the State of Montana, or which may be added thereto, shall be under exclusive control of a board of five trustees who shall be nominated by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate, and shall serve for the term of two years and until their successors are appointed and qualified.

SEC. 2. That the said board of trustees shall adopt such rules and regulations as may be necessary to discharge the duties of said Historical Society, which are now or may be defined by law.

"SEC. 3. That all acts and parts of acts in conflict with this Act are hereby repealed."

Approved March 2, 1893.

The Legislative Assembly also, in accordance with the suggestion of the Librarian in his first biennial report relative to the transfer of the Miscellaneous Division of the Montana State Library, passed the following:

"An Act to transfer the Miscellaneous Division of the Montana State Library to the library of the Historical Society of the State of Montana and to the care and custody of its officers.

*"Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Montana:*

"SECTION 1. That the books, papers, pamphlets, charts, maps, manuscripts, paintings, engravings, photographs and other property belonging to (?) the State, now in the Miscellaneous Division of the Montana Library or which shall hereafter be added to it by purchase or donation, are hereby transferred to and made part of the Library of the Historical Society of the State of Montana, and shall be under the care and custody of the Librarian of said Society and the officers thereof."

Approved March 9, 1893.

In this manner the Historical Library became a State institution, for which the State is to hereafter provide.

Further legislation, relative to the Historical Society, was enacted by the Fourth Legislative Assembly of the State of Montana, being an amendment to the Political Code and entitled:

An Act to amend Sections 1636, 1637, 1638, 1639, 1640, 1644, 1646, 1647, 1648, 1649, 1650 and 1651 of the Political Code.

*Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Montana:*

SECTION 1. That Section 1636 of the Political Code shall be so amended as to read as follows.

Section 1636. The State Library consists of two separate departments: First The Law Library. Second The Historical and Miscellaneous Library. The former is under the control of a board of five trustees, of which the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court shall be ex-officio members, the Secretary of State and State Auditor, of which board the Chief Justice is president and the Secretary of State secretary. The latter shall be under the control of the board of five trustees, appointed by the Governor with the advice and consent of the Senate. The members of both boards shall serve without compensation, and the term of those not serving ex-officio shall be for two years and until their successors are appointed and qualified.

SEC. 2. That Section 1637 of the Political Code shall be so amended to read as follows:

Section 1637. The powers and duties of said boards are as follows:

1. To make rules and regulations, not inconsistent with law, for their own government and for the government of the libraries committed to their care.

2. Till otherwise provided, to rent suitable rooms for the libraries and provide necessary furniture, fuel and light for the same.

3. To appoint their respective librarians and prescribe their duties not otherwise provided for.

4. To sell or exchange duplicate copies of books and pay the money arising therefrom into the library fund of the department to which it belongs.

5. To see that the books and other property of the respective departments are in order and repair.

6. To draw from the State Treasury at any time when needed for legitimate and authorized expenses any moneys belonging to the fund of their respective departments.

7. To report to the Governor biennially a statement of all important transactions, with suggestions of what they deem necessary for the increased utility of their respective departments.

(Section 3, relating to Section 1638, by the amendment is cancelled).

SEC. 4. That Section 1639 of the Political Code shall be so amended as to read as follows:

Section 1639. It is the duty of the librarian of each department—

1. To be in attendance at the library during office hours.

2. To purchase, under the direction of the trustees, all books, maps, engravings, paintings, furniture and supplies for the libraries.

3. To number and stamp all books, maps, papers and pamphlets belonging to the library and keep a catalogue thereof, and, as the means are provided therefor, to have the same printed and distributed, under the direction of the trustees.

4. To have bound all books, pamphlets and papers when directed thereto.

5. To keep a register of all books and property belonging to the libraries, the additions made each year and the cost thereof.

6. To keep a register of all books or other property taken from the library under the authority of the trustees.

7. To establish and maintain a system of domestic and foreign exchange of books, maps or other publications, and to obtain from the Secretary of State such numbers of all State publications as may be needed to supply the demands of the system established.

SEC. 5. That Section 1648 of the Political Code shall be so amended as to read as follows:

Section 1648. In addition to the duties prescribed in the foregoing section the librarian of the Historical and Miscellaneous Department shall, under the direction of the trustees thereof:

1. Procure by purchase, exchange or donation, as far as means and opportunity allow, all books, writings, letters, journals and narratives of pioneers, as well as autographs, photographs, maps and charts illustrative of or relating to the history of Montana as a Territory or State.

2. He shall also procure specimens of the metals and minerals, of the flora and fauna of the State, together with natural curiosities and antiquities, preserving, designating and displaying the same under rules prescribed by the trustees.

3. He shall procure copies of all newspapers published in the State; also as far as possible of all books, magazines, pamphlets, written or published in the State, and have the same suitably bound for reference and preservation.

4. He shall each year publish a volume of transactions and contributions, under the supervision of the trustees, who shall also direct the distribution of the same to promote exchanges and secure additions to the library.

SEC. 6. That Section 1646 of the Political Code shall be so amended to read as follows:

Section 1646. The annual salary of the librarian of each department is twelve hundred dollars, payable quarterly out of the general fund of the State treasury.

SEC. 7. That Section 1647 of the Political Code be so amended to read as follows:

Section 1647. The librarians must execute an official bond in the sum of one thousand dollars, to be approved by the Governor and deposited with the Secretary of State.

SEC. 8. That Section 1640 of the Political Code be so amended to read as follows:

Section 1640. All persons during library hours are permitted to examine the libraries and their contents. During sessions of the Legislative Assembly the members thereof may take books from the libraries and State officials may do so at any time. Law books may be taken from the library to the court room by any attorney and returned the same day.

SEC. 9. That Section 1644 of the Political Code be so amended to read as follows:

Section 1644. The fund of the Law Library department of the State library consists of the fees collected and paid into the State Treasury by the Secretary of State, and twenty per cent of all fees paid into the State Treasury by the Clerk of the Supreme Court, and any appropria-

tions specially made for this department by the Legislative Assembly. The fund of the Historical and Miscellaneous department of the State Library consists of the receipts from the sale of any of its publications, authorized to be sold, and of any appropriation specially made in its behalf by the Legislative Assembly.

Sec. 10. That Section 1649 of the Political Code be so amended to read as follows:

Section 1649. The librarian of either department of the State Library is authorized to pay reasonable freight, express and mail charges upon books or other articles sent to the library by the General, State or foreign governments or private parties, taking proper vouchers therefor, and upon presentation of such vouchers to the Board of Examiners and the allowance thereof, the same must be paid out of the State treasury from the particular library fund to which they are chargeable.

Sec. 11. That Section 1650 of the Political Code be so amended to read as follows:

Section 1650. All accounts for the rent of library rooms, fuel, light and other necessaries, and for the purchase and printing of books, furniture and fixtures, must be made out by the librarian and approved by the State Board of Examiners and paid out of the State Treasury from the library fund to which they are properly chargeable.

Sec. 12. That Section 1651 of the Political Code be so amended to read as follows:

Section 1651. There is hereby appropriated annually for the salary of the librarian of each department of the State Library the sum of twelve hundred dollars, and for the purchase and printing of books and other necessary expenses the further sum of one thousand dollars to each of said departments.

Approved March 13, 1895.

In force July 1, 1895.



# CONSTITUTION

OF THE

## Historical Society of Montana.

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### ARTICLE I.

This association shall be styled "The Historical Society of Montana."

### ARTICLE II.

The Society shall consist of the members named in the act of incorporation, and such associates as they shall, in the manner in this constitution prescribed, elect active members, and said corporators and associates and their survivors and successors, at no time exceeding twenty-five in number, shall forever hereafter constitute "The Historical Society of Montana."

### ARTICLE III.

The officers of this Society shall be chosen by ballot at each annual election, from the corporators or those whom the Society shall have elected active members, and shall consist of a president, a vice-president, a corresponding secretary, a recording secretary, a treasurer and a librarian, who shall hold their offices for one year, and until their successors, respectively, shall have been chosen and qualified. Said officers shall constitute the board of directors of the Society.

### ARTICLE IV.

The president, or, in his absence, the vice-president, or, in their absence, any member of the Society selected on the occasion, shall preside at the annual or any special meeting of the Society, and at the regular or any special meeting of the board of directors. Such presiding officer shall preserve order, regulate the method of proceeding, and shall be entitled to vote upon all matters coming before the meeting over which he presides. The president shall make and sign all official reports, approve all bonds herein required, and see that the same are properly recorded. He may convene special meetings of the board of directors, whenever in his judgment the exigencies of the occasion require such meeting, and upon the request of a majority of the board of directors, he may convene a special meeting of the members of the Society.

## ARTICLE V.

In the absence of the president from any meeting of the Society or board of directors, the vice-president shall discharge the duties appertaining to the office of president.

## ARTICLE VI.

The corresponding secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the Society; he shall preserve for the Society the official communications addressed to him, and keep copies of important official letters written by him; he shall collect or cause to be collected moneys due to the Society, and pay the same to the treasurer; he shall edit and supervise, under the direction of the board of directors, the publications of the society, direct the literary exchanges, and take such action as in his judgment will promote the collection of historical data pertaining to Montana.

## ARTICLE VII.

The recording secretary shall preserve a full and correct record of the proceedings of all meetings of the Society and board of directors; make such reports as may be required; record all bonds given to the Society by its officers; prepare all bonds required to be given by it; give all notices of the meetings of the Society, executive committee, or board of directors, and always keep his records open for the inspection of any member of the Society. He shall cause this constitution to be recorded in a book for that purpose, and procure the signatures of the members of the Society thereto, and record the ordinances adopted by the board of directors.

## ARTICLE VIII.

The treasurer shall receive and have charge of all moneys due or donated to the Society; keep and account thereof; pay out such sums as he may be authorized on the warrant of the recording secretary and president; keep a correct account with each member, and make an annual report of the financial condition of the Society, and whenever thereto required by the board of directors or president, shall present an exhibit of the financial situation of the Society.

## ARTICLE IX.

The librarian shall have charge of and be responsible for the books, manuscripts, cabinet-minerals, and other collections of the Society; he shall arrange, number and keep a catalogue and description of the same; shall make an annual report of the additions thereto during the year, with the names of the donors, and the date and character of the donation; keep an account of the books, and permit them to be used on such terms and conditions by the members and others as the board of directors shall prescribe, and shall respond to all calls which the Society, board of directors or president shall make on him for information touching the matters under his charge, and in his annual report shall make suggestions as to the methods by which the usefulness and efficiency of the library can be augmented, as he shall deem proper.

## ARTICLE X.

The board of directors shall meet at the rooms of the library of the association, on the first evening of March, July and November of each year, when the members of said board present shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. The board may have charge of said library and the cabinet, and direct the expenditure of the funds of the Society, select the books to be purchased, and adopt ordinances consistent with this constitution for its government, which may be changed only by a two-thirds vote of said board, after notice given at a previous meeting, in writing, of the proposed change.

## ARTICLE XI.

Honorary members elected unanimously by ballot by the board of directors, in recognition of their interest in the welfare of the Society, shall not be required to pay any admission fee nor annual dues, nor shall they be deemed or taken to be the associates or successors of the corporators provided for in the act of incorporation mentioned in Section 2 of this constitution, nor shall they be entitled to vote at any meeting of the Society.

## ARTICLE XII.

The annual meeting of this Society shall be held at such time and place as a majority of the board of directors shall determine, notice thereof being published for three weeks in such newspapers as they shall designate, and the corporators and active members in attendance on such meeting shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

## ARTICLE XIII.

No person shall be elected an active member of the Society save at an annual meeting, upon his application therefor, preferred in writing to the recording secretary, at least three months prior to such meeting, nor shall any person be deemed elected, except upon a ballot taken for that purpose it shall appear that the members balloting unanimously approve his admission; nor shall any application of a person to become an active member be balloted upon, if the admission of such person would, with the corporators and active members living, increase the number to more than twenty-five members.

## ARTICLE XIV.

Special meetings of the Society shall be called by the president and recording secretary, upon the request of a majority of the resident members, three weeks' notice of such meeting being given in such newspapers as said officers shall designate.

## ARTICLE XV.

The board of directors shall constitute a committee of publication, and they shall select such papers as in their judgment will be of interest pertaining to the local history of Montana, and they shall superintend the publication and distribution thereof. The board of directors shall make an annual report to the Society.

## ARTICLE XVI.

Any active member of the Society resident of Montana, entitled to vote therein, who can not attend any regular or special meeting of the Society, may, by a writing over his own proper signature, inform the recording secretary of his desire to cast a vote on any one or more matters to come before such meeting, and how he desires to vote thereon, and if he shall so direct, said letter being produced, the recording secretary shall cast the vote of such absent resident member according to such written instructions.

## ARTICLE XVII.

The Society will accept from each of the corporators and their associates the sum of ten dollars (\$10 annually, and the admission fee shall be twenty dollars (\$20,) which shall accompany the application for membership, and be paid to the recording secretary, and by him to the treasurer.

## ARTICLE XVIII.

In addition to the duties prescribed in this constitution to the various officers, they shall perform such duties respectively as usually appertain to their several offices, and take such action as will promote the usefulness and efficiency of the Society, and bring it to the notice of and into correspondence with other similar societies, and secure an interchange of collections, transactions and contributions.

## ARTICLE XIX.

The report required by law from the Society shall be made by the president to the Governor, and each officer shall make a report to the Society at the annual meeting.

## ARTICLE XX.

At the annual meeting, persons eminent for scientific and literary attainments, and whose labors have been promotive of historical inquiry, may be admitted corresponding members of the Society.

## ARTICLE XXI.

No proposition to abrogate or amend this constitution, or any part thereof, shall be entertained but at a regular meeting of the Society, nor until each resident member shall have had three months' notice of the proposed change, nor until, upon a ballot for that purpose, it shall appear that two-thirds of the active members voting have voted in favor of the proposed change.

## TRANSACTIONS

Pursuant to a notice therefor duly published, there was a meeting of the Historical Society of Montana at the office of the corresponding secretary in Helena on the 26th day of January, 1881, at two o'clock p. m., W. F. Sanders, Esq., president, in the chair; Cornelius Hedges, secretary. There were present W. F. Sanders, Esq., Hon. Henry N. Blake, Hon. Granville Stuart, Hon. James Fergus, S. T. Hauser, Esq., Charles Rumley, Hon. Cornelius Hedges.

The president gave an extended report of the operations of the Society since its last meeting, of its financial situation and of the material on hand for its next volume of contributions.

On motion of Mr. Charles Rumley the board of directors was authorized to ascertain the price asked for, and if in the judgment of the members of the board it was desirable to purchase the manuscripts of the late Lieutenant Bradley.

Hon. H. N. Blake moved that Prof. E. D. Cope be elected an honorary member of the Society, which was carried unanimously.

Hon. Hiram Knowles having heretofore applied for admission to the Society as an active member, and due notice thereof having been given, a ballot was taken on his said application, and all of the votes being in favor of his admission he was declared duly admitted. Mr. C. F. Buck and Angus McDonald were elected honorary members of the Society.

The Society then proceeded to the election of officers, with the following result:

President, . . . . .	WILBUR F. SANDERS.
Vice-President, . . . . .	GRANVILLE STUART,
Corresponding Secretary, . . .	WILLIAM E. CULLEN,
Recording Secretary, . . . .	CORNELIUS HEDGES,
Treasurer, . . . . .	SAMUEL T. HAUSER,
Librarian, . . . . .	CHARLES RUMLEY,

On motion of Mr. Hauser the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Society expresses and records its grateful thanks to the proprietors of the various newspapers published in Montana for the generous contributions which they have made of copies of their papers regularly sent during the past year, and that the recording secretary be requested to forward to them a copy of this resolution.

On motion of Mr. Hedges a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Robert Clarke, of Cincinnati, Ohio, for his intelligent and faithful labor in supervising the publication of Volume I. of the Contributions of the Society.

On motion it was further voted that the Society will endeavor to procure a suite of rooms for its exclusive use and for its library.

There being no further business before the meeting, it adjourned without day.

Pursuant to a notice therefor duly published in the various newspapers of the Territory, the annual meeting of the Historical Society of Montana was held at the rooms of the Society in Helena at seven o'clock p. m., January , 1882.

The president presented the applications of several citizens of the Territory to become active members of the Society, whose request therefor, in writing, had been referred to the recording secretary at least three months prior to this meeting, and thereupon ballots were taken upon the applications of Peter Koch, Esq., and George S. Heldt, and they being unanimously elected were declared active members of the Society.

The election of officers being in order, the president appointed as tellers Charles Rumley, Matthew Carroll and W. E. Cullen, whereupon the following officers for the ensuing year were elected by ballot:

President, . . . . .	WILBUR F. SANDERS,
Vice-President, . . . . .	GRANVILLE STUART,
Corresponding Secretary, . . . . .	WILLIAM E. CULLEN,
Recording Secretary, . . . . .	CORNELIUS HEDGES,
Treasurer, . . . . .	SAMUEL T. HAUSER,
Librarian, . . . . .	CHARLES RUMLEY.

The president on motion appointed the following committees:

On amendments to the constitution: Hedges, Blake, Cullen.

On auditing of accounts: Carroll, McAdow, DeLacy.

On geographical names and nomenclature: Stuart, DeLacy, Carroll, McAdow.

The committee on finances reported that it had examined the account of receipts and disbursements of the Society and found the same correct, and the said report was adopted.

There being no further business before the Society, the meeting adjourned without day.

There was a meeting of the board of directors of the Historical Society of Montana held at the office of the president on the day of January, 1882, at seven o'clock p. m., at which all the directors were present.

The following persons having been duly proposed were unanimously elected honorary members of the Society:

W. J. GALBRAITH,	E. J. CONGER,
JOHN S. HARRIS,	R. B. HARRISON,
ALEX. C. BOTKIN,	J. W. HAMMERSMITH,
JOSEPH T. DODGE,	ADNA ANDERSON,
G. C. SWALLOW,	JEREMIAH T. SULLIVAN,
A. S. BLAKE,	THOMAS ADAMS,
L. L. BLAKE,	W. T. HAMILTON,
A. B. HAMILTON,	GEORGE STEELL,
THOS. W. HARRIS,	DUANE S. ARMSTRONG,
FRED LOCKLEY,	DANIEL SEARLES,
HIRAM BRUNDAGE,	ALEX. DEVINE,
WM. D. KNIGHT,	WM. W. MABEE.

On motion it was—

Resolved, That the publishers of the newspapers within the Territory be notified by the corresponding secretary that the Society would thankfully receive and carefully preserve such papers as would be sent, and that it would reciprocate such favors by any proper means within its power.

Pursuant to notice published in the Helena Herald and Independent there was a meeting of the Historical Society of Montana at its rooms in Helena, Breckenridge street, Saturday evening, January 13th, 1883. No business was attempted, and it adjourned to meet at the same place on Wednesday evening, January 17th, 1883.

Pursuant to adjournment a few members of the Society met at the time and place appointed, but on account of the inclemency of the weather and insufficiency of accommodations it further adjourned to meet at the office of the president on Saturday evening, Jan. 27th, 1883.

Pursuant to adjournment the regular annual meeting of the Historical Society of Montana was held at the office of Sanders & Cullen, Saturday evening, January 27th, 1883. There were present W. F. Sanders, president; Granville Stuart, vice-president; Cornelius Hedges, recording secretary; W. E. Cullen, corresponding secretary; Charles Rumley, librarian; and of the active members, P. W. McAdow, M. Carroll and H. N. Blake. The Society was called to order by the president. The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

The president presented the names of several gentlemen who had made application for active membership. An inspection of the list of active members showed that there were but two vacancies and the ballot being spread, Mr. Peter Koch, of Bozeman, and Mr. George Heldt, of Fort Shaw, were declared duly elected.

On further motion it was voted that the following named gentlemen should be honorary members of the Society and further considered as applicants for active membership when further vacancies occur: George W. Stapleton, Alexander E. Mayhew, Armistead H. Mitchell, William F. Wheeler, Nicholas Hilger, Nathaniel Merriman, Clinton H. Moore.

The election of officers being in order, the president appointed Messrs. Carroll and Cullen tellers. The ballots were spread and the following named declared duly elected:

President,	WILBUR F. SANDERS.
Vice-President,	GRANVILLE STUART.
Recording Secretary,	CORNELIUS HEDGES.
Corresponding Secretary,	WILLIAM E. CULLEN.
Treasurer,	SAMUEL T. HAUSER.
Librarian,	CHARLES RUMLEY.

On motion of Stuart it was voted that the Society would print the second volume of Transactions the present year.

The following named gentlemen having been duly proposed, were

unanimously elected honorary members of the Society: J. Schuyler Crosby, I. D. McCutcheon, Edward Stone, F. P. Sterling, A. M. Woolfolk, P. H. Sheridan, L. R. Brewer, S. W. Langhorne, J. D. Matheson.

All publishers of newspapers within the Territory are to be notified that their papers will be cheerfully accepted and carefully preserved.

On motion the Society adjourned to meet at the same place on Saturday evening, February 10th, at seven o'clock p. m.

W. F. SANDERS,

President.

Attest:

CORNELIUS HEDGES,

Secretary.

Saturday evening, February 10th, 1883, the Historical Society met pursuant to adjournment at the offices of Messrs. Sanders & Cullen. There were present W. F. Sanders, Granville Stuart, Samuel T. Hauser, William E. Cullen, Cornelius Hedges, Charles Rumley, W. W. DeLacy, H. N. Blake. The minutes of previous meetings were read and approved. The committees on auditing and nomenclature not being ready to report were granted further time and the Society adjourned to meet at the same place on Saturday evening February 27th, at seven o'clock P. M.

Pursuant to a notice therefor, duly published as provided in the Constitution, the annual meeting of the Historical Society of Montana, was held at the rooms of the Society on Saturday evening, February 24th, 1884. There were present W. F. Sanders, Granville Stuart, W. E. Cullen, Cornelius Hedges, Charles Rumley, W. W. DeLacy.

The President reported that the Legislative Assembly had made an appropriation to the Society for the purpose of obtaining information with regard to the early history of the Territory to be paid to a stenographer to be employed for that purpose by the Society under the supervision of the Board of Directors, or some of them, and it was

Resolved, That the Society would accept the same and secure personal reminiscences by interviews with such persons as were likely to contribute matter of interest pertaining to early adventures in the Territory.

The report of the finances of the Society was presented by the Board of Directors and was referred to a committee consisting of W. W. DeLacy and Matthew Carroll.

The President presented to the Society copies of the journals of Gilbert Benedict and W. S. Haskell giving an account of their journey from Minnesota to Montana in 1864, which had been presented to the Society by W. F. Wheeler, Esq.

On motion the corresponding secretary was directed to call the attention of the members who had not paid their dues to that fact with the request that they be forwarded to the secretary without further delay.

The corresponding secretary was instructed to request of the publishers of the various newspapers within the Territory that they furnish the Society for preservation, copies of their respective newspapers.



The Society unanimously admitted as a corresponding member thereof, in consideration of his devotion to historical pursuits in a field of labor heretofore largely unoccupied, Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft of California.

Hon. H. N. Blake proposed the following amendment to the Constitution, to-wit: Amend Article XVII by adding thereto "But no sum of money as dues will be accepted of such non-resident active members as during the year shall have contributed to the Society an article for publication upon some subject within the purview of the objects for which it was incorporated." Said amendment was received and laid upon the table for the consideration of the Society at its next annual meeting.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned without day.

Pursuant to notices published three weeks in Helena papers, the regular annual meeting of the Historical Society of Montana was held at the office of Colonel W. F. Sanders, president, on Saturday evening, January 31st, 1885, beginning at 7:30 o'clock and was called to order by the president. There were present W. F. Sanders, Granville Stuart, W. E. Cullen, Cornelius Hedges, W. W. Alderson, Matthew Carroll.

On motion of Cornelius Hedges, W. F. Wheeler was elected an active member of the Society upon the written application made one year ago.

Applications for active membership were read from Col. Hundley and J. U. Sanders which under the rules were laid over for future action.

On motion of Alderson, seconded by Stuart, the sum of \$25.00 was appropriated to put in order the matter selected for the second volume to be published at an early day.

The annual election of officers then proceeded with the following result:

President, . . . . .	WILBUR F. SANDERS.
Vice-President, . . . . .	GRANVILLE STUART.
Corresponding Secretary, . . .	WILLIAM E. CULLEN.
Recording Secretary, . . . .	CORNELIUS HEDGES,
Treasurer, . . . . .	SAMUEL T. HAUSER,
Librarian, . . . . .	WILLIAM F. WHEELER.

Moved by Carroll that the secretary request of the active members the contribution of the annual fee of \$10.00.

Sanders gave notice of motion to amend last clause of Article XIII of the Constitution.

Adjourned to Tuesday evening, February 3rd, 7:30 o'clock, at Sanders' office.

Saturday Evening, January 31st, 1885.

A meeting of the Directors of the Historical Society was held directly after adjournment of the general meeting.

On motion the following gentlemen were unanimously elected honorary members: B. P. Carpenter, John S. Tooker, John Coburn, J. K. Toole, E. W. Toole, J. B. Brondell, E. S. Topping, Conrad Kohrs, J. U. Sanders.

Adjourned to meet next Tuesday, February 3rd, at 8 o'clock P. M.

C. HEDGES,  
Secretary.

February 3rd, 1885.

An adjourned meeting of the Directors of the Historical Society was held at the office of the president, W. F. Sanders, Tuesday evening, pursuant to adjournment. There were present W. F. Sanders, Granville Stuart, Cornelius Hedges, W. F. Wheeler, Charles Warren.

On motion the following named persons were elected honorary members: Lee Mantle, D. S. Davis, Green Preuitt, Robert T. Wing, C. G. Fell, Thomas Baker, E. V. Smalley, St. Paul; Daniel J. Welch, Jerry Collins, S. A. Robertson, A. K. Yerkes, L. Samuel, Portland, Ore.; V. Hull, W. Hanks, Martha J. Lamb, New York; Benj. H. Fields, president N. Y. Historical Society.

Adjourned to Feb. 10th, 1885, at 8 o'clock P. M.

C. HEDGES,  
Secretary.

Office of SANDERS & CULLEN.

HELENA, MONTANA, Feb. 10th, 1885.

The Historical Society met pursuant to adjournment. W. F. Wheeler was chosen secretary pro tem.

On motion Robert Tingley, Esq., of Fort Benton, was balloted for and unanimously elected an honorary member of the Society. Also at the same time Mr. J. E. Hendry, editor and proprietor of the Livingston Enterprise, J. W. Kinsley, of the Billings Rustler, and Hon. Edward Cardwell, of Jefferson County, were unanimously elected honorary members by ballot.

WILLIAM F. WHEELER,  
Secretary Pro Tem.

There was a special meeting of the Historical Society of Montana convened at its rooms in Helena on February 6th, 1887, at which were present: W. F. Sanders, Granville Stuart, Samuel T. Hauser, Cornelius Hedges, W. E. Cullen, W. F. Wheeler, W. W. DeLaey, Charles Rumley, Henry N. Blake, W. W. Alderson, all active members of the Society.

The president stated the object of the meeting to be to take such action as should commend itself to the members present upon the death of our fellow member, the Hon. Frank L. Worden, of Missoula, which occurred at his home on February 5th, 1887. Whereupon the Hon. Samuel T. Hauser offered the following memorial.

The members of the Historical Society of Montana in common with all the citizens of the Territory have heard with profound sadness of the death of our fellow member, the Hon. Frank L. Worden, of Missoula. Coming to the Territory of Montana in 1860, he has been through every year of its history actively identified with its industries, growth and prosperity. Of unflagging energy and of excellent business qualifications he has occupied a leading place in all of the enterprises which have contributed to the building of this great commonwealth of ours. His name stands among the founders of cities and the builders of states. He was an affectionate father and husband, a friend in whom there was no variableness nor shadow of turning, a citizen to whom no appeal for whatever would promote the public welfare was ever made in vain. The kindli-

ness of his demeanor, the placidity of his temper, his thorough knowledge of men and affairs and his freedom from all forms of coarseness made him in every respect an inspiring example and a model citizen. Through many sessions of our Legislative Assembly and occupying positions of trust and honor in the county in which he lived, he was always faithful in the discharge of every public duty confided to his hands. For many years identified with this Society, his active interest to promote its welfare and his contributions to its stock of information entitled him to the gratitude of all persons who have the welfare of this organization at heart.

We therefore desire to place upon perpetual record our commendation of his character by some memorial of the affectionate esteem in which the members of this Society held him. It is therefore ordered that a copy of this memorial be published in our proceedings and furnished to his wife and children, showing the abiding affection which his survivors in this Society entertain for his memory and the profound sympathy which they feel at his loss.

Resolved, That a committee of this Society consisting of the president and vice-president will attend his funeral.

Pursuant to a published notice, as required by law, in the Helena Herald, there was a meeting of the members of the Society at the office and rooms of the Society in the Court House at Helena Friday evening, August 30th, 1889. There were present W. F. Sanders, Cornelius Hedges, W. F. Wheeler, W. W. DeLacy, Matthew Carroll, W. W. Alderson.

The meeting was called to order at 8 P. M. by the president. The reading of the minutes of the last meeting dispensed with, not being accessible at the time. Several persons were elected honorary members, namely:

B. F. WHITE,	PRESTON H. LESLIE,
N. W. McCONNELL,	ELIZUR BEACH.
C. D. CURTIS,	J. H. McLEARY.
JOHN C. CURTIN,	FRANCIS POPE,
DAVID H. CUTHBERT,	JOHN J. ELLIS.
THOMAS A. RUGER,	AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD,
A. H. HERSEY,	SAM GORDON,
J. D. WHELPLEY,	J. W. POWELL,
JAMES HARKNESS.	

A resolution of thanks was sent to J. H. McLeary for a gift of books to the library.

On motion of Colonel DeLacy, seconded by M. Carroll, the secretary was unanimously instructed to cast his ballot for the re-election of the present officers for the ensuing year.

Mr. C. D. Curtis preferred his written application for active membership. Laid over under rules.

M. Carroll offered resolution instructing the president and secretary in behalf of this Society to memorialize the State Legislature for an annual appropriation of \$2,000.00 for the purpose of gathering and publishing documents illustrating the early history of Montana and other purposes of the Society. Unanimously adopted.

On motion it was voted that the annual meetings of this Society for the election of officers and transaction of other business be held on Thursday evening of the Fair Week in Helena at the rooms of the Society at 8 o'clock P. M., and a biennial meeting during the sessions of the State Legislature at the same place and hour.

On motion adjourned, subject to call of president.

C. HEDGES,

Secretary.

Pursuant to adjournment, there was a meeting of the Historical Society at its rooms at 2 o'clock P. M., February 1st, 1890. There were present W. F. Sanders, W. E. Cullen, Cornelius Hedges, W. F. Wheeler, H. N. Blake, W. W. DeLacy.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On motion of Cullen the following persons were unanimously elected honorary members of the Society: E. W. Knight, Erastus D. Edgerton, A. J. Burns.

On motion, Hon. James H. Mills, F. H. Woody and J. U. Sanders were unanimously elected active members.

President Sanders in view of prospective absence tendered his resignation which on motion was accepted.

The ballots for president being cast, Granville Stuart was declared unanimously elected. The ballots were then cast for vice-president and Cornelius Hedges was declared elected. Mr. Hedges then tendered his resignation as recording secretary and on spread of ballot, H. N. Blake was duly elected recording secretary.

Resolution of Ex-President Sanders heretofore noticed to amend Constitution so as to limit the membership to twenty-five active resident members unanimously adopted.

Messrs. Hosmer, Thompson, Bagg declared active non-resident members.

On motion of Cullen a vote of thanks was returned to Col. Sanders for his twenty-five years of invaluable service to the Historical Society and he was requested to furnish a picture of himself to hang upon the walls of the Society rooms.

It was voted that the vice-president be authorized in the temporary absence of the president to draw checks on the treasury for the payment of current expenses.

Upon motion therefor, the following persons were elected honorary members of the Historical Society, to-wit: Theodore H. Kleinschmidt, Louis H. Hershfield, John E. Rickards, William H. DeWitt, Edgar N. Harwood, Richard O. Hickman, Louis Rotwitt, John Gannon, Henri Haskell, William J. Kennedy, E. A. Kenney. Adjourned.

H. N. BLAKE,

Recording Secretary.

In pursuance of a notice regularly issued and published, a special meeting of the Historical Society of Montana was held at the library room in the Court House, at Helena, upon April 1st, 1891, at 8 o'clock P. M.

The meeting was called to order by the president and the recording secretary called the roll and the following members were present: G. Stuart, C. Hedges, W. W. DeLacy, W. E. Cullen, W. F. Wheeler, H. N. Blake.

The following notice was then read by the recording secretary: The members of the Historical Society of Montana are hereby notified that there will be a special meeting of said Society at its library room in the Court House, at the city of Helena, on Wednesday, April 1st, 1891, at 8 o'clock P. M., to consider the "Act concerning the Historical Society of Montana and making an appropriation therefor, approved March 4th, 1891, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before them.

Upon motion of Mr. Cullen, the following resolution was adopted: Resolved, That the Historical Society of Montana, duly organized under an act of the first Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Montana, entitled, "An Act to incorporate the Historical Society of Montana," approved February 2nd, 1865, does hereby accept the terms, provisions and conditions of the act of the Second Legislative Assembly of the State of Montana, entitled "An Act concerning the Historical Society of the State of Montana, and making an appropriation therefor," approved March 4th, 1891: and does hereby give and donate to the said State of Montana all books, papers and other property, which are now owned by said Society, and that the Board of Directors be, and they are hereby authorized to make, execute and deliver any instruments in writing which may be necessary for this purpose, and file the same in the office of the Secretary of State.

The minutes of the meeting held February 1st, 1890, were read and approved. The report of the librarian was read and approved.

On motion of Mr. De Lacy, it was voted that the librarian ascertain the names given by the Indians to the rivers and mountains within the State, and report thereon at his convenience.

On motion of Mr. Cullen, it was voted that the librarian be directed to interview C. R. Maillet and other persons in the cities of Butte and Anaconda, and obtain from them all the facts relating to the history of Montana and papers concerning the same, and that the expenses thereof be paid out of any moneys in the treasury.

Mr. Hedges then gave notice of the following amendment to the Constitution: "The board of directors of this Society and the Governor, Secretary of State and Attorney General of the State shall constitute the executive committee."

No further business being presented to the Society, upon motion, it then adjourned.

HENRY N. BLAKE,  
Recording Secretary.

In pursuance of a notice regularly issued and published, a special meeting of the Historical Society of Montana was held at the library room in the Court House at Helena upon October 21st, 1891, at 2 o'clock P. M.

The meeting was called to order by the vice-president and the re-

ording secretary called the roll, and the following members were present: C. Hedges, H. Knowles, W. F. Wheeler, C. Rumley, J. H. Mills, J. U. Sanders, W. E. Cullen, H. N. Blake, and also Attorney General Haskell and Secretary of State Rotwitt.

The minutes of the meeting held April 1st, 1891, were read and approved.

On motion of Mr. Cullen, a committee of three members was appointed to present a new constitution and by-laws. The chair appointed Messrs. Knowles, Cullen and Blake.

On motion of Mr. Wheeler, the chair appointed Messrs. J. U. Sanders, J. H. Mills and H. N. Blake a committee to secure the immediate publication of another volume of the papers of the Society.

On motion of Mr. Cullen, the librarian was authorized to enter into contracts for the binding of the newspapers of the Society into suitable volumes.

Upon motion of Mr. Knowles, the Society adjourned to meet at the same place upon the third Monday of the ensuing month at 2 o'clock P. M.

HENRY N. BLAKE,  
Recording Secretary.

The Historical Society of Montana held a meeting pursuant to adjournment at the library room in the Court House at Helena upon Nov. 16th, 1891, at 2 o'clock P. M.

The meeting was called to order by the vice-president, and the recording secretary called the roll and the following members were present: C. Hedges, W. F. Wheeler, H. N. Blake.

The minutes of the meeting held October 21, 1891, were read and approved.

The librarian made a report and submitted a contract entered into for binding the newspapers of the Society. The contract was approved.

The meeting then adjourned to meet at the same place November 23rd at 7 o'clock P. M.

HENRY N. BLAKE,  
Recording Secretary.

The board of trustees of the Historical Society of the State of Montana held a special meeting at the office of Hon. W. F. Sanders, in Helena, upon the 7th day of July, A. D., 1894, at 4 o'clock P. M.

The board was called to order by Vice-President Hedges, and there were present Messrs. Hedges, Sanders, Cullen and Blake, and also Mr. Swallow, who had been appointed a member in place of Mr. Stuart.

Mr. Sanders offered the following resolutions, which were adopted unanimously and ordered to be spread upon the records:

The trustees of the Historical Society of the State of Montana desire to place on the records of the Society their appreciation of the faithful and efficient service through thirteen years rendered by its late librarian, William F. Wheeler. Serving it for a long time without adequate compensation, and for some time without any pecuniary reward, it was through all the period of his service with him a labor of love. He had

an instinctive appreciation of important historical data and an unflagging energy and industry in placing it in permanent form as a treasure in the archives of the Society. To fair literary qualities he added a conscientious purpose of fidelity to the Society in the care and augmentation of its library manuscripts, curiosities and gallery of Pioneers. His enthusiasm in its service knew no cessation or diminution and we gratefully place on record our conviction that in his relations to it he discharged his every duty. If the Society is fulfilling the purpose of its early founders and is a pride to the State, his service to it in large measure is the inciting cause of its prosperity. It will be fortunate if we shall be able in the future to command so loyal a service, and to his successors we commend his great example. Beyond this fidelity of his to the interests of the institution he served so well, we have to recall his uniform courtesy to its patrons and his friendship to all the members of the Historical Society of Montana.

Mr. Swallow presented his credentials, showing his appointment by Governor Rickards to fill a vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. Stuart.

Upon motion it was voted that a committee of two members be appointed to wait upon the Governor, Secretary of State and other officers and ascertain the facts respecting the retirement of Mr. Stuart, and make a report at the next meeting. The chair appointed Messrs. Cullen and Blake members of this committee.

Upon motion it was voted that Mr. Henry S. Wheeler be appointed custodian of the books, papers and property of the Society until the election of a librarian.

Upon motion the board adjourned to meet at the same place upon Wednesday the 11th inst. at four o'clock P. M.

CORNELIUS HEDGES,  
Vice-President.

Attest:

HENRY N. BLAKE,  
Recording Secretary.

The Board of Trustees of the Historical Society of the State of Montana held a special meeting at the office of Hon. W. E. Cullen, in the city of Helena, Montana, on the 30th day of January, at 3:30 o'clock P. M. The Board was called to order by Vice-President Cornelius Hedges. There were present Messrs. Hedges, Cullen, Sanders and Gamer.

Mr. Gamer was chosen secretary pro tem.

A set of by-laws, hereunto annexed, were introduced by Hon. W. F. Sanders, which after due consideration were adopted.

On motion of Hon. W. F. Sanders, Mr. Fred Gamer was elected Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Historical Society of the State of Montana, for the remainder of the unexpired term of the Hon. H. N. Blake, resigned.

On motion of Hon. W. E. Cullen, Col. H. S. Blanchard was elected curator of the Historical Society of the State of Montana.

There being no other business, upon motion, the Board adjourned.

CORNELIUS HEDGES,  
Vice-President.

Attest:

FRED GAMER, Recording Secretary.

Resolutions adopted by the Board of Trustees for the governance of the library.

I.—The property of the Society shall be under the immediate supervision of a curator who shall be appointed from time to time and who will serve in that capacity without pecuniary compensation and whose duty it shall be to see that the books, pamphlets, manuscripts, pictures, curiosities, souvenirs and other property are securely cared for by the librarian and that the librarian properly catalogues and classifies the books, pamphlets and manuscripts of the Society. He shall also supervise the publication of the contributions of the Society and at all times keep the trustees advised of the condition and needs of the Society, and see that proper books of account and otherwise are kept by the librarian. He shall make a monthly report to the board of trustees.

II.—There shall be a librarian of said Society, who, under the general direction of the curator, shall care for the books, pamphlets, manuscripts, pictures and other property of the Society, and shall daily, if received, keep a catalogue of all books, manuscripts and other property of the Society, and he shall at all times keep his books open to the inspection of the trustees, the executive committee, the curator of the Society, the members of the Society, and the legislative and other officers of this State. He shall furnish copies of catalogue when thereto required by the curator.

III.—The rooms of the Society shall be kept open from April to October, inclusive, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M., and from November to March, inclusive, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 3:30 o'clock P. M. with one hour intermission from 12:30 to 1:30 o'clock P. M.

IV.—Books may be used in the rooms of the Society by any citizen of the State or visitor, but no manuscripts shall be shown to or used by any person except by written direction of the board of trustees, nor shall any books or other property of the Society be taken from the rooms of the Society except by like written permission.

V.—Upon written application of any permanent citizen of the State for the temporary use of any book of the Society out of the rooms of the Society addressed to the librarian, he shall present the same to the president and secretary, or in their absence, two other members of the board of trustees, and if they approve the application they shall endorse thereon such approval and sign the same, fix the value to the Society, and the person so desiring to borrow the same shall deposit with the librarian the value of said book, when he may loan the same to such patron for a period not exceeding four weeks, and the money so received shall be held to indemnify the Society for such book and any expense it may incur in possessing itself of the same, and on return of the book any balance remaining shall be returned to such patron.

VI.—The trustees of the Society on the first Monday of each month will inspect the said library and property and will see that it is kept in an efficient condition and for the use and accommodation of its patrons and for the uses for which it was designed.

VII.—It shall be the duty of the librarian and the curator to obtain from pioneers and others all information which it was the design of the Society to preserve and to lay the same from time to time before the trustees.

VIII.—The patrons of the Society will at all times be treated, when



they shall visit the rooms of the Society, with courtesy and be accommodated with such information as the books contain.

IX.—It shall be the duty of the librarian to secure portraits of the prominent and early pioneers of the State and add to the gallery already in the possession of the Society from time to time as he may be able, keeping an inventory of every manuscript, book, picture or other property which may be received.

X.—The librarian shall be paid such sum for his services as the Legislative Assembly of the State of Montana may from time to time appropriate therefor.

XI.—No liability or indebtedness shall be incurred on behalf of the Society except by the board of trustees.

XII.—These rules may be amended at any time by the board of trustees at any regular meeting on the first Monday of each month at 2 o'clock P. M. at the rooms of the Society, unless the trustees shall agree upon some other place.

XIII.—The board of trustees recognize the Constitution adopted on the 25th day of October, 1873, as being in full force and effect.

The Board of Trustees of the Historical Society of the State of Montana held a meeting on Wednesday, April 3rd, 1895, in the city of Helena, Montana.

The members of this board, all of whom were present, were those appointed by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate of the Fourth Legislative Assembly of the State of Montana, viz: Cornelius Hedges, W. F. Sanders, W. E. Cullen, Fred Gamer and Peter Koch. After having exhibited their credentials to each other, which were found conformable to law, each took and subscribed to the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the State of Montana, whereupon on motion of Mr. Hedges, Mr. Sanders acted as temporary chairman, and thereupon the trustees proceeded to a permanent organization by the election of the following officers, viz:

President, . . . . .	CORNELIUS HEDGES.
Vice-President, . . . . .	W. E. CULLEN.
Secretary, . . . . .	FRED GAMER.
Treasurer, . . . . .	PETER KOCH.

The following resolution was offered, which, on motion, was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of the board of trustees of the Historical Society of the State of Montana that the two appropriations made by the Legislative Assembly for the benefit of the Society are essential to its efficiency, and that no diminution thereof can be made which will not impair in a serious particular the usefulness of the institution and we ask the authorities to whom the power appertains not to decrease the sums so appropriated.

On motion, H. S. Blanchard was appointed curator, and H. S. Wheeler librarian, to June 1st, 1895.

On motion of W. F. Sanders the board adjourned to meet April 17th, 1895, at 11 o'clock A. M.

CORNELIUS HEDGES,  
President.

Attest:

FRED GAMER,  
Secretary.

The Trustees of the Historical Society of the State of Montana met at the office of Col. W. F. Sanders, April 19th, 1895, for the transaction of business. The following members being present: C. Hedges, W. F. Sanders, W. E. Cullen, Fred Gamer.

The following resolution was offered and on motion of W. F. Sanders was duly adopted:

Resolved, That in behalf of and in the name of the Historical Society, the president and secretary be and they are hereby authorized to make such requisitions for supplies for the Society and the use of the librarian as are essential: and also to make requisitions for such moneys as shall be declared by the trustees to be needed to carry out the purposes of the Legislative Assembly in its appropriation therefor.

There being no other business, the meeting, on motion of W. E. Cullen, adjourned to meet on Friday, April 26th, 1895, at 3 o'clock P. M.

CORNELIUS HEDGES,  
President.

Attest:

FRED GAMER,  
Secretary.

The Trustees of the Historical Society of the State of Montana met at the office of Col. W. F. Sanders April 26th, 1895. The meeting was called to order by the president and on roll call the following trustees answered to their names, viz: Hon. C. Hedges, Hon. W. E. Cullen, Col. W. F. Sanders, Hon. Peter Koch, Fred Gamer, Esq.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

On motion of W. E. Cullen, the board proceeded to an election of a librarian for such a period of time as would meet with the pleasure of the board. The ballot was ordered spread and resulted in the election of Harry S. Wheeler, he having received a majority of all the votes cast.

On motion of Col. W. F. Sanders, a committee consisting of Messrs. Hedges, Cullen and Koch was appointed to wait upon the State Furnishing Board and insist that the entire appropriation made by the Legislature was essential to the discharge of the duties of the Society as prescribed by law.

There being no other business, the board, on motion of W. F. Sanders, adjourned to meet on May 15th, 1895, at 3 o'clock P. M., at the rooms of the library.

CORNELIUS HEDGES,  
President.

Attest:

FRED GAMER,  
Secretary.

# CENTENNIAL ADDRESS

ON THE ORIGIN, GROWTH AND RESOURCES OF  
MONTANA

BY

W. A. CLARK, ESQ.

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DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, OCTOBER 11, 1876.

The resistless advance of civilization in the new world during the century past affords a fruitful theme for the historian and a study for the sociologist. It has left its impress everywhere in the domains of science, art and literature, and by its magic influence wrested the wilderness from the savage and transformed the desert places into fruitful fields. When the foundations of the republic had been securely planted in the Atlantic States by our progenitors they, contemplating the growth of empire, and stimulated by an aggressive ambition which the war for independence had engendered, turned their eyes hopefully towards the unknown depths of forest that lay beyond the Alleghenies. The settler's cabin soon appeared on the shores of the Ohio, and in rapid succession on the Illinois, the Mississippi and the Missouri and thus far, for a half a century, was exemplified with gratifying success the theory of popular government projected by our fathers. But the genius of progress, not content, prompted to other conquests, and encouraged by the vital warmth of Republican liberty, this new American civilization paused not at mountain barrier or desert waste, and moving onward in the track of the daring pioneer asserted its dominion in the remotest ends of our domain. The golden shores of the Pacific mark the limit of its western development, and the solitude of

“That continuous wood where rolls the Oregon,”

has been completely invaded and subdued. The dream that there lay only the desert and desolate mountain creations has dissolved into wakeful realizations of exuberant fertility and dazzling wealth, and thus through the lapse of a hundred years the expansion of State, population and wealth has widened steadily and reached a culmination of greatness which is creditably illustrated in the wonderful exhibition here presented to the world of our resources, skill and capabilities.

A retrospect of the origin and growth of these United States and their dependencies in the century just closed is very engaging and in-

structive. As a representative of one of the more recently organized of these, the Territory of Montana, I will present to you some account of the rise and progress of that interesting region in the great Northwest which twelve years ago was admitted into the Territorial sisterhood. The line of my duty comprehends a study of the development of placer and quartz mining, agriculture, stock, husbandry, manufacturing and other industries, and some inquiry into the conditions of society, the natural resources of the country and other matters of historic interest.

Montana is bounded by British America on the north, Dakota on the east, Wyoming and Idaho on the south, and Idaho on the west. It is nearly rectangular in shape, embraces an area of about 144,000 square miles, and is about three times as large as the State of New York. The name is pretty, suggestive and not inappropriate, as for a great distance its western boundary is the axis of the Cœur d'Alene or Pointed Heart range, a white line on the zig-zag of the mountains' crest, in the regions of perpetual snow. Farther eastward the main range of the rocky Mountains, rising in colossal grandeur, tends diagonally to the northwest across the Territory, while between these two distinct ranges, and far eastward from the latter, the country is diversified by a system of subordinate, transverse and parallel ranges, enclosing the most beautiful valleys.

These valleys, varying from one to fifteen miles in width and from ten to two hundred miles in length, are level or gently undulating, resembling prairies covered with grasses and meadows, and are each drained by a main stream running through the center which at short intervals receives tributaries from the enclosing mountains. These form lateral valleys of smaller extent. A line of willow or alder bushes, with here and there a clump of cottonwood trees, marks the course of every stream and beautifies the landscape. Lying between the large valleys there are in many places passes in the mountains, many of them so low and easily accessible as to form natural highways for all vehicles. On some of these dividing elevations are presented views of surpassing beauty and grandeur. Below, you behold the picturesque valleys; about you, the terraced or corrugated grassy plains; on either side, the evergreen woodlands with their parks and rippling brooklets, stretching down from the mountains sides, and above all and beyond the limit of vegetable growth, the towering, "rock-ribbed" mountains. There in communion with the clouds are the great fountains which form the sources of the Missouri and the Columbia, in many places gathering their cold and crystal waters from the same snow girdled peaks. The

"Palaces, where Nature thrones sublimity, in icy halls."

The region comprising this Territory was claimed first by the French in 1742. They retained dominion until 1764 in which year it was ceded to Spain. In 1800 France regained it by treaty and sold it to the United States in 1803, it being a part of the Louisiana purchase which cost the government the nominal sum of fifteen millions of dollars. The country obtained what was afterward called the Province of Louisiana. Portions of Montana have been successively included within the boundary lines of Oregon, Washington, Nebraska, Dacotah and Idaho Territories, until May 26th, 1864, a bill was passed establishing the Territory out of the north-eastern part of Idaho. In like manner in a short time, out of the Province of Louisiana, have been marked out many geographic divisions which are to take the altitude of sovereignties in this great republic.

Thomas Jefferson and his compatriots, with comprehensive views and commendable desire to ascertain something concerning the value and extent of the Territory acquired, projected an expedition for the exploration of those northwestern regions and this inaugurated a restless movement westward that has since continued with accelerated impetuosity. Captains Lewis and Clarke who were entrusted with the charge of that expedition, in 1804 and 1805, followed the Missouri river to its sources, crossed over to and followed the Columbia to its outlet with the Pacific ocean. Returning they published an interesting narrative of their wonderful adventures and enriched geographic science with a description of the country explored. Credible information has recently come to light that in 1742 a French expedition under De LaVerendrye explored the country of the Upper Missouri, and they were doubtless the first white men who ever visited those parts. A few years previous to Lewis and Clarke's adventure Alexander McKenzie had boldly penetrated to the Pacific ocean and to the frozen sea at the north on the river that perpetuates his name, and excited his countrymen with a recital of his thrilling experiences. Subsequently, in our own country, Pike in 1807, Sublette in 1825, De Bonneville in 1832, and Fremont in 1842, Ross, Bridger and others traveled over various portions of the Rocky Mountain regions and the narratives of their expeditions quickened a spirit of adventure that led to wider explorations and the discovery of gold in California in 1847, an event that has affected the destinies of all the nations of the earth. But for this our western Territory might to-day afford an unmolested haunt for the buffalo and the Indian, and the Spanish *padre* be now reposing in luxuriant indolence under dreamy skies in the valleys of the Pacific.

Nearly half a century had elapsed since Lewis and Clarke, in exploring the Province of Louisiana, first saw the mountains and valleys of the now Montana, and throughout those years no part of it had been claimed by civilized man for a permanent abode. The occasional voyage of the trapper, the Jesuit and the adventurer alone had disturbed its primitive wilderness. Little known, valued or cared for, it had been carved and sliced, divided and redivided as suited the whims of ambitious State makers. Then arose the fortuitous circumstances which led to the discovery of gold and the consequent influx of population and distinct Territorial organization. As early as 1852 Benetsee, a half-breed who had lived in California, found small quantities of gold on Gold Creek in Western Montana, then in Oregon Territory. Six years later the Stuart Brothers verified the existence of gold at the same place and in 1861 began mining operations there. About this time the discovery of gold in paying quantities on Salmon River and its tributaries in Idaho attracted an immigration thither from Colorado and other Territories. Some of these found their way into the Gold Creek country in the summer of 1862, and others going up the Missouri River en route for the Salmon River and Florence diggings stopped there to prospect in the adjacent gulches.

During this summer a small party discovered some mines on Big Hole river of limited extent. A party of Coloradians, among them Dr. Leavitt, of Bannack, had attempted the route to the Florence mines by way of Lemhi valley and were forced to abandon it by reason of precipitous mountains, and were by favorable reports led to the Deer Lodge valley as

a desirable wintering place. This point they reached in July, '62. While there two horsemen came in from Lemhi and reported the existence of favorable indications for gold on Grasshopper creek, near where Bannack now stands. They were provided with supplies and urged to return and prospect the gulch and report. This they proceeded to do, and returning with the news met the impatient party moving on towards the place. Augmented by other prospectors joining them they proceeded to the discovery which had been made by John White on the 16th day of August, 1862, and in honor of the discoverer, named White's Bar. Soon afterwards other bars were found which were exceedingly rich. The gulch itself was then opened and mining began in good earnest. In the autumn a train was dispatched to Salt Lake City for provisions, the town of Bannack was laid out, and by the first of January, 1863, a population of 500 souls had gathered there, and among them some of the wildest and most reckless adventurers whose names and misdeeds figure conspicuously in the early history of the Territory. Thus began the first important mining operations in this Territory. The fame of these diggings soon spread with almost electric rapidity through the Territories and Pacific States, and occasioned a large immigration the ensuing spring and summer. Grasshopper Gulch and bars have since yielded continuously and added to the world's wealth several millions of gold. In May, 1863, mines of considerable extent were discovered on Horse Prairie Creek, thirty miles southwest from Bannack. On the 1st of February of that year Wm. Fairweather and others left Bannack to prospect the Big Horn mountains. They were driven back by the Crow Indians on the Gallatin River. Returning homeward the party camped at noon on Alder Creek, eighty miles east from Bannack, and while the mid-day meal was preparing Fairweather washed a few pansful of gravel near the camp, and to his great surprise obtained 30 cents in the first and as much as \$2 in subsequent pans. One of the party was sent to Bannack to carry the news to friends and return with supplies. Such intelligence could with difficulty be confined to a few, and became generally circulated. A great many rushed to the scene of the discovery and on the 6th day of June, Fairweather district was organized and mining began in this famous gulch, which, it is estimated, has yielded since sixty millions of gold, and half of this amount in the first three years of its working. It was industriously worked for a distance of fifteen miles. Virginia City was built in this gulch. It was for several years the commercial and political capital of the Territory, and in its palmyest days of '64 and '65 had a population of ten thousand people, and although the seat of government has since been transferred to Helena, it yet commands a large trade from Southern Montana, and is an active and prosperous city. At this place in August, 1875, near the wild spot where twelve years before the hidden treasure was first revealed by him, Wm. Fairweather was laid down to his rest. Like the unfortunate discoverer of the Comstock lode, whose bones also repose in Montana, this erratic soul stranded on the shoals of dissipation, although each in his day had turned a key, the one silver, the other golden, which unlocked millions to others.

The next important discoveries of gold were made by John Cowan in the fall of 1864 at Last Chance Gulch where Helena now stands, and 125 miles north of Virginia, and by other parties at Silver Bow and German gulches,

west of the Rocky Mountains at the head of Deer Lodge valley. Last Chance Gulch and its tributaries sprang at once into notoriety on account of their richness. Helena grew rapidly in population and became the chief city in commercial importance, a position which it has since pre-eminently maintained. To this place the Territorial seat of government was removed in 1874. A government assay office and many handsome public and private buildings have been erected there. The distance from this point to the head of navigation at Benton on the Missouri River is only 140 miles over an easy road, and by this route a great part of the merchandise is transported to the Territory.

The winter and spring succeeding the discoveries last named were noted for the finding of other auriferous gulches, notably the following: Confederate, eastwardly from Helena and beyond the Missouri River; Ophir Gulch, west of the range and thirty miles from Helena, and likewise numerous small gulches, contiguous to those named, some of which were marvelously rich. In the fall of 1866 a four-mule team hauled to Benton for transportation down the river two and one-half tons of gold worth one and one-half millions of dollars, nearly all of which was taken out at Montana Bar and vicinity near Confederate Gulch.

The spring of 1865 opened propitiously. Mines of great richness had been found extending throughout a region of 150 miles in length and about 100 miles in width, and immigration came pouring in from all directions. Elk Creek, Bear, Lincoln and Highland gulches in Deer Lodge county, New York gulch and Montana Bar in Meagher county began their contributions to the mint. In 1869 the auriferous belt was further extended by the discovery of Cedar Creek, a rich mining region in the Cour d'Alene mountains in Missoula county, 175 miles westward from Helena, and at Nine Mile, in the same county, diggings of considerable promise were found in 1874.

In all there are about five hundred gold bearing gulches in Montana varying from a half mile to twenty miles in length, besides numerous bars and in nearly all them mining operations are actively carried on during six or seven months of the year. The gold varies in size from microscopic powder to nuggets weighing forty and fifty ounces, and in quality from 600 to 990 thousandths in fineness. One nugget was found in a tributary of Snow Shoe gulch in 1865, which weighed 178 ounces troy, and was worth thirty-two hundred dollars. The "dust," as it was called, was in the first years the only medium of circulation and was passed currently at eighteen dollars per ounce without regard to quality. Every business house, hotel, saloon and office was provided with scales for weighing it, but now it is sold to the banks for currency and by them shipped to New York for assay and sale.

The pay streak in gulches is usually confined to a strip from ten to fifty feet in width and near the solid formation under the alluvium, which is called "bed rock," although in some places the gold is intimately diffused throughout the alluvium from the surface down. The alluvium varying from five to one hundred feet is washed off by hydraulic power. The water is brought from its head, which is frequently 200 or 300 feet in height, through canvass or rubber hose or iron pipes and forced through a small aperture or nozzle and is projected against the bank with great energy. The gravel is washed by the water through a line of sluice boxes,

and the gold on account of its great specific gravity sinks and lodges in riffles placed in the sluices. The sluices or flumes are usually fifteen to thirty-five inches in width, and from one hundred to several thousand feet in length. The length of ditches conveying water to the various mines will aggregate about six hundred miles, and cost about one million of dollars in their construction.

The yield of gold estimated from data obtained from the most reliable sources has been as follows:

For 1862.....	\$ 600,000
For 1863.....	8,000,000
For 1864.....	16,000,000
For 1865.....	18,000,000
For 1866.....	17,500,000
For 1867.....	16,300,000
For 1868.....	15,000,000
For 1869.....	11,200,000
For 1870.....	9,000,000
For 1871.....	8,000,000
For 1872.....	7,000,000
For 1873.....	5,200,000
For 1874.....	4,000,000
For 1875.....	4,100,000
For 1876.....	4,500,000

In the production of gold Montana stands accredited, next to California, with the largest yield, and, although the richest portions of many of the mines already discovered have been partially worked out and the annual product much diminished from former years, yet with improved facilities for working, mines can be made remunerative now that formerly could not be profitably worked; and for many years to come they will give lucrative employment to a large population. Moreover, each year adds something by way of discovery and some of the mountainous regions have been but imperfectly explored and other portions, whose physical features indicate the existence of gold, cannot be penetrated at this time owing to the presence of hostile Indians. This applies more particularly to the southeastern portions on the tributaries of the Big Horn, Tongue and Powder rivers. It is hoped that our military forces will drive the Sioux from that country and open it to the anxious miner, who will reveal its mineral character and bring under contribution to economic industry its imprisoned wealth.

The wages paid to miners varies from three to five dollars per diem. Many of them work until they acquire sufficient means to buy a claim or prospect for new ground and the employee of to-day may to-morrow be the employer of a score of men. The changes and reverses of fortune are frequent, yet the chances for acquiring sudden wealth exerts a fascination that few can resist and they rarely abandon the chase. There is a peculiar heterogeneity in the character of the mining population of the Rocky Mountains, comprising as it does the representatives of almost all geographic divisions of the earth, the varied conditions of society and degrees of intelligence.

As a class miners are an industrious, generous and large-souled people,



guided by the warmest sympathies. The sanguine temperament largely prevails, and although often pursuing a phantom, the pursuit is animated by an earnest, hopeful and self-reliant ambition.

The history of the development of the quartz mines of Montana is almost contemporary with that of the placers. The Dacotah lode, bearing gold quartz, was discovered near Bannack and located November 12, 1862. The decomposed quartz from the surface of the vein was packed down from the hill on which it is situated to the creek and the gold panned out. This is a process familiar to miners in which the gold, by dexterous lateral movements in the pan immersed in water, is caused to sink, while the lighter earthy matter is gradually carried away by the water. A mill to crush the quartz from this lode was begun by Wm. Arnold in the winter of 1862 and finished by J. F. Allen the following spring. The motive power was water. The stamp stems, four in number, were made of wood, and the shoes and dies were made of old wagon tires cut and welded together. This primitive affair was followed in 1863 by the erection of other mills which had been transported from Colorado and the east, and from that time to this the gold quartz near Bannack has given employment to several mills almost uninterruptedly. Gold-bearing quartz was sought for and found in nearly all the placer districts. Then followed the era of mill building for their reduction, many of these costing from twenty to fifty thousand dollars, were erected in the several counties in the years 1864-'5-'6. Inexperience and insufficient preliminary examination of supposed rich lodes led, in many instances, to disastrous results. Shafts sunk only to the depths of ten to twenty feet gave prospects and assays which begat hopes sufficient to induce large expenditures in the erection of works, and proving barren at greater depths left the mills idle, like stranded ships and the builders bankrupt. Many of these monuments of folly are now to be found in the quartz districts and some have been removed to paying mines and some converted into mills for the reduction of silver ores; while some were exceptionally fortunate in having been built at valuable mines and were operated. Twenty mills, costing four hundred thousand dollars, have been built in Lewis and Clarke county alone. The Whitlatch-Union lode near Helena was located in the winter of 1864 and has yielded paying gold quartz for a distance of two thousand feet along the lode and has been worked in places to the depth of five hundred and eight hundred feet on the dip of the lode. Several mills were built to reduce the quartz of this lode, many of them proving very profitable investments and the yield of this mine since its discovery has amounted to about three millions of dollars. The Atlantic Cable lode, in Deer Lodge county, proved also to be remarkably rich, but the owners becoming involved in litigation, it has not been worked for several years past. From this mine in 1872 was extracted by Mr. S. Cameron, some specimens of gold quartz about ten thousand dollars in value, which are gorgeous to behold and believed to be the most interesting collection in the world of gold bearing quartz.

At Silver Star, Summit, Meadow Creek and Sterling in Madison county; Radersburg and Crow Creek in Jefferson, and several other localities besides those previously named, mills are in operation working gold quartz with variable results, and the product of gold from this source is important yet it is evident that the greater wealth of the Territory lies

locked up in silver ores. But little attention was directed to these in the early years of our history owing to want of knowledge as to their character and the methods of their reduction. Most of the various combinations of silver occur: argentiferous galena, grey copper, argentite, stibnite, ruby silver, cerargyrite, stibnite, etc. Of the real silver ores, argentite and antimonial sulphide are the most abundant and are usually found in a silicious or calcareous gangue, while in many places the ores are associated with intractable bases, which render smelting necessary for their beneficiation. Galena lodes carrying silver were found at Argenta in the summer of 1864 which caused the first silver excitement in the Territory. Since then furnaces for smelting were built and operated there at intervals, but never with any marked success, and they are, with one exception, now idle. The silver mines at Philipsburg, in Deer Lodge county, were discovered in 1865, and a ten stamp mill was built the year after by a St. Louis company which is now working the ores owned by them. Another mill was built in 1874 to reduce the ores of the Speckled Trout mine, which was replaced last year by a new ten stamp mill at a cost of eighty thousand dollars. At the St. Louis mill ores are treated by wet crushing and the Washoe process of amalgamation without roasting.

Sulphate of copper and common salt and mercury are the re-agents employed. At the other mill the ore is first reduced by a Blake Crusher, then dried, crushed, chloridized in Bruckner Cylinders by the action of heat, and chlorine obtained by the decomposition of salt with sulphuric acid. It is subsequently transferred to revolving iron pans, in which the argentic chloride is decomposed by the iron of the pans, mercury is added and an amalgam of silver formed. The free mercury is strained from this through canvass strainers. The amalgam is placed into cylindrical cast iron retorts, which are gradually raised to a red heat whereby the mercury is distilled off and condensed and the residue, called crude bullion or silver sponge, is melted in plumbago crucibles and cast into bars, assayed and sent to market. From such formations flow the silver streams that enrich the monetary centers of the world.

A rich belt of argentiferous lodes outcrops west and south of Helena, on Ten Mile, Prickly Pear and Boulder creeks. The ores are galena, combined in some instances with a small percentage of zinc blende and antimony, but they readily yield to intelligent treatment in the blast furnace. This same belt has another outcrop westward, beyond the Rocky Mountains at Butte, in Deer Lodge county, and again still farther at Vipond and Bryant districts in Beaverhead county. At Butte two dry crushing mills have been built one of them at a cost of about seventy thousand dollars. The ores here receive a chloridizing roasting and are treated successfully at a cost of about twenty-five dollars per ton and saving about eighty-five to ninety per cent of the assay value of the raw ore and producing bullion over 900 fine. Here is to be found the greatest network of lodes in the west. They carry gold, silver, copper and lead and all of these combined to some extent, although the predominant valuable mineral is either silver or copper. These mines, all within a compass of a few miles, are located on a range of low hills near the head of Silver Bow Creek and are easily accessible. The country rock is granite, the dip south, the strike northeast and southwest and at right angles to the main

range of the mountains at whose base they lie. The copper ores are for a depth of about one hundred feet oxydized, and principally carbonates, carrying from ten to fifty per cent metallic copper. Explorations below water level will, it is expected, reveal sulphides. Several hundred tons of these ores are shipped annually to Baltimore for treatment.

It is hoped that in the near future capitalists will be induced to erect works for the reduction of these ores on the ground. Limestone and iron or manganese for fluxes and refractory clay and cheap fuel are abundant and near at hand and the supply of ore apparently inexhaustible.

At Vipond a fifteen-stamp mill is now building and at Bryant a second smelter is contemplated and the first is unceasingly active in reducing the rich galena with which a whole mountain there has been richly impregnated. The reduction and concentrating works are entirely inadequate for the ores produced in the Territory and hence a large amount of silver and copper ores are shipped out of the Territory to Utah, Omaha, Baltimore, Newark and to Germany. Ox and mule trains hauling merchandise into the country are willing to load on their return with ores at a low price, and by this means mine owners are enabled to find a market for their ores that otherwise would lie idle and unproductive. About three thousand tons having a value of half a million dollars are shipped annually in this manner. The mineral wealth of Montana is not segregated into one vast fissure like the Comstock over which monopoly might stand and wield his austere sceptre, but distributed by a generous hand into hundreds of veins and within the reach of all who possess the patience and industry to delve for it. *Oro Y Plata* is the significant motto of Montana. May her vigorous sons be unceasing in their industry until these rich words are completely earned and their application justified.

The principal business of this Territory is mining, agriculture and stock growing; manufactures have engaged no considerable share of attention. Those embracing the production of lumber and flour may be said to almost cover the range of enterprise in this direction. A tannery was started at Mill Creek, in Madison county in 1866, using bark from the fir tree. The leather made was pronounced good in the Boston market, but for some reason the business did not pay. Hides are now cured and shipped to the eastern market and form no inconsiderable source of revenue. In 1868 a distillery was built at Helena with a capacity of five barrels per day and continued one year making whisky from wheat, when the works not proving profitable, were closed. A foundry and machine shop, built at the same place in 1866, have been considerably enlarged and improved. Coke made from lignite mined eighteen miles west of Helena and near the very summit of the Rocky Mountains at Mullan's Pass, is the fuel used. Extensive beds of lignite have been found in other localities and will in the future prove very valuable. Suitable clay for making brick abounds everywhere and many brick edifices are constructed in all the towns. Butter and cheese are manufactured to the extent of half a million dollars annually, and the excellence of these articles attests the admirable conditions of feed, climate and water, so essential to successful results.

The first saw mill in the mining districts was built near Bannack in December, 1862. They are now to be found all over the country, produc-

ing excellent lumber at a cost to the purchaser of about thirty dollars per thousand feet, and the ever surrounding or adjacent forest furnishes the necessary material. Wherever needed, and convenient to mine, city and farm, nature has lavishly supplied a most abundant growth of the various species of pine adorning the hills and mountains with a never changing mantle of green. The first flouring mill was erected at St. Mary's Mission by the Jesuits in 1845, and after the settlement of the country succeeding the discovery of gold, mills were built in several places, but in the first few years, during the never ceasing fever of excitement caused by actual and reported discoveries of gold of marvelous richness which caused stampedes almost daily in every direction, but few were found of sufficient equilibrium to be content with the reward promised in the quiet pursuit of agriculture, and not until 1869 did the production of flour reach sufficient magnitude to supply home consumption. At this time there were seven mills in operation, giving an annual product of about forty thousand barrels and worth at that time one and one-half million dollars. In the meanwhile flour had been shipped by river to Benton and transported across the plains, and a considerable amount had been conveyed by pack animals across the mountains from Washington Territory, but by far the larger part was hauled in wagons from the Mormon settlements in Utah. Flour was sold during the first six years at twenty to fifty dollars per hundred weight and during the winter of 1864, when all of the late trains from Utah were snowed in on Snake river, the market became almost depleted, the price rose to more than one dollar per pound, a riot occurred at Virginia City and all the flour that could be found was seized and publicly distributed. After the home production became equal to the demand the price settled down to ten dollars and since then has gradually receded, until now the prevailing price is about five dollars per hundred. There are at this time sixteen mills in operation part of the time and they aggregate an annual yield of about one hundred thousand barrels.

The manufactures I have referred to are the principal ones to which any attention has been given. No woolen mills have yet been built, but as sheep husbandry is rapidly attaining the dimensions which the adaptations of the country in healthfulness of climate, dryness of soil and cheap and nutritious feed naturally indicate, it is expected that this enterprise will not much longer be neglected. Montana will never become distinctly a manufacturing state, nevertheless, to facilitate whatever may be found necessary and profitable in that field of industry there are at command everywhere the requisite conditions of water power and fuel. The energy expended by the waters in their impetuous flow from the mountains should be directed to useful ends.

Extensive portions of the valleys are very fertile and productive of grains, vegetables and fruits. Strawberries and raspberries grow luxuriantly at almost the highest altitudes when cultivated and are growing wild in the gorges and on the tops of high mountains. The first attempts at growing the larger fruits were made in Missoula county. In 1865 apple trees, about fifty in number were brought from Oregon or Washington Territory and transplanted in Bitter Root valley. The year following about ten thousand apple and some plum trees were brought there and sold to the farmers at one dollar each. Only about ten per

cent survived the cold of the winter and are now bearing fruit. The trees had been planted in gardens where irrigation was continued too long. Kept growing until late, they were full of sap when the leaves fell and were winter-killed. Afterward they planted on the bench lands where the wood thoroughly ripens and there are now growing and beginning to produce about eight thousand trees of different varieties of apple, peach, plum, quince and cherry and a great variety of small fruits known in American horticulture. The main altitude of the Bitter Root valley is about 3,500 feet.

The larger valleys where agriculture is extensively engaged in are those of the Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson rivers, the Missouri River valley below the confluence of these streams, the Sun River valley farther north, all on the east side of the mountains; and to these will be added when opened for settlement, the extensive and very fertile valleys of the Judith and Yellowstone Rivers.

On the west side of the main range are the Deer Lodge, Blackfoot, Jocko, Hellgate and Bitter Root valleys. The last name is the cradle of agriculture, and the scene of the first permanent settlement in the Territory. It takes its name from an edible plant whose roots of peculiar whiteness are dried in the sun and form an article of diet for the Flat-head and other Indians, but are wholly unsavory to the more refined palate. In 1840 Rev. Father DeSmet, S. J., visited these Indians for the first time. He found them in the Gallatin valley and administered to them the rite of baptism. Returning from St. Louis the following year with Fathers Point and Mangarini and three others, he established St. Mary's Mission in Bitter Root valley, near where Stevensville now stands.

Here they hewed the first logs and built a dwelling, carpenter and blacksmith shops and a chapel. These same men drove into the country the first oxen with wagons and carts and plows in that year, and in 1842 brought cows from Colville, and raised a crop of wheat and a variety of garden produce. In this same locality in 1845 the first grist mill was built by Father DeSmet and his companions—Father Ravalli and others. The stones were brought from Antwerp, in Belgium, via the Columbia river. Father Ravalli has these stones now at Stevensville and says they were able to grind about four bushels each day, and although the flour made was very coarse it was exquisite for them in that day. In the same year they constructed a saw mill, cutting a whip saw into the proper shape and attaching a crank formed out of an old wagon tire. Father Ravalli says: "The lumber was very undulating, but was of great service." Such were the self-sacrificing efforts of these missionaries to improve the condition of the wild children of the mountains. The germ they planted has grown into the fruitful tree. St. Mary's Mission was sold to Major John Owen in 1850. He built a fort for protection against marauding bands of Blackfeet Indians and here made his home in this isolated region and engaged in farming, stock-raising and trading with the Indians. Bitter Root Valley is about sixty miles long, with an average breadth of seven or eight miles, and has a population of seven or eight hundred thrifty farmers.

Deer Lodge Valley, farther east, has a mean altitude of 4,600 feet, and is not so well adapted to general agriculture, yet wheat, oats, barley and potatoes are extensively produced, and being surrounded by active

mining communities, a good market is afforded for such products. The valley is forty miles in length, and towards its lower end is built the town of Deer Lodge, its radiant whiteness half embowered, the handsomest town in the Rocky Mountains.

The valleys of the Jefferson, Madison and their tributaries are well settled and cultivated. Gallatin Valley, to the eastward, is the largest and best improved. It sustains a very prosperous and increasing population, and has built up several towns of local importance, the largest of which, Bozeman, is located towards the outlet to the region of the Yellowstone. The agricultural sections of the country are well improved with comfortable homes. School houses are everywhere convenient and supplied with competent teachers throughout a large portion of the year.

There are about twenty-five million acres of arable land in the Territory which can be made susceptible to cultivation by irrigation. Of this amount about three hundred thousand acres are under fence and about sixty thousand cultivated. In addition to the arable land there is perhaps five times as much that is covered with the most nutritious grasses. The average yield of wheat per acre is about 28 bushels; of barley, 35; of oats, 40; of rye, 30; of potatoes, 225. On many farms in the several valleys there have been extraordinary yields. In several instances there have been produced of oats 100 to 160 bushels; of barley 90 bushels; of potatoes from 400 to 700 bushels, and of wheat the following amounts have been given me by reliable parties: 61, 78, 75, 79, 83, 85, and the Agricultural Fair held annually at Helena awarded to a farmer of Prickly Pear Valley a premium for the best acre of wheat which produced one hundred and three bushels. There were over twenty thousand acres each of wheat and oats under cultivation in 1875. Tomatoes, cabbage, and all other vegetables grown in that latitude yield prodigiously when planted in the fertile soil of Montana. Grasshoppers have sometimes made their appearance and ravaged the growing crops but never in so general manner as to cause a scarcity of any grain or vegetable. Dry weather does not affect the interests of the ranchmen, because they do not rely on the falling rain, but divert the never-failing streams for that purpose through ditches, and irrigate only when required.

No portion of the great West is better adapted to the profitable growth of animals than this Territory. There are about forty thousand sheep and one hundred and forty-five thousand cattle grazing on the wide ranges of bunch grass, and they require but little care. Wool is not contaminated with burs or other foreign matter, and commands a higher price than the best California clip. Cattle are now driven one thousand miles to Cheyenne, on the U. P. R. R. for shipment east, and yet pay handsomely on the capital invested, the cost of production being only nominal.

The climate is healthful and agreeable. The annual mean temperature of the valley regions is about forty-eight degrees, rarely exceeding eighty degrees in summer, but often descending to forty degrees and sometimes fifty degrees and even sixty degrees below zero in winter for a short time. The winters are usually mild with little snowfall in the valleys, often not exceeding two or three inches at a time. Cattle, horses and sheep subsist on the ranges every winter with no other feed than that provided by Nature, and appear in the spring in excellent condition

and the per centum of loss is inconsiderable. There are occasional seasons of unusual severity, when the loss is much greater, and prudence dictates to the thoughtful stock raiser to provide for such seasons by driving his mower a few days in the natural meadows abounding everywhere. The rigors of winter incident to that latitude are much diminished by the thermal influence of winds which blow in from the Pacific Ocean northwardly through the valleys. These winds are called "Chinook," and often melt away several inches of snow in a single night. By reference to the meteorological charts it will be observed that the isothermal lines of Philadelphia and Washington extend to Montana, while the difference of latitude is six and eight degrees, and the difference of altitude several thousand feet. Moreover, variations of temperature are not so keenly felt as in the Atlantic states, where there is much more humidity in the atmosphere.

The rainy season occurs generally in June and lasts several weeks, the remainder of summer and fall being dry: but in the summer of this year the mountains have all been whitened during each month with newly fallen snow, and in the valleys there were successive showers, keeping alive the beauty and freshness of spring. In August you may have climbed to the top of any of our mountains and standing in several inches of summer-born snow looked down and beheld the yellow fields of grain ripening a few miles below.

Snows fall heavily on the high mountains in the winter time and accumulate by drifting in the gorges, and there, sheltered from the sun's rays, they lie throughout the summer feeding slowly and surely the limpid streams that flow out into the valleys where their waters may be utilized to turn the wheel, to irrigate the growing fields, or wash the alluvium from the glittering gold. Thus, husbanded for use at will, this gift of Nature is a boon to the farmer, and he may be oblivious to the vigilant anxiety with which the eastern farmer watches each rising cloud in a season of drought.

The population of the Territory is estimated at thirty thousand, the assessed valuation of property at ten million dollars. Railroad communication would rapidly increase both and afford us greater facilities in the development of our mines, in the transportation of machinery, ores and bullion.

In the towns there are many religious benevolent and educational societies, and much refinement and culture. The people are generally intelligent and a reading people. Three daily, one tri-weekly and nine weekly papers, having an aggregate circulation of nine thousand eight hundred copies, are liberally sustained. Add to this the several thousand copies of other periodicals sent into the Territory and you can have an exponent of the inclinations and tastes of the people.

The various Indian tribes that dwell in Montana are the Flatheads, Kalispells and Kootenais, on the west side of the Rocky Mountains. In southwestern Montana there remains a migratory remnant of the once powerful Bannack tribe. On the Yellowstone is the Crow reservation, the home of a large tribe by that name, and to the north and northeast are the Blackfeet, Sioux, Assinaboines and Gros Ventres. The settlements have suffered but little from predatory acts by these Indians. Those living west of the mountains go to the plains of the Yellowstone and

Missouri rivers twice a year, but in greater force in the autumn, to hunt buffalo for a supply of meat and robes. The latter is an article of great traffic among all the Indian tribes of the mountains and plains. During these hunting excursions they have many conflicts with their foes on the plains, and many warriors of both parties are sent to the hunting grounds of their fathers. Expeditions are sent out from Benton every winter to trade with the northern Indians, exchanging blankets, firearms, groceries, tobacco and not infrequently that unlicensed article, whiskey, for robes and furs. The shipment of these articles from Benton eastward since 1862 has amounted to from a quarter to a half a million dollars annually, besides considerable shipments which have been made overland from other points and which were derived from local traffic with Indians and white men who follow trapping in the solitude of the mountains.

“There is a pleasure in the pathless wood.”

And there are hundreds of men infatuated with the wild freedom of those lonely regions who live in the mountains, far away from human habitation, and subsist by their skill in the use of the gun and trap.

The animals abounding in the Territory are the buffalo, now found only on the plains eastward, bison, a species of buffalo, found in small numbers on the mountains, elk, moose, deer, white and blacktail deer, and antelope on mountain, valley and plain, mountain sheep, goat, grizzly, cinnamon and black bears, lions and panthers in the mountainous regions. The fur-bearing animals are the wolf, fox, otter, beaver, marten, fisher, mink and silver-grey fox. Grouse and many species of aquatic fowls and birds of delicious excellence afford abundant pleasure for the sportsman.

Birds of beautiful plumage and thrilling song appear on all sides to enliven and delight. The proud eagle, “The Sultan of the sky,” here perches, “higher than human conqueror ever built the bannered fort.” The clear streams that flow from every mountain give careful nurture to countless speckled trout and other varieties of delicious fish.

The easiest route by which to reach the Territory in the summer is by steamboat to Benton, thence by stage to the capital, or any other point. A daily line of comfortable stages throughout the year connects all parts of the Territory with the Utah Northern Railroad at Franklin, about four hundred miles from Deer Lodge and Helena.

A branch of the Western Union Telegraph penetrates the Territory with lateral branches. There are five National Banks distributed in the larger towns with an aggregate capital of four hundred thousand dollars, and their combined deposits amount to about one million dollars, and there are besides several substantial private bankers. The total Territorial indebtedness is about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, principally funded in ten and twelve per cent bonds, which readily command 90 cents to par. Taxation varies in the several counties from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 per cent on assessed valuation. Freights on merchandise from the eastern cities averages about one hundred dollars per ton. The cost of shipping ores to the railroad about thirty dollars per ton. The prevailing rates of interest are  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 per cent per month. The price of labor \$50 per month for farm hands and \$3 to \$5 per day for miners. The cost of living at the hotels is \$6 to \$8 per week. The price of female



help from \$20 to \$30 per month. Intemperance is not prevalent, morality is highly appreciated, benevolence freely exercised, the law respected and life and property safer than they are in most of the States:

In conclusion, I would say Montana bids eager welcome to all who would seek a home within her borders. She invites capitalists to assist in opening her mountains of treasure, to erect quartz mills and furnaces to build railroads and engage in all the varied industries which her resources of mine and forest, water and soil suggest and give promise of satisfactory reward. Millions of capital now swelling the vaults in your eastern cities to plethoric fulness, or dragging in the unprofitable gooves of a depressed trade might find, under judicious management, in the gold and silver fields of this Territory such remunerative employment as would satisfy the most exacting cupidity. She invites the laborer, the miner, the mechanic the farmer and the stock-raiser, promising that in the development of her mines, the building of her cities, the cultivation of her soil, and the watching of her herds they shall obtain an abundant recompense for their toil. The unfortunate sick and disabled are carefully provided for at the hospitals or by generous contributions, and not one itinerant beggar is to be found within the length and breadth of the Territory. The invalid may here in the invigorating air where no malaria lurks to poison its sweetness, have reasonable hope of restoration. Geology, botany, and the allied sciences may here be studied to advantage. The artist and lover of nature may find fruitful field for exploration and employment where the richest endowment of beauty and grandeur are profusely given. Could we but remove one of the many geysers from the Fire Hole River, in the great National Park on our southern border, to Fairmount Park and enable you to behold one of those marvelous eruptions wherein for the space of several minutes to several hours a column of boiling water several feet in diameter is thrown violently and held steadily up to the height of 200 to 250 feet, accompanied with violent pulsations of the earth, and hissing volumes of steam which ascend in turbulent convulsions thousands of feet heavenward, the water descending in broken drops like a shower of diamonds through the matchless colors of refracted light, such a scene of mysterious dynamics and magic beauty would excite much admiration and astonishment in the midst of the great spectacle here presented which has laid under contribution the greatest ingenuity of the world to devise and the most skillful art to adorn. In that region of wonders where the forces of Nature seem to be struggling in inharmonious confusion, are to be seen the most extraordinary phenomena: There are lakes and cauldrons of boiling water, mud volcanoes, sulphur fumeroles, lakes of seething mud, alum springs and petrified forests. There also is the great and beautiful Yellowstone Lake, and last and greater than all, the Grand Canon of the Yellowstone, a thousand to twelve hundred feet in depth and miles in length, and into which tumbles the Yellowstone River by successive falls, the lowest and greatest of which is about 400 feet in perpendicular height. Language from the most gifted tongue and seconded by the most vivid ideality is wholly inadequate to convey a picture of this wonderful creation. A century hence, when a grateful nation shall again gather at this shrine, those strange scenes shall be as familiar as

Niagara and Yosemite, whose fame they shall eclipse. America a hundred years later! What prophetic vision can catch even a glimpse of its possible greatness?

Whatever may be achieved of renown, of wealth unfolded, science extended, education diffused, patriotism implanted, and manhood ennobled, Montana will have made a loyal contribution. Now in the freshness of youth, not yet entered her teens, her valleys sparsely settled, her soil almost virgin, her mineral treasures not half revealed, buffalo darkening her plains and the Indian trail yet fresh on her mountain passes; then in the imperial dignity of statehood, on the trans-continental highway of the world's commerce, her valleys threaded with railways and teeming with life, the smoke of a thousand furnaces rising up to mingle with the pure air that envelops her mountains, and the fame of her riches extended to all the ends of the earth.



# HISTORICAL ADDRESS

## "THE TERRITORY OF MONTANA."

BY

CHARLES S. WARREN.

DELIVERED IN 1876.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: To trace the history of Butte and Montana from the formation of the country to the present day, is a task of no small magnitude. To commence at the beginning of time and follow the country from the time the solar system was in a blaze, onward through ages, and give a description of the reign of Reptiles and Mammals, of the labors of the ice-born torrent and the ocean's burial of this fair land, is not our province.

In attempting to speak of this part of Montana and the Great Northwest, one hardly knows where to begin or where to leave off. When we contemplate what the Great Northwest was one hundred years ago and consider what it has since become: when we regard the condition of the arts and manners of life in this country then, and look upon the splendid advance since made; when even we recall the state of European nations in 1776, and contrast it with the multiplied evidences of wealth, taste and social usefulness which they now spread around us, the century seems too short for such a momentuous change. A hundred years of such progress are not to be grasped by a single effort of the mind: they can only be partially comprehended in a series of rapid glances, such as we purpose this address to be.

Whether the Spaniards wandered from Mexico this far North centuries ago, is a matter of conjecture. The traders, most likely French, were undoubtedly the first white men this part of Montana ever knew. The Indian tradition of men with hair on their faces visiting this part of Montana years and years ago, lacks foundation. The numerous parties who have from time to time in years gone by, left the settlements and journeyed to the Great Northwest, and were never heard from, seems to confirm the belief in the minds of many that this country had white settlers before we have any recollection or data. Whether the tribes of Asia crossed Bering's Strait and journeyed this far southward will never be known.

The first fixed white settlement we have any record of in Montana,

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was at Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, 1832, which was quickly followed by others on the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, culminating in the establishment of Fort Benton in 1846.

The Jesuits came to the Bitter Root valley in 1840, under the direction of that venerable old patriarch, Father De Smet, and established Saint Mary's Mission. They came overland from Fort Leavenworth, across desert and mountain, through summer sun and winter storm; through savage tribes and wild lands; coming up the Platte and Sweetwater, through South Pass to the west side of the Rocky Mountains, through the Deer Lodge Pass and valley, and landed where Fort Owen now stands, in the Bitter Root valley, in the fall of 1840, and commenced their labor of love. That fall they enclosed a piece of land aggregating about twenty acres, and in the spring of 1841, the first crop was planted in Montana soil, near where Fort Owen now stands. These pioneers of the wilderness remained at Saint Mary's Mission until 1850, when they sold the Mission property to Major John Owen, who, in 1859, was a sutler at Fort Hall, and came to the Bitter Root valley in 1850 as an Indian trader, and bought the Mission property, remodeled it and named it Fort Owen. Owen, by following in the footsteps of the Jesuit priests, held the Indians in check and prevented all harm to trappers, and since that day the Flathead Indians have ever been true friends to the whites. On the 17th day of November, 1851, there arrived at Fort Owen, Sam'l M. Caldwell, Caleb E. Irvine and others from Oregon. This was then Oregon Territory. Caldwell was murdered June 28th, 1854, near Fort Bridger, Utah. Irvine had just resigned as lieutenant in the Fifth U. S. Cavalry, then stationed at the Dalles, in Oregon, and is now an honored resident of that place.

In the spring of 1851 Francis B. Owen assumed charge of Fort Owen and remained there until 1858, when he returned east. All the white settlers in Western Montana in 1851, were T. W. Harris, Caleb E. Irvine, Francis B. Owen, John Owen, Samuel M. Caldwell and — Smith, excepting the Jesuits at the various Missions west of the Bitter Root valley and the employes of the Hudson Bay Company, of whom we can get no reliable information.

In 1853, Governor Isaac Stevens came through in charge of a Government expedition, starting from St. Paul. He left Lieut. Mullan in charge of a detachment of regular soldiers at Cantonment Stevens, fifteen miles above Fort Owen, in the Bitter Root valley, where they wintered through the season of 1853-4. During the winter of 1853-4 Lieut. Mullan, with a part of his command, made a trip from Cantonment Stevens to Salt Lake valley and return, and made a map of the country through which he passed. Fred Burr was the engineer with this party, and Tom Adams the artist. The official plat of this survey was filed in the War Department by Lieut. Mullan in 1856. In spring of 1854 Lieut. Mullan and command were ordered to Fort Vancouver. In 1855 Governor Stevens, under direction of the War Department, came to the Bitter Root valley and made a treaty with the Flathead, Pen d'Oreille and Kootnai tribes of Indians, consolidating them into what is known as the Flathead Nation. By this treaty the present reservation, as it exists, was made—now known as the Joeko Reservation. Immediately after Stevens made the treaty with the Blackfeet Indians, which is now caus-

ing some trouble. In the fall of 1856 Fred Burr arrived in the Bitter Root valley with 400 head of cattle, which he had purchased in Salt Lake. With him came James M. Minesinger, John W. Powell and others, now living in Missoula. Burr was afterwards sheriff of Deer Lodge county.

In the fall of 1857, James and Granville Stuart, Rezin Anderson and Robert Hereford came to what is now Montana to permanently reside, and wintered on the Big Hole river, and in the spring of 1858 removed to the American Fork, now known as Gold Creek, where they obtained prospects of gold. Hereford went on to Bitter Root, leaving the Stuarts and Anderson at Gold Creek. Congress having made an appropriation, Lieut. John Mullan, under instructions from the War Department, in 1858 commenced the building of a wagon road from Fort Benton, the head of navigation on the Missouri river, to the Dalles, the head of navigation on the Columbia. Mullan made the preliminary survey from the Dalles to the Snake river. Finding the Indians hostile, he transferred his appropriation by order of the Department, and reported with his command, for duty to Col. Geo. Wright, U. S. A. During the year 1858 the Indian war was settled. Congress making a second appropriation, in 1859 Mullan began the building of the road in earnest, and in July, 1860, he reached Fort Benton with his train, having completed his labors. There he met Major Blake with a command of recruits ordered to the Northwest, who passed over the road just completed by him, this being the first command that ever passed from the head of the Missouri to the head of the Columbia. The sufferings and hardships endured by Lieut. Mullan and his command during this remarkable march, looking out the natural highway from ocean to ocean, making landmarks, hewing their way through the wilderness, cannot be fully described. During the winter of 1859-60 the command were forced to kill their horses to subsist, and even then, had it not been for friendly Indians and the few white men in the Bitter Root valley, all must have perished.

There seems to be some diversity of opinion as to the first discovery of gold made in Montana. In the spring of 1852 Samuel M. Caldwell discovered gold on what was then known as Mill creek, nearly opposite Fort Owen, west of the Bitter Root river. In 1852 "Benteise," a Red River half-breed, discovered gold on what is known as Gold Creek, near where Pioneer now stands; while Lieutenant Bradley asserts that gold was discovered years before this, near where Helena now stands, and was brought into Fort Benton. But the first paying mines discovered in Montana were on Willard's creek, generally known as Grasshopper creek, by Jno. White and Wm. Eads, in 1862. Eads was a son of Captain Eads, of St. Louis. His discovery on Willard's creek was on the bar of what is now known as Grasshopper creek, near the old Salt Lake road, and it was located in 1862. White and Eads getting out of provisions, came to the mouth of the Little Blackfoot river, in Deer Lodge valley, where Capt. Nick Wall (who is at present one of the prominent mine owners of Butte) kept a store, and informed him, Walter B. Dance, Underwood, King, Hauser, and others of their old friends, of their success. And when White and Eads returned to their discovery, Dance, Hauser, and party, returned with them, and were the first ones in. Soon after Samuel McLean, Stapleton, and others, from Colorado, en route to the Florence mines, came in. Underwood, Lansing, Dance, and others, went

above the discovery of White and Eads, and camped where Bannack City now stands, and prospected and made the discovery claimed by McLean and friends. Soon after the discovery of Pioneer Gulch was made, on the head of the Big Hole river, by parties to me unknown, and I have been unable to find any reliable data concerning said discovery. Soon the loose men of this part of the Territory were gathered at Bannack and vicinity. In 1862, John Powell and others, made a discovery on what is now known as Boulder. Early in 1863 many prospecting parties left Bannack, and during the summer of the same year Fairweather and others discovered Alder Gulch, which has been proven to be the richest placer ground ever discovered in this or any other country. In the fall of 1863 many persons from Idaho, California, Nevada, Colorado, Minnesota, and elsewhere, immigrated to Alder Gulch. Other placer discoveries in different parts of the Territory soon followed, and in May, 1864, G. O. Humphreys and William Allison came to Butte and camped above where Butte City now stands, on what is now known as Baboon gulch, and prospected for a month in the vicinity, when they returned to Virginia City for provisions. Early in June they returned to Butte to permanently reside, and located what is now known as the "Missoula lode." During the months of June and July they ran a tunnel upon the same, and organized what was known as the "Missoula company," consisting of Frank and Ed. Madison, Dent, G. Tutt, Col. R. W. Donnell, Swope, Hawley, Allison and Humphreys. Soon after, Dennis Leary and H. H. Porter, who were fishing on the Big Hole river, followed the wagon tracks of Humphreys and Allison into the camp, having been favorably impressed by the appearance of the ore from the Missoula lode. Probably the first lead staked in what is now known as Summit Valley District was the "Black Chief," formerly the old "Deer Lodge" lode, which was discovered and staked early in 1864, by Charles Murphy, Major William Graham and Frank Madison.

At the time Humphreys & Allison first came into the Valley, there were no stakes struck, nor any signs of work having been done in the camp, except upon what is now known as the Original lode, where there was an old hole sunk to the depth of four or five feet. Near the hole were some elk horns used for gads, and handspikes. From all appearances the work had been performed years before; by whom this work was done, there is no telling, nor will it probably ever be known. In the fall of 1864 rich placer discoveries were made in the vicinity of Butte, and in August of the same year the first mining district was formed, with William Allison as President, and G. O. Humphreys as Recorder. In the fall of 1864, the old town of Butte was located, on what is known as Town Gulch, adjoining the present town site of Butte.

During the month of October, 1864, rich placer discoveries were made on Silver Bow Creek, below where the town of Silver Bow now stands, by Frank Ruff, Bud. Baker, Peter Slater and others, and people began to gather from all parts of the Territory. A new district was formed in the lower end of the gulch, known as Summit Mountain Mining District, with W. R. Coggsell as Recorder, and soon sprang up the town of Silver Bow City, which was then made the county seat of Deer Lodge county. During the winter of 1864-5 there were probably 150 men in Silver Bow and vicinity, and many lodes were recorded in the

two districts. In the spring of 1865, Summit Mountain district was divided, and claims No. 75 to 310, above discovery on Silver Bow Creek, were organized into what is known as Independence Mining District. In the fall of 1864, German Gulch was discovered by Ed. Alfield and others. In the spring of 1865, a big stampede took place for this new discovery, and on the first of April, 1865, there were nearly 1,000 men in German Gulch and immediate vicinity. During the winter of 1864-5, Collins & Co., established a store at Silver Bow, and shortly after another store was started by O. G. Dorwin. During the same winter Ford & Dresser established a store in Butte. The Hon. Sydney Edgerton, at that time Governor of the Territory of Montana, appointed G. O. Humphrey, County Recorder, who was soon succeeded by E. P. Lewis; C. E. Irvine, Probate Judge; Fred. H. Burr, Sheriff, and Louis McMurdy, County Treasurer. The first court held in Deer Lodge county, convened at Silver Bow City, on the 10th day of July, 1865, Hon. L. P. Williston, presiding; C. E. Irvine, Clerk of Court; E. B. Phelps, District Attorney; Fred. H. Burr, Sheriff; George M. Pinney, U. S. Marshal; and General ———— U. S. District Attorney. To show that the residents of Silver Bow and Butte and vicinity were not as law-abiding as we are now, we will state that at the first sitting of the United States Grand Jury, with Dr. Anson Ford, our honored townsman, as foreman, there were thirty-four indictments found for violation of the Revenue laws and for selling whisky to Indians, some of which cases were compromised with the U. S. Marshal, and the compromise was well paid for by the parties indicted, the U. S. District Attorney entering a "nolle prosequi" in each of the compromised cases.

The first political convention held in Deer Lodge county was the Democratic convention, held at Silver Bow during the latter part of June, 1865, and organized with James Stuart as Chairman, and Robert Wiles as Secretary. The first election held in the county was held on the 1st of September, 1865, and by a vote of the people of the county, the county seat was removed from Silver Bow to Deer Lodge, where it now remains; and the records were removed during the same month.

The first board of county commissioners of Deer Lodge county was composed of Jos. H. Clark, George Searle and Doctor Burnside, who, taking it wisely into their heads to make the county seat permanent at Silver Bow, made contracts and commenced the erection of a court house and jail, at an expense of some \$6,000, thus laying the foundation for our present county debt. We are pleased to inform you that none of these commissioners are now residents of this Territory.

The first death of which we have any information, in this part of the Territory, was that of Mr. Dresser, of the firm of Ford & Dresser, which occurred at Hot Springs, near Helena, in the spring of 1866. Concerning deaths happening at an earlier date we can get no reliable information. There are now two unknown graves opposite Silver Bow City. Who these parties are we are unable to tell, and perhaps it will never be known.

Among the early settlers of Butte were the Porter Brothers, Dennis Leary, Dave Dewey, S. M. Wessel, H. C. Wiebold, Swartz, Noyes, Col. Clark, Upton, Chitiek, Fisk, Williams, the Holder family, Geo. Graves, John N. Mills, L. A. Barrard, George McCausland, Sol. Bechem, James

Overson, Peter Hume, the Diedrich Brothers, Dick Ripperton, S. B. Warren, Jas. H. Brown and Lewis McMurtry, the two last named gentlemen being the first attorneys at law practising in Deer Lodge county.

The first ditch constructed in Summit Valley district, was by L. A. Bernard, in the winter of 1865-6, from Missoula Gulch to near where the Farlin mill now stands. The next ditch dug was by Humphrey & Allison, known as the Lower Ditch, in the winter of 1865-6. During that winter the Noyes & Schwartz ditch was commenced and was completed in the spring. Up to 1866, but little development had been done in the camp. In the summer of 1866, Humphrey and others sunk a shaft to the depth of 80 feet on the Original lode. In the summer of 1866, Barnard, Coulston and others commenced the construction of a ditch from Divide Creek to the placer mines in the vicinity of Silver Bow, which was the first instance where the waters of the Missouri river were taken to the Pacific slope and used for mining purposes. During the fall and early winter of 1866-7, many men made Silver Bow and Butte their permanent residence. Wm. Vernon run a weekly pony express to Virginia City, for which he was paid 25 cts. per letter carried in or out of the camp. ↪

During the winter many improvements were made in Butte, and by April 15, a large town had sprung up. Early in the spring, Humphrey & Allison's Park ditch was finished, and the rich placer mines in the vicinity began to be developed, and the summer of '67 was one of universal prosperity in this part of Montana. Hundreds of persons came from all parts of Montana, and the wildest excitement prevailed. Hurdy houses, gambling hells, and kindred vices were in full blast. Thousands of dollars were produced daily, and everybody had money plenty, and the summer of 1867 was probably the most prosperous year ever known on Silver Bow Creek. During the same year the town of Rucker, five miles below Butte, was the theater of active mining operations. Shoalwater & Bro. took out of their claim an average of \$1,000 per day. Other claims on the creek did nearly as well. Diedrich & Bro. took out one piece of gold that was worth nearly \$1,800. Wages were \$6 to \$7 per day, and provisions proportionately high. During the year 1867, McMinnville Bar was discovered by Robert McMinn, who sold the same for \$200, and during the next ten years the fortunate purchasers took from the ground over \$200,000 in gold dust. New discoveries were the order of the day. Quartz claims were but slightly developed in those days, placer mines being all the rage. Chittick and others built what was known as the Round House which was the most notable building in Butte. The placer mines in this vicinity being very shallow, many of the claims were worked out in 1867, and in the fall many of the miners began to seek pastures new, and the camp in the immediate vicinity of Butte began to wane. Little did those hardy miners and pioneers think when they were leaving Butte that in the near future her real and hidden wealth would be uncovered; little did they think that the numberless quartz lodes in the vicinity of Butte contained untold millions of metals; that the ground they had passed and re-passed would, in the near future be worth thousands of dollars, and in the camp they had left in disgust, would soon be heard the music of the quartz mill and the busy hum of industry. That the camp denounced by them would be the future centre of trade industry and wealth of the great northwest, the evidences of which you see here



to-day. During the year 1868, there was little excitement in this part of Montana. During the winter and fall of '68 and '69, Barnard & Co. brought in a ditch from Divide Creek to mines on Pioneer Gulch, near Silver Bow, at a cost of upwards of \$50,000, which developed some good placer mines. Silver Bow again revived. Many of the buildings of Butte were removed to that place. During the months of May, June and July, Silver Bow must have had a population of near 1,000 persons. The ditch company sold water at 50 cents an inch for ten hours. Wages were \$6 per day. Nearly one hundred claims were running, and the old camp again looked as though it would soon regain its old-time standing as a prosperous mining camp. But the water season of '69 was short, and many of the miners were thrown out of employment, and scattered out for other camps. Among the new discoveries made in this part of the Territory in the early days, were the discovery of French Gulch in 1865, and of Highland Gulch in '66. These gulches were among the richest placer mines in the country, and yielded enormously in gold. Red Mountain City was at one time the largest town in the southern end of Deer Lodge county. The placer mines being shallow, the camp was soon worked out, and the miners left, and where once a thousand men were working, to-day is almost deserted. In 1867 a St. Louis company erected a 24-stamp mill near Red Mountain City, at a cost of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, which after running a short time proved to be a failure and now stands a monument to the misplaced confidence of Eastern capitalists. On the head of Basin Gulch, near Highland, was found a piece of quartz rock weighing nearly 600 pounds, which for richness in gold exceeded anything of the size ever found in Montana. Numbers of miners searched in vain for the lead which this piece of float had come from.

Red Mountain at one time contained a large number of wholesale and retail business houses, a Masonic Lodge, and an organization known as L. of A. B. The latter order had an extensive membership, and profanes had often tried to find out some of the secrets of the order, but have always met with disappointment, as the members of the society kept the secrets securely locked within their own bosoms. Many of the distinguished citizens of Montana were members of this order, and scarcely a man of any note missed an opportunity of joining.

There were also several rich quartz lodes discovered in the vicinity of Highland, among which were the Nevine's and Only Chance lodes, which have produced hundreds of dollars in gold, but are now closed temporarily.

In the early spring of 1866, Prof. Hodge commenced work on the Original mine. He erected hoisting works, sunk to some considerable depth, took out a large quantity of ore and commenced making preparations for the erection of reduction works. The works of Hodge & Co. in the camp, created considerable excitement, and every available millsite and water-right was taken up by speculators and held at enormous figures, and the company refusing to pay the prices demanded, suspended operations. During the summer of 1866 other parties took hold of the Original mine, but failed to succeed.

In 1866-7, Joseph Ramsdell and Wm. J. Parks erected a furnace in Town Gulch, near the old town of Butte for the purpose of smelting

ores, particularly from the Parrott lode which lode has since proven to be one of the richest copper mines in the Territory. This lode was named in honor of the Hon. R. R. Parrott, attorney at law at that time, professionally prominent in the Territory.

The Parrott lead was discovered by Dennis Leary, Geo. W. Newkirk and Porter Brothers. Subsequently Charles E. Savage erected an arastra which was run by horse-power, for the working of silver ores. The small experiment made by him proved decidedly a success. He failed for the want of means to carry it into operation.

In 1866 there was a character known in and around Butte by the sobriquet of "Yank," whose real name was Lyman Burrett, who discovered and located, and partly developed the "Burnett" lead. Night and day and Sundays "old Yank" could be found on his claim, busily at work developing his lead. After years of patient toil and industry, seeing no possibility of being rewarded in the near future, he drifted off to Cedar Creek, in the stampede of 1869, but meeting with no success there, he wandered off to Utah, where he made a raise of nearly a quarter of a million dollars, and he is now enjoying ease and comfort in his New England home.

In February, 1867, Col. Simon W. Mayre was killed by W. J. Corkery. At the examination, Corkery was acquitted on the ground of self-defense. All the evidence was taken down and sent to the grand jury, and all the witnesses were bound over to appear before the grand jury at its next meeting. Mayre was a lawyer, and was formerly from Missouri, and was a Mississippian by birth.

The first school ever opened in Butte was taught by Col. Wood, in the winter of '66-7, but continued only for a short time. The next was in the following winter, taught by William Haynes. Since that time there has been at least one term of school every winter.

In the early days there appeared in Butte an eccentric character known as "Commissary" Brown, whose real name was H. K. Brown. He was supposed to have been from the State of New York, had spent many years on the Pacific coast, was a trapper and miner, and for a long time a Commissary in the regular army. He would leave the camp and be gone for months at a time without any person knowing of his whereabouts, and re-appeared as mysteriously as he had disappeared. At the time he came to Butte, he had some \$6,000 or \$7,000 in coin, which he buried, no one knows where, and which he was unable to find himself. He afterwards wandered off in the direction of Salt Lake, and beyond Snake River he was found dead by the road-side.

In 1867, Gross and others sunk a shaft on what was then, and is now known as the "Rocker" lode, near Rocker City, at present the property of Wolverton & Carver, the ore from which assayed very rich in gold. The St. Louis & Montana Mining Company tried to negotiate for the purchase of the mine but failed. Other new excitements springing up, Gross and partners left Montana, and forfeited their claim on the Rocker lode.

In the early spring of 1868, Harvey Bay, Jr. and Charles Hendrie erected a mill for the reduction of gold ores, near where Butte City now stands, now known as the Davis mill. Whether successful or not, no one

knows but themselves. The same parties also erected a smelter and worked ores from the Parrott lead, which was a success, but the parties, not owning the mine, shut down.

In the fall of 1868, Dennis Leary and the Porter Bros. erected a furnace for smelting ores from the Parrott mine, using a bellows for blast, but not understanding how to flux the ores, they failed.

In 1868, Geo. Roff, William Schofield and others commenced the construction of a ditch from Brown's Gulch to the mines on Oro Fino Gulch, and completed the same in the spring of 1869. The water season of 1869 being of short duration, and having become involved in the construction of the ditch, they were compelled to sell the same, and it was purchased by E. S. Newman for the sum of \$18,000. Afterwards Kohrs, Newcomer & Dixon became the owners of the property and worked it for several years, when they sold it to John Noyes, who is now the owner of the same.

In 1869 Charles Diedrich, Jacob Reading and others commenced the construction of a ditch from Basin Gulch to the placer mines in the vicinity of Rocker and Silver Bow, known as the Miners' Ditch, and completed the same during the winter of 1869-70, which opened up a large amount of placer ground which didn't prove as remunerative as the owners of the ditch confidently expected it would.

Among the prominent leads which were represented in the early days, and during the dull period from 1869 to 1870, were the Parrott, Original, Gray Eagle, Mountain, Brilliant and many others, which showed that a few of the early settlers of Butte still had confidence in the camp. They yearly performed the necessary labor and put on the necessary improvements to comply with the law, and are now reaping the reward for their industry and perseverance: but many of the earliest residents having become dissatisfied, left Montana forever. Where these old pioneers finally settled is not known. Some of them are in the diamond fields and gold mines of Africa, others in Australia and the mines of British Columbia, others are mining or following other pursuits in the snow-capped Andes, or seeking gold and death in the Black Hills, while others may be in the mines of Siberia or Alaska, but wherever dispersed about the globe, they will be found as true and brave men risking their all in the pursuit of gold. During the years of 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873 and 1874 there was but little in this part of Deer Lodge county to encourage men who had been raised to a life of excitement and adventure to make this place their homes. Few items of interest occurred to mar the solitude that prevailed. On the 4th day of July, 1873, Daniel Haffey and John Collins hung a Chinaman just below where the Centennial brewery now stands, on Silver Bow creek, for pure cussedness. They came into town and openly boasted of the horrible deed, and even went so far as to notify the justice of the peace that he "had best go and cut the heathen down." Why the men then living in Butte should let them go their way undisturbed has never been explained, but such was the case. Collins was captured and is now serving out a life sentence in the penitentiary. Haffey was hounded and run out of the Territory by the officers of the law, and is now an outcast from society, and a wanderer and a vagabond on the face of the earth, with the gnawings of a guilty conscience pursuing him to his grave. In the spring of 1873, H. C. Wiebbold killed Levi

Russel at Silver Bow. He was discharged at the examination, for the reason that the court found the deed justifiable. Afterward the case was fully investigated, and Wiebbold fully exonerated. In the fall of 1873 Jacob Herman constructed a ditch from Divide Creek to the placer mines in the vicinity of Prairie, Sand and other gulches, which are now being worked with profit to the fortunate owners. There was little development of any kind in this vicinity during the dull period, from 1870 to January, 1875. Congress having passed a law compelling all owners of quartz mines to either perform a certain amount of labor on all quartz claims by that date, or forfeit the same to the United States, when they would be subject to relocation. When January 1st, 1875, arrived, there came to Butte many old and former residents of the camp in its more prosperous days. Amongst others came William L. Farlin. Years ago Farlin had seen some rock taken from a shallow prospect hole on a ledge in Butte, assayed it and found it to be fabulously rich, but being poor in purse, went to work to make a living in the placer mines, but ever keeping an eagle eye on the lode. January 1st, 1875, came the parties formerly owning the lode, who had left the camp to follow up some of the many mining excitements that had been on the Pacific coast in the past ten years, and had abandoned and probably forgotten the little black quartz lead at Butte. At 11:30 o'clock p. m. December 31st, 1874, found Farlin on the ground, and when time had given birth to the new year, Farlin relocated the lode, naming it the "Travona," and with commendable pluck and energy commenced the development of the same. Hardly had daylight dawned on January 1st, 1875, when a new era opened to Butte—the Travona, at every stroke of the pick, showing up her treasures to the world. Never before in Montana had such a lode been discovered. Other lodes had been rich and showed full bodies of rich ore, but never before had a lode been discovered that showed a fortune in the first shovelful of ore. To William L. Farlin, and him alone, does Butte to-day owe her prosperity. Others have done nobly towards the development of the camp. Wm. J. Parks, almost single-handed and alone, commenced work on his claim on the Parrott lode, and from year to year as his means would permit, he worked on his mine—working to get a few dollars to purchase provisions, and then working on the lode. Years of patient toil and industry were at last rewarded. He finally struck paying ore, having sunk to the depth of 155 feet, while other men who were well off in this world's goods, owned claims on the same lode, and left it to this one man of nerve and unconquerable energy to develop his property, which would alike be beneficial to them: as one of them remarked, "let's wait and see if Parks can make it win."

Thomas C. Porter, Dennis Leary and Henry H. Porter also ventured their all in developing the camp. Year after year these men came from distant parts of the Territory to represent Butte quartz, while friends around the country would occasionally venture the remark, "the boys are still a little 'luny' on quartz."

Probably the most gigantic enterprise ever undertaken in this part of Montana was the construction of a ditch by G. O. Humphreys and Chastine E. Humphreys, from the Boulder creek, on the east side of the Rocky Mountains to the placer mines lying back of Butte, and above all other ditches constructed. When they commenced the enterprise they

were possessed of an ample fortune, and entered upon the work of construction with energy. They started a tunnel through the main range of the Rocky Mountain, two and a fourth miles in length. Month after month they labored. Money was poured out without a word of complaint. The earnings of years of industry and toil were furnished to complete their favorite scheme. They completed the tunnel through the mountain, except nine hundred and sixty feet, and constructed considerable of the ditch, when their means were exhausted and they were forced to abandon the work, broken in purse but strong in the faith of the success of their unfortunate investment, and we venture the assertion that the completion of this enterprise is one of the near possibilities. Among those who had unshaken faith in the future of Butte, were John Noyes, A. W. Barnard, George McCausland, William Hill, the Hickey Brothers, Jas. Overson, David N. Upton, Peter Hune, William Owsley, Joel W. Ransom, Joseph Ramsdell, Robert Girton, and last but not least, Dr. Anson Ford. During the long, weary years when the gloom of despondency hung like a cloud over the camp, Dr. Ford stood firm, and upon all and every occasion asserting that in the near future Butte would be the mining center of the Great Northwest; that it needed only time and muscle to properly develop the camp. His prophecy is now being verified.

Among the earlier residents of Butte was the true, kind and good man, James Gilchrist. To know him was to love him. He was one of the first locators of quartz lodes in the camp: in 1869 was elected County Clerk and Recorder and resigned the office after serving a year, to attend to his quartz interests at this place. The shafts sunk on the Original, Gambetta and Colusa lodes, attest that he was not idle in developing his mines. He struggled along, putting his all into these mines, working them for years steadily, when just as he was the eve of reaping the reward of his industry, his health began to fail and a change of climate became necessary to his existence. He went east, visited the Hot Springs of Arkansas and consulted the most eminent physicians in the United States, but all things failed to restore his former health and strength and after months of suffering he died in Chicago, Ill., in 1875, mourned by all who knew him, for no resident of Butte before or since was so universally loved as James Gilchrist. May he rest in peace, and when the great trumpet is sounded he will be found in the chamber of the blessed.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon: but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

A few others had faith in the camp—Capt. Nick Wall, of St. Louis, Mo., William Berkins, Joseph Townsend, Capt. John H. Rodgers and Andrew J. Davis—to these men is also due the credit for the representing of quite a number of valuable lodes in the camp. The untimely death of Capt. Rodgers, which took place in the summer of 1874, was for a time a death blow to active and energetic mining enterprise in this part of Montana. He was a man of great energy, strict integrity, and

boundless business qualifications. Never did a man in Montana seem to meet difficulties and obstacles with the same nerve and fortitude as John H. Rodgers. A constant worker and ready observer, he rose above the ordinary man. He was universally loved and respected, and his death was keenly felt by every person interested in the development of Montana. Peace to his ashes. -

Soon after the discovery and relocation of the Travona lode, other new discoveries were made, and the prospect that the mines of Butte would prove rich beyond belief, was a fixed fact. In rapid succession were located The Grey Eagle, Mountain, Flag, Orphan Boy, Buffalo, Anglo Saxon, Rocker, Ella Clark, Great Republic and others, and by April 1st, 1875, the country began to be excited over the rich development being made in this vicinity. At about the same time the camp commenced to improve. Men began to flock in from other camps and Butte took rank among the leading mining towns of the Territory. During the early summer of 1875, Wm. L. Farlin commenced the erection of a 10-stamp quartz mill, near the Black Chief lode, below Butte, and continued the construction of the same with such energy as showed his very soul was in the work. In December, 1875, his means failing him work was suspended. It seemed for a time that the camp would again take a back set and again be dormant for years. There was universal regret expressed over the failure of Mr. Farlin, and the people felt "blue." Men were talking of leaving; others had left, and far and wide over the Territory was spread the report, "Butte is played out." But in these days of trouble, when to hesitate would have been fatal, there appeared the saviour of the camp—Mr. William A. Clark—a gentleman of ample means, large experience in business, and a thorough metallurgist. In the hour of trouble he came forward, took the unfinished mill in hand, brought order out of chaos, and out of the wreck has today completed, and has running the best and most finished mill in all its appointments, in the Territory; and to-day it lifts its towering stacks and imposing buildings as a monument to the unfaltering nerve of William L. Farlin, the mechanical skill of Capt. George Plaisted, and the successful business management, hard and ceaseless work of William A. Clark.

In the summer of 1875, John How and others commenced the erection of a 10-stamp mill below Butte, on Silver Bow Creek, which is now known as the Centennial mill. This company started in with but little capital, except the business talent, boundless faith and tried and true nerve of Mr. John How. Amidst all risks and dangers of financial destruction, he stood at the head and front, doing everything in the power of one man to complete this mill. After weeks and months of disappointment, hard labor and numberless vexations, this mill started up and was the first ever successfully run in the southern part of Deer Lodge county, which is wholly due to that grand old Roman, Mr. John How, who for years has ventured his all in the various quartz camps of Montana, but is now on the eve of reaping a rich reward for years of patient toil, disappointment and industry. May fortune again smile on him. Among the leads in this immediate vicinity which have been fully developed are the Travona, located in January, 1875; a shaft has been sunk to the depth of sixty feet, and shows a large body of ore averaging \$200 per ton. The La Plata mine which has been developed to a depth of eighty feet and shows a

of ore seven feet in thickness, working by mill process \$287 per ton. This mine is the property of Dennis Leary, Lyman W. Scott, John Downs, Richard S. Jones and James A. Talbott. The Burlington mine, on which there are the locations and mines of Reeding and Gassert, and Young and Rowdebush, which shows a large body of silver ore working by actual mill process 101 ounces of silver to the ton. This mine has been developed to the depth of sixty feet and still holds out in richness and quantity. The Late Acquisition Spur Lode, the property of Messrs. Packard, Menary & Co., located near Butte, has been fully developed by a deep shaft and levels and stopes run. This mine yields large quantities of ore, running from \$200 to \$600 and \$700 per ton. The yield from this mine, working a small force of hands, is at least \$15,000 per month. From the present development done on this mine, it shows a million dollars in sight. The Banker mine, owned by Messrs. Smith & Coughenour, is a good lode, showing two feet of ore, working by mill test from \$60 to \$250 per ton. The Anglo Saxon lode shows a large vein of ore assaying upwards of \$100 to the ton, and is the property of W. L. Farlin. The Great Republic, owned by Ramsdell, Downs & Co., shows three or four feet of high grade ore and is partially developed. The Moody, Sankey, Ringold, Right Bower, Seymour, Left Bower, Ohio, Lexington, Audman and Stewart lodes, any of which will keep a 10-stamp mill running steadily, with profit to both mine and mill owners. There are many other mines in the camp which will in all probability prove as good by proper development. There are also many lodes in the camp showing large bodies of ore assaying from \$40 to \$120 per ton, prominent among which are the Rainbow lode claim, owned principally by W. A. Clark. This lode has been developed to a depth of sixty feet, showing a vein of ore over forty feet in thickness which shows rich in silver. The Elm Orlou and other locations on the Rainbow lode promise equally as well. The Chattanooga and Night Hawk, or Sun Rise, Lode, Aurania and many others are promising lodes, with the exceeding rapid strides made by science in the reduction of ores, it is safe to predict that these mines are and will be valuable in the near future. In the immediate vicinity of Butte are the Josephine, Allie Brown, Mountain Boy, Smoke House and many other lodes showing large bodies of Galena ore, assaying from 35 to 70 per cent lead and carrying from 30 to 250 ounces per ton in silver.

The copper interests of the camp are showing up grandly. The Parrott, Original, Hattie Harvey, Alex. Scott, Kansas Chief, Colusa, Gambetta, Mountain and Mountain Chief lodes have been fully developed, and are copper mines of the first order. Besides, the Belk, Wake-up-Jim, Annie and Ida, Sioux Chief, Mountain Rose, Lizzie Ellen and the Cut Hand, Dasher, Avery, Jessie Wingate, Aurora, Centennial, St. Louis and other copper mines at Hazard Point, in the vicinity of Butte, have every indication of being rich and permanent copper veins.

From the present outlook a bright future is in store for the camp. We venture the assertion that there can be hoisted to the surface every day in this camp 1,000 tons of silver ore that will mill from \$40 to \$1,000 per ton, seventy-five tons of galena ore that will pay even for shipping, and 150 tons of copper ore that will work from 25 to 70 per cent copper. With this outlook, with the slight development done in the camp, the future is indeed promising, and within a short time will be heard the

music of a hundred whistles of quartz mills—the horizon will be clouded with the smoke of scores of furnaces. Freyer and his process will be firmly established in the camp, and the fondest dreams of the most excitable will be thrown in the shade. Never before in any part of our mining country has such rich mines been discovered for the work done. Take a view of the camp. For four miles around Butte is but a net work of rich lodes: gold, silver, copper and lead abound, and in such vast quantities that we cannot help but be the great mining center of the West, if not of the world. Virginia City and the mines of Nevada, now producing millions of precious metals, will be eclipsed. All we need is transportation and works for the reduction of our ores. To you of faint heart and who feel discouraged, who for years have worked patiently and hard without a murmur, we would say, be of good cheer, "hold your grip," for day is dawning. Butte will come out, and with flying banners. Here will be such a community in the near bye-and-bye as you do not now dream of. The camp is now getting known throughout the world, and were it not for our isolation, a few weeks would see the capital of the world seeking investment here. The glad day cannot long be delayed. The place which less than two years ago was nearly deserted is now the second town in population in the Territory, and where less than two years ago but a few miners were delving for an existence, is to-day the mining center of Montana. Improvements of every description are going ahead rapidly. Your beautiful city is making giant strides for the position of the Metropolis of Montana. On every hand can be heard the rumbling voice of blasts in the mines, uncovering slumbering millions of hidden treasure. The artisan and miner have constant and profitable employment, and in the air you can almost hear the words, "hold fast to Butte—it is sure to win." Other places for a time may hold out golden promises. Many of you may leave Montana to seek fortune in other and unknown lands. A few of you may succeed, but to you who are now interested in Butte we would say, stay by your first and best love; hold on a few months, at the farthest, and you will be beyond want, for so sure as the world stands and time rolls on, so sure will you be fully rewarded for your labor and toil of years.

Already scores of letters from capitalists in the East, California, Utah and even Europe, are being received, asking for information concerning our Territory.

Nor will mining be the only industry of the people of our fair Montana. Beside every water course will be manufactories of all descriptions. Every valley will be tilled, and on the mountain sides will be found countless thousands of sheep and cattle, and ere another decade shall roll around this Territory will contain a million inhabitants. In every community will be found churches, where the people can worship after their own way. On every square mile of our Territory will be found that sure guarantee of the future liberty and preservation of our Union the school house. The already overcrowded community of the East, of Europe and the Orient, will here seek and find happy homes, and ere another Centennial shall roll around, when we shall have passed in final review before the great Captain, and shall have crossed the Big River, here will be found happy millions of human beings, for whose happiness we to-day are laying the foundation.



It seems meet that we should celebrate to-day; that we should thank God for our preservation as a nation. Let us try and imitate the bright example set us by our immortal forefathers, Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and others whose names will be remembered as long as we have anything left worth remembering, and so live that when another Centennial Anniversary shall roll around, our deeds, as a nation, can be referred to with pride.

From the information I have been able to obtain, I estimate the product of gold from southern Deer Lodge county as follows:

Butte, Silver Bow and Rucker camps and vicinity, yield from November, 1864, to date.... .	\$5,000,000
German Gulch, from April 1st, 1865, to date.....	3,000,000
French Gulch, from June, 1865, to date .....	1,000,000
Highland Gulch, from August 1, 1866, to date, in- cluding quartz mines ... ..	1,000,000
Mines in vicinity of Cable ... ..	500,000

Making a total yield in southern Deer Lodge county  
since its settlement, of ..... \$10,500,000

I think these figures are rather under than over the actual yield. It will not be long before Butte alone will produce millions of dollars per month in gold and silver bullion, for with all our natural advantages, the nerve, industry and energy of our people, the increasing product and demand for precious metals, our inexhaustible mines of gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, coal and other metals in our midst, the large area of pasturage, which is second to none in the world, the salubrious climate, our matchless scenery, such as the world does not equal, combine to make Montana, in the near future, second to no state or territory in our glorious Union.

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# HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF MADISON COUNTY, MONTANA  
TERRITORY,

BY

JUDGE HENRY N. BLAKE.

JULY 4, 1876.

In pursuance of a joint resolution, passed by Congress at its present session, the President of the United States has issued a proclamation and requested the people to assemble upon this national birthday, and listen to orations upon the history of the settlement of their towns or counties. The Librarian of Congress has been authorized to receive a copy of every historical address. The exercises and festivities of this Centennial Celebration in Virginia City have been prepared for the benefit of the citizens of Madison County, Montana Territory. These annuals have been compiled, in compliance with the request of the committee of arrangements in order that some facts of local interest may be preserved in the national archives.

“For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.”

The Codified Statutes contain the following description of the boundaries of Madison County at the present time: “Commencing at the Beaverhead Rock, on Beaverhead river: thence in a right line in a Northwesterly direction to the nearest point on Big Hole river: thence up said river to the mouth of Camp creek: thence up Camp creek to the right hand fork thereof: thence up the said right hand fork to its source: thence in a right line to the summit of Table Mountain: thence in a direct line to Parson’s bridge, on the Jefferson river: thence down the middle of the main channel of the Jefferson river to a point in said river opposite to where the Boulder river puts into the Jefferson river: thence in a right line in a Southeasterly direction to the mouth of the Big Canyon, on Willow creek: thence in a right line in an Easterly direction to Foreman’s Crossing of the Madison river: thence in a right line East to the top of the main range or ridge of the mountains dividing the waters of the Gallatin and Madison rivers: thence South to the territorial line:

thence West along said line to a point where the Southeast corner of Beaverhead County strikes said territorial line: thence along the Eastern boundary line of Beaverhead County in a Northerly direction to the place of beginning."

Madison County was created at the first session of the Legislative Assembly of Idaho Territory, which convened at Lewiston, by an act approved January 16, 1861. The Organic Act of Montana Territory was approved May 26, 1864: and the law defining the boundaries of Madison County was passed February 2, 1865, by the first Legislative Assembly, which met at Bannack. The boundary lines have been substantially the same during its existence and the county seat has always been located at Virginia City.

The County contains 4,250 square miles, and can enclose four States as large as Rhode Island. The number of acres, which have been surveyed is 1,133,781, about one-half of which have been designated as land of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

I do not intend to write an elaborate history of the great country, of which Madison County forms a small fraction, but it is interesting on this occasion to remember that Montana composes a part of the region, which was long known as Louisiana. The renowned explorer La Salle took possession in 1682, of the land extending from the Mississippi river to the Pacific ocean, by the authority of the King of France, Louis XIV, in whose honor it was named. The rights of this nation to the extensive domain were ceded to Spain in 1762, but no change occurred in the administration of the government until 1769. France acquired the colony under the treaty of St. Idefonso, which had been negotiated in 1800, and was not promulgated until 1803. The tri-colored flag was elevated at New Orleans, November 30, 1803, and waved only twenty days, when the stars and stripes were unfurled. The United States purchased Louisiana of the Emperor of the French, April 30, 1803, and assumed possession, December 20, of this year. England asserted sometimes during this period, but never vindicated a claim, under the discoveries of the intrepid navigators, the Cabots, to the territory between the coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific. The possession which has been mentioned was purely constructive, and the interests of France and Spain were founded upon the actual occupation of the villages and fortified trading posts, which were in the vicinity of the Mississippi and South of St. Louis. No European power ever displayed its authority in Montana, which was affected only nominally, by the grants and sales of vast tracts by foreign governments. Yet under the law of nations, the inhabitants of Louisiana owed their allegiance to Spain, November 29, 1803, to France on the succeeding day, and the United States, December 20th, following. The title of our country to the heart of the North American continent is based upon this purchase.

The knowledge of the resources of Louisiana, which was embraced by the Mississippi and the Pacific, British America and the Spanish settlements now forming the Mexican republic, was as limited as that of the present age concerning the geography of the interior of Africa. An inspection of the map of North America, which was published in 1796, in Winterbotham's History, affords conclusive proof, that Louisiana was the "great unknown." The space in which our mountain ranges and riv-

ers should be delineated is a blank, while an immense body of water, larger than Lake Michigan and fed by seven streams, appears to cover our west boundary line. The glaring errors of commission are equal to those of omission. During the discussion in the French cabinet in 1803, one of the ministers directed the attention of Napoleon to the obscurity of the boundaries of the colony and the Emperor replied: "No matter, if there was no uncertainty, it would, perhaps, be good policy to leave some."

We can indulge with a reasonable degree of certainty in the presumption that Canadian, Spanish and French hunters and trappers, and traders with Indians, and the employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, had seen before the nineteenth century the mountains, valleys and streams which are within Madison County. They constructed no buildings and left no monuments of their wanderings, but their footprints are upon the sands of tradition.

The first persons that passed through the county, of whom I can speak with historical knowledge, were the members of the United States Expedition under the command of Captains Lewis and Clark. Capt. Clark arrived at the three forks of the Missouri river, July 25, 1805. After an examination of the streams of that locality, the northwest branch was named Jefferson, in honor of the President; the southeast branch perpetuates the fame of the Secretary of the Treasury, Albert Gallatin; and the middle branch was called Madison, after the Secretary of State, the successor of Jefferson in the Presidential chair. This county derives its name from the Madison river, which flows through its most extensive valley.

The canoes were reloaded July 30, and the party began to ascend the Jefferson. The stream which the oldest settlers of the county have known as Willow creek, was discovered on the following day, and received the name of Philosophy river. The Wisdom and Philanthropy rivers were discovered within a week, and named August 7th, but they are now described as the Big Hole and Stinkingwater, respectively, a change for the worse. On this day, the expedition encamped near the picturesque scenery styled by the Indians—The Beaver's Head, or Beaver Head Rock. Capt. Clark and a portion of the command descended the Jefferson river when the party returned from the Pacific in the following year. The canoes were loaded July 10, 1806, and arrived at the mouth of the Madison on the 13th.

In making these journeys across the continent, the members of the company that were upon the land usually followed the course of the Jefferson, and did not explore the country, which was distant from its banks. The chief object of the commanders in both years was to travel to other places as rapidly as possible. We learn from the history of this expedition that game was abundant in the county, and among the animals which were seen are mentioned the elk, beaver, otter, bear, antelope, deer, big-horn, panther and muskrat. No Indian camps were noticed, but this section appears to have been the hunting ground of the Bannacks, into which the Minnetarees of Knife river made raids.

The information, obtained by Captains Lewis and Clark, constitutes all that is known of this region by the civilized world prior to the year 1803. Many exploring expeditions were fitted out subsequently by the gen-

eral government, but I know of none that penetrated this county. Some of these parties traveled through the adjoining counties of Beaverhead and Deer Lodge and other portions of Montana, and Captain Mullan in 1853 examined the south tributaries of the Jefferson river. No important change took place in the passage of fifty-seven years succeeding the month when Clark floated down the Jefferson. During this period it was visited by the nomadic children of the forest, and traders, hunters and trappers, who sought for peltries and furs as eagerly as the miners afterwards prospected for the precious metals. The intense competition of the different companies caused the rapid destruction of the most valuable animals, and streams, enlivened with industrious beavers in 1805, have been slightly obstructed by their ingenious dams during the last thirty years.

Such is the history of Madison County prior to 1863.

"Where beasts with man divided empire claim,  
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim."

Its calendar was as unmarked by great deeds as the still, frozen regions of the Arctic zone. With a life of less than one-seventh of a century, there is here no ground which has been sanctified by the blood of the heroes of the Revolution or national wars. We celebrate this day without sectional pride, and pay most cheerfully the tribute to the actions and men, whose glories and honors have been bequeathed to the citizens of the United States.

The long period of rest was followed by an era of life. During the past thirteen years, within the boundaries of the county, gulches have been unlocked in which the golden millions of Ophir had been concealed from century to century, and age to age, for the use of this generation. When these marvellous events are considered, and the ignorance of the past is compared with the knowledge of the present, the familiar lines of Gray unite poetic beauty and simple truth:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

The discovery of gold in July, 1862, on Grasshopper Creek, a tributary of the Beaverhead river, within the present County of Beaverhead, was a momentous event in the monetary history of the American Union. The chief mining camp was Bannack, the name of the tribe of Indians that roamed through this section in their annual hunts between White Pine, Nevada, or Fort Hall, Idaho, and the Yellowstone. On the 4th day of February, 1863, a party of eight men, Thomas W. Cover, Henry Edgar, William Fairweather, Barney Hughes, George Orr, Harry Rodgers, Lewis Simmons and Michael Sweeney, left Bannack for the purpose of discovering gold in unknown fields. They were animated with the intrepid spirit and glowing hopes of pioneers and were destined to open the golden gates of Madison County and extend the domain of civilization. They proceeded northward with the intention of exploring the banks of the Sun river, but were persuaded by James Stuart in the Deer Lodge valley to reverse their course and prospect the Big Horn and Yellowstone. Stories of golden deposits were thrice told of these localities, although it is worthy of observation that their precious metals have not yet been revealed. The union of these small parties would be a decisive advantage in battling with the Indian tribes. They "wintered" during the follow-

ing six weeks and rode on the 27th day of March towards the rising sun. Stuart was then in Bannack, making the necessary preparations to equip his company of fifteen persons. Orr remained in the Deer Lodge valley while the other members of his band moved eastward, until the first day of April, when their camp was upon Mill Creek near the town of Sheridan. At this point they awaited the arrival of Stuart but there was a misunderstanding upon the subject. Stuart expected them to join him at the mouth of the Stinking Water or Ruby. Owing to this cause, no junction was effected, and it was decided to follow the trail of Stuart, who had passed through the country.

Simmons, a trapper, who had acquired a knowledge of these mountains and valleys, acted as the guide. Fortunately, Stuart was not overtaken, and I shall not now speculate upon the consequences which might have been, if the original plan had been executed. They ascended Bivens Gulch, crossed Granite creek near its source and intersected the trail over which the Indians for many many centuries dragged their lodge poles. This aboriginal pathway was never out of their anxious sight until the Madison and Gallatin were forded. They passed from the East Gallatin to the Yellowstone by following Sixteen Mile creek to its mountain springs and then descended Twenty-Five Yard creek or Shields river. On the morning of the 22nd day of April, at the mouth of Clarke's Fork, the Indians of the Crow tribe interfered with their progress. The Crows did not wish to see their lands invaded by an army of miners and refused to allow any prospecting to be done. Everything was taken forcibly from these explorers, except their weapons and ammunition, and Simmons interpreted to the captors that these would not be surrendered until their owners were lifeless. During two long days and nights, medicine was made according to the custom of the savages, to determine the fate of the captives. This was finally decided and the choice was duly offered, to go back or die. Simmons after consulting with his comrades, was retained by the chief as a hostage for the good conduct of the party, and really preferred to stay with the Indians, with whom he was acquainted. After his sojourn was over, he wended his way to Salt Lake, and is living there.

Under these circumstances, the decision to yield to force was made without delay. Weak and worthless ponies were given by the red conquerors by robbery, under the form of exchange, for strong and valuable animals, and the retreating steps were instantly taken. The party did not return by the route which has been mentioned, but over what is now called the Bozeman pass. The fear of the Crows, instead of the love of gold, controlled the future direction of the prospectors and, having been disappointed in meeting Stuart and robbed of their supplies, their hearts yearned for Bannack. Little did they dream that this hostility was a blessing in disguise. The Indians swayed by suspicion, doubted the sincerity of the invaders of their hunting grounds, and watched them day by day, and made an attack near the hill east of Bozeman. Regretting their action in releasing the prisoners, the unequal contest was opened about noon. The willows and bushes in this place afforded a secure concealment from that hour until night, when safety was sought in flight, while their enemies were uttering war-cries upon the field where the cemetery is located. Taught caution by this experience, and not know-

ing how far the pursuit might be carried, the old trail, which, in the prior month had been beheld as joyfully as the cloud that was the guide of the Israelites, was carefully avoided. The way homeward was in the vicinity of the Madison and Wigwam, and from lake to lake, and upon the downward grade, until Cover Bar in Alder Gulch was "struck." The first camp in this neighborhood was upon a level tract of ground between the bars of Cover and Fairweather. It was the 26th day of May, and Fairweather and Edgar were guarding the property, while the others walked up the creek and examined it. In going over to the opposite or west side to picket the horses for the night, a portion of the rimrock was noticed. This was exposed at a point about 100 feet from the toll house of the Virginia City & Summit City Wagon Road Company. Fairweather said to Edgar: "What do you think of it?" The latter replied: "I will go and get the tools." When Edgar returned, Fairweather did the work and filled a prospecting pan with the gravel. Fairweather then said to Edgar: "Go and pan that pan and see if you can get enough to buy some tobacco when we get to Bannack." While Edgar was panning, Fairweather shouted: "I have found a scad". After washing the dirt in the pan, Edgar answered: "If you have one, I have a thousand." Fairweather then came to the place where Edgar was standing and showed him a small nugget which was weighed and was worth \$4.80. The amount in the pan was \$1.25. Fairweather then panned more of the gravel and obtained golden sands of the value of \$2.50. A third panfull in the hands of Edgar yielded \$4.40. With these fortunate tests, when darkness was reigning, the two happy prospectors sought their camp. This small piece of rock was the main factor in the creation of the Territory of Montana. In the meantime, all thought of the horses had vanished, and the remaining "boys" came down the creek and complained about the neglect of the stock. Sweeney said they had found "a few colors," and Edgar displayed the pan containing the gold that had been saved. But Sweeney claimed it had been salted, and supposed that a joke was being perpetrated. He was the first to awake in the morning and was soon satisfied that he had not been deceived. The labor of the day was done in pairs by Hughes and Cover, Sweeney and Rodgers, and Fairweather and Edgar. The last named by panning realized the sum of \$150. During this time they had no food and were in the condition of the man of old, who died of hunger while his table was covered with gold. A lucky shot furnished an antelope for supper and meals on the ensuing day.

Sweeney requested Edgar to write a notice of his claim to a water-right and all agreed that he might select a name for the gulch. "Alder" was then written by Edgar, because there was a dense growth of this shrub along the creek. The work of the miner has been followed by a thorough change in the surface, and to-day the chief evidence of this statement consists of the stumps and roots of departed trees which are uncovered when the tailings and sediment are "stripped" or washed away. It was mutually promised that provisions and supplies should be bought in Bannack: that nothing should be stated respecting the discoveries and that prospecting should be resumed, so that they might select the best ground. Leaving the camp on the 28th day of May, they

arrived in Bannack on the 1st day of June, having traveled since their departure upwards of six hundred miles. \*

The spot selected for the bivouac was peculiarly adopted for convenience and prospecting. The auriferous gravel of the gulch extends about seventeen miles from Summit to the canyon west of Junction. The paystreak throughout this distance, with the exception of some small points, was covered with layers of earth, sand and boulders, and the alluvium varied in thickness, the greatest depth being fifty feet. The extreme south route to Bannack, which had been adopted as the best means of escaping from the Indians, who were supposed to be on the warpath from the Yellowstone, conducting the party to Alder Gulch. What seemed to be a defeat became a victory. Through a happy accident, the camp for dinner was surrounded by the bars in which the mineral could be found with slight labor. The district was given the name of Fairweather, the lucky prospector who first found the gold in Alder Gulch.

The bedrock could not be explored, but all were confident, that the bars contained their invisible fortunes. They were still harassed by dreams of their foes, their stores of subsistence were exhausted, and they were actually lost in this region. Necessity compelled them to resume the march to Bannack, to procure provisions and mining implements. Notwithstanding their agreement, that the discovery should not be revealed, the good news was written in their smiling faces, and the natural result was a "stampede." Every man who was not anchored to the mines of Grasshopper, and could seize a horse rushed in the month of June, 1863, towards this spot. The first crowd comprised over three hundred men, and about thirty persons walked, bearing upon their backs their worldly goods, and being in light marching order. According to the understanding arrived at in Bannack before the great secret was divulged, a public meeting of the excited company that was hurrying to the new mines was held June 7th, in a cottonwood grove, upon the banks of the Beaverhead river, and about ten miles south of the Beaverhead rock. Resolutions were passed unanimously, confirming the right of each discoverer to two claims in Alder gulch, and the water privileges. The main body of the stampeders arrived in Alder gulch on the 9th, and Hughes, who had stealthily left them, piloted his friends during the preceding night to the promised land. Some persons who tried the same experiment in their desire to be foremost in the golden race, wandered from the track up the Sinkingwater, Granite and other streams, and were distanced. On the 12th, the miners adopted the laws of the Fairweather district.

At this date there was not a dwelling house within the boundaries of Madison county. This was not a municipal body and was included with the largest fraction of Montana in Idaho Territory, which had been organized by an act of Congress, approved March 3rd, 1863.

The throng was increased daily during the month of June by the arrival of citizens, who represented every part of the Union and the nations of both hemispheres. On the 16th the Verona Town Company recorded

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\*(NOTE—I am under many obligations to Henry Edgar, for the facts embodied in this history of the party who first saw the auriferous recesses of our Alder Gulch. This narrative is derived from the authentic pages of his dairy, which was kept during the journey.)



its claim to 320 acres of land on which Virginia City stands. The name of Verona was used in a number of legal papers which were executed at this time, but this was soon exchanged for Virginia City, which first appears upon the county records on the 17th.

The extent of the pay streak being unknown, the object of every person was to secure mining ground in the neighborhood of that which had been prospected by the pioneers. It was generally believed that the bars were the golden safes of nature and many parties neglected and walked over as worthless the richest deposits in the creek in their eager search for what they considered the valuable claims. Before the bedrock of the creek had been disturbed by the pick, the camp was deserted by a number of intelligent miners who informed their friends with confidence that there were no paying diggings in the gulch. But within thirty days tests were applied by hundreds of industrious hands to every place which was accessible, and revealed to the world the auriferous bed of an ancient river, which surpassed in magnitude and the uniform distribution of its golden treasures, any placer which has been recorded upon this planet. New districts were formed, embracing the creek, bar and hill claims, and designated Highland, Pine Grove and Summit, which were above the Fairweather, and Nevada and Junction, which were below it. A thousand claims were located in the gulch.

During the period when every doubt respecting the immense wealth of Alder vanished, the people were living in houses not made with hands. Some constructed temporary shelters of wakiups of alders and pine boughs, or rocks and blankets, others excavated caves or "dug-outs," and the palaces were tents and wagons. The mill on which they were dependent for sawed lumber, was situated on the stream above Bannack and about seventy miles from Virginia City. The axe was the most useful tool and log cabins occupied every convenient space upon the banks of the creek. If a stranger entered the gulch in the prosperous days of 1863 and 1864, and traveled from Junction to Summit, the brilliant lights, illuminating the road and trail, would dazzle his eyes, and cause him to imagine he was in a vast city.

The Legislative Assembly of Idaho did not convene until December, 1863, this county was not governed during the interim by the statutes of any state, and a mining district was an independent republic. A judge and sheriff were elected by the residents of the district, and although the miners' courts were neither in law nor fact tribunals of record, their decisions were final and the officers executed the judgment without opposition. In Fairweather district Dr. G. G. Bissel was the first judge of the Miner's Court, Richard Todd was the first sheriff and Henry Edgar was the first recorder. They were elected on June 9th, the day on which the mining claims were staked. J. B. Caven was chosen sheriff September 3rd, 1863, and resigned within a few weeks and Henry Plummer, then sheriff of the Grasshopper district and chief of the road agents, was elected.

T. L. Luce erected the first building in Virginia City, the "Mechanical Bakery," on the lot above the present store of J. F. Stoer, Wallace street. Frederick Root and Nathaniel J. Davis the first store, John Lyons, the first dwelling house, Henry Morier, the first saloon, and R. S. Hamilton received the first load of merchandise. Col. Samuel McLean, the first

delegate to Congress, drove the first wagon to Alder gulch. The physicians who arrived during the first week of the invasion were Drs. I. C. Smith and J. S. Glick, and the lawyers was represented by H. P. A. Smith, G. W. Stapleton and Samuel McLean. After making diligent inquiries, I am satisfied that no clergyman preached within the county in 1863. The first cobble-stone store was put up for Taylor, Thompson & Co., whose sign can be read to-day. The first lumber from Bannack was sold readily for \$250, gold, per thousand feet, more than twelve times the present price. (The first saw mill in the county was set in motion by Thomas W. Cover and Perry W. McAdow in February, 1864, on Granite creek, about four miles above Junction. About the same time the saw mill of George N. Stager & Co. was running on Alder gulch, about one-fourth of a mile below Granite Creek, from which the water was conveyed by a ditch. Other mills were built afterwards by Holter Bros., on Ramshorn gulch, House and Bivins on Meadow Creek and James Gemmell on Mill Creek. The quarry within this townsite, which has furnished porphyritic stone for the largest buildings, was opened by Joseph Griffith and William Thompson in July, 1864. The first warehouse, constructed of this material, is now occupied by Raymond Bros. The first sluice boxes were set up about June 25th, 1863, by the discoverers on Fairweather bar, S. R. Blake in the Fairweather district, and J. M. Wood in the Nevada district. The construction of ditches to work the claims consumed time and money, and eight months passed away before some of the drains were completed.

A line of coaches to Salt Lake and Bannack was started, immediately after the settlement of Alder, by A. J. Oliver & Co. No mail route was established by the general government until late in 1864, and letters and newspapers were forwarded by the express to the recipients, who paid with a grateful heart the charges, usually \$1, gold, for each document. The first postoffice was located at Virginia City, and George B. Parker was the first postmaster. For a number of years Virginia City was the distributing postoffice for the Territory.

The first election was held under the proclamation of the Governor of Idaho in October, 1863, for the choice of members of the Legislative Assembly. The county was represented by Jack Edwards in the council, and James Tufts, who became the speaker, in the house. Mark A. Moore, who received the highest number of votes, was not eligible, and Dr. Smith, who stood next upon the tally list, was not allowed to take the vacant chair. The first officers of the county were commissioned by the governor of Idaho, and acted until their successors were appointed by the governor of Montana.

The weather during the first two years was favorable to the busy gold diggers, who pursued with slight interruptions their tasks upon the surface and underground. The miner, in opening the vaults of Alder gulch, realized the extravagant fancies of a miner's dream, and the pick and shovel in his hands were as potent as the lamp and ring in the grasp of Aladdin. Every effort was rewarded with gold. In 1864, miles of drain ditches penetrated the mineral claims from Old Baldy to Granite, and the product exceeded \$30,000,000. It is to be regretted that the precious metal which has been wrested from Alder gulch is an unknown quantity, which cannot be determined. After an examination of all the facts,

I am satisfied that Alder gulch has increased the gold coin of the world \$60,000,000. Candor requires me to state that this estimate is deemed too moderate by many pioneers of the county, whose judgment merits grave consideration. More nuggets were saved in the Summit than in all the other districts, and the largest was found by Hedge & Co. in 1864 upon their claim near the hill on which the Lucas lode had been staked. It was worth \$715 in coin and over \$1,700 in currency.

The population was multiplied until there were in 1864 at least 10,000 and probably 15,000 persons who were nourished by the golden current. Kate Virginia Caven, the daughter of J. B. Caven, the first child of white parents within the county, was born in this city, February 20, 1864. At the first election, held October 24, 1864, after the Territory of Montana had been formed, Madison county cast 5,286 votes, Virginia City having 2,310 and Nevada 1,806 of this number. Virginia City was incorporated by the Legislature of Idaho January 30, 1864, and on December 30, 1864, by the Legislative Assembly of Montana. Under the last act, officers were elected in the spring of 1865, and this is the only place in Montana which has enjoyed the blessings of a municipal government and possessed mayors and aldermen. During the two years succeeding the important discovery on May 27, 1863, Alder gulch was in reality the Territory of Montana. The capital was removed from Bannack to Virginia City by the law approved February 7, 1865, and remained until January, 1875. The conventions of the republican and democratic parties assembled here in 1864 and 1865, and nominated candidates for Congress and other offices. From these districts went forth the prospectors to every gulch, seeking for another Alder, and many of the founders of villages in every part of Montana. During the last ten years, the decline in the product of gold has caused the loss of the people, and there are now in Alder gulch hundreds in lieu of the thousands of 1863 and 1864. The manifold resources of Madison county are a permanent foundation, and I am assured that the wave of population will recede no further, and in the future must advance.

The first, and during one year, the sole newspaper within the Territory, was the Montana Post, which was published in Virginia City, weekly about two years, and tri-weekly about one additional year. The first two numbers were issued by John Buchanan, August 27th and September 3rd, 1864, when D. W. Tilton and B. R. Dittes became and continued to be the proprietors until the place of publication was removed to Helena in 1868. The Montana Democrat, the second journal, appearing in Montana, was established in Virginia City by John P. Bruce in the fall of 1865. To this list must be added the Beaverhead News, Capital Times, Republican, Montanian and Madisonian, which have been printed in this place, and of which the Madisonian is the sole survivor.

The first clergyman who preached regularly in the Territory, with the exception of the missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church, was the Rev. A. M. Torbett, of the Baptist denomination. He entered upon his work in this city in 1864, and founded the society which built the Union Church on Idaho street. The structure was situated near the present Methodist Episcopal Church, and was dedicated January 22, 1865. The first edifice was erected by the Methodists at the foot of Jackson street and dedicated November 6, 1864, and Rev. A. M. Hough was the

first preacher. Within three years, these buildings have been torn down and converted into stables and corrals. The present Roman Catholic Church was used as a theater in 1865, and became a sanctuary in the Christmas of that year. Rev. Joseph Giorda, S. J., of the St. Peter's (Blackfeet) Mission arrived here October 31, 1863, and said mass upon the next day. He was the first priest who labored upon this soil. Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, bishop of the diocese embracing Montana, and Rev. E. N. Goddard, were the first clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church who held religious services in the Territory. Their labors were commenced in Virginia City in July, 1867, and the house in which the denomination worships was bought of the Methodists in an unfinished state and completed in 1868. The present Methodist Episcopal Church was built during the spring and summer of 1875. During this time a chapel was consecrated by the Roman Catholics near the residence of J. B. Laurin in the Stinkingwater valley. In 1873 the Methodists constructed a church in Sheridan, which was dedicated in January, 1874.

The Grand Lodge of A. F. & A. Masons of the Territory was organized in 1866, and the first convocation assembled on the 24th day of January, in the Masonic Hall in Virginia City. The Virginia City Lodge and Montana Lodge, of Virginia City, and Helena Lodge, of Helena, were represented. The new Masonic Temple in Virginia City was dedicated December 27, 1867. The first lodge in the Territory, which was regularly organized, was the Idaho Lodge, of Nevada, which obtained its dispensation from Nebraska, November 25, 1863, and held its first meeting January 9, 1864. The Virginia City Lodge held its first meeting in February, 1864, under a dispensation from Kansas, dated December 7, 1863.

After the successful development of Alder, every section in the county was partially explored in 1863 by the gold hunters, whose familiar landmarks, the shaft and mound of excavated earth, testify to the extent of their labors. None of the branches of the grand gulch disclosed extensive valuable deposits. The creeks, which flow from the snowbanks that adorn the range of mountains in which Alder has its source, were prospected and named Wigwam, Arastra, Batchelder, Idaho, Barton and Brown. The last is the only one which has yielded any harvest of gold. In July, 1863, E. F. Johnson, William King and James Dudson sunk a shaft to the bedrock of Bivins' gulch, about one half of a mile above the canyon, and found good pay. The district was formed August first and named after William Bivins, who carried the first sluice boxes to the new discovery. Dr. I. C. Smith was elected recorder. The pay streak was about seven miles long and ranks next to Alder in the product of its millions. Placer mines have been discovered in California, Spring and Harris gulches, at Washington bar and Willow Creek.

The first quartz lode, located in the county was discovered in the Summit district in January, 1864, by F. R. Steele, and named the Mountain Sheep after the animal which he was trying to shoot. Deyarmon, Sedman & Co., erected the first machinery for pulverizing quartz, and made their first clean-up in October, 1864. It was run by water power and situated in Ramshorn gulch for the purpose of working the Monitor lode. The first quartz mill in the county in which steam was the motive power, was constructed in Summit by the Idaho Mining Company, and the

music of its twelve stamps was first heard by happy ears December 28, 1865. The first flour mill in the county, now owned by S. Hall & Co., was built at Sheridan, by R. K. Findlay & Co., and the stones were first revolved by Mill creek in the fall of 1867.

The valleys of the county were prospected for their agricultural treasures in 1864, and the irrigated soil yielded excellent harvests. One of the first ranchmen in the county was John Barber of Mill creek, who exhibited fine wheat in Virginia City, September 10, 1864. The following names appear in the ranks of the pioneers of the valleys and villages: In July and August, 1863, Robert Dempsey, (now A. H. Sennott's ranch), Joseph Pennington, (Cold Spring ranch), E. H. Combs, Peter Dailey and J. B. Laurin settled in the lower valley of the Stinkingwater; in August and the following months in 1863, ranches were located in the Madison valley by J. A. Slade, Lewis Carr, Thomas Miles, Joseph Rodgers, Robert Jordan and others. This was called the Madison river district of Virginia, Idaho Territory. George Ives had a farm on the Madison Island, where the settlers on the river met August 23, 1863, to take steps to build a road to Virginia City. Eli Allen and Charles Gilbert recorded ranches November 16, 1863, on Meadow creek, Virginia district, Idaho Territory. James Wilson located at the mouth of the Madison canyon, August 22, 1863. The first crops of wheat, oats and barley in this valley were raised on the east side of the river in 1865 by E. A. Maynard and Ray Woodworth. In the winter of 1864-5 ten men were prospecting for quartz near Sterling. They lived in "dug-outs" and the first cabin was built by Jordan W. Hyde in the spring of 1864 upon his ranch. The settlers on Willow creek held a meeting October 11, 1864, and adopted rules for the pre-emption of ranches. H. H. Mood, W. B. Webb, Samuel Woodruff L. W. Woodruff and H. Hanson were among the first inhabitants of this section. Samuel Woodruff commenced to build the first cabin, and that of H. H. Mood was the first which was finished in September, 1864. The first quartz lode, found in the east part of the county was the Purdy, in Norwegian gulch. John S. Lott and M. H. Lott pre-empted their ranch at Twin Bridges, in May, 1864. The first house was erected a short time before their arrival by Jacob Meeks. Zachariah Matthews put up the first cabin in Rochester. Alfred Cisler was the first householder at Brandon. Francis Crane had the first cabin on Wisconsin creek in September, 1864. M. A. Hatfield and Joseph Embury were the first citizens of Sheridan, and Hatfield located his ranch August 3, 1864.

Virginia City was connected with the globe by the telegraph to Salt Lake, November 2, 1866. The United States established a signal station in Virginia City in November, 1871. The thermometer was highest July 3, 1874, 90 degrees above, and lowest January 13, 1875, 44 degrees below zero.

Thus have I sought to point out the annals of a part of this commonwealth. The events, which are fresh in the memories of the living, should be recorded upon the historic page or they will be forgotten and vanish like many traditions of the Indian race. When the national century plant blooms again in 1976, and diffuses its patriotic fragrance throughout the Union, may the historian who speaks upon this hill, find in the history of Madison County, which "all great Neptune's ocean" can never wash out, every fact instructive to mankind.

## A SKETCH

OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF WESTERN MONTANA.

BY

JUDGE F. H. WOODY.

(WRITTEN IN 1856 AND 1877)

All that portion of Montana Territory bounded on the North by the British Possessions, on the East by the main range of the Rocky Mountains, on the South and Southwest by the Bitter Root Mountains, and on the West by the one hundred and sixteenth degree of longitude, and embraced within the limits of Missoula and Deer Lodge counties, at one time constituted a portion of the vast domain of the great Northwest, known as Oregon Territory. When, and by what means, the Government of the United States obtained title and possession of the great Territory of Oregon, are facts not generally known. Oregon was for a long number of years claimed by both the United States and Great Britain, and was held in joint occupation by citizens of both nations. Great Britain claimed by the right of discovery, and the United States by the right of discovery and by virtue of the French cession of the territory of Louisiana, of April 30, 1803, and the treaty of limits with Spain, of February 22, 1829, and also by right of actual occupation of the soil for a long number of years. The "Oregon Question" engrossed the attention of Congress for a number of years, and came near in resulting in a war between the United States and Great Britain, but the matter was amicably adjusted by the treaty of June 15, 1846, by which the forty-ninth parallel of latitude was established as a boundary line between the two nations, and the United States became the sole and undisputed owner of all that portion of Oregon lying South of that line.

Oregon was organized as a Territory by act of Congress, passed Aug. 1848, and included within its limits, all that portion of Montana lying on the west side of the Rocky Mountains.

By an act of Congress, approved March 2, 1853, the Territory of Oregon was divided, and this portion of it became a portion of Washington Territory. The first legislature of Washington Territory created the county of Clarke, named in honor of Captain Clarke, of the Lewis and Clarke expedition. Clarke county extended from a point on the Columbia river below Fort Vancouver, to the summit of the Rocky Mountains,

a distance of some six hundred miles. This portion of the present Territory of Montana, was then a portion of Clarke county, and was for the first time included within the limits of a county.

Clarke county was afterwards divided, and the county of Skamania created, and we became a portion of the last named county.

The Legislature then divided Skamania and created Walla Walla county, and we then became a portion of Walla Walla county, with our county seat located on the land claim of Lloyd Brooks, on the Walla Walla river, in the present Territory of Washington.

Walla Walla county was afterwards divided and we became a part of Spokane county, with the county seat located at Fort Colville.

We remained a part of Spokane county until December 14, 1860, when the Legislature of Washington Territory, divided the county of Spokane, and created the county of Missoula, with the county seat at or near the trading post of Worden & Co., Hell's Gate Ronde.

The county of Missoula, as first established, embraced all those portions of the present counties of Missoula and Deer Lodge, lying on the West side of the main range of the Rocky Mountains. Missoula county remained a portion of Washington Territory, until Idaho Territory was organized, on the 3rd day of March, 1863, when it became a portion of that Territory.

The first Legislature of Idaho created Missoula county with nearly the same boundaries that it has at the present time, and located the county seat at Wordensville. On the 26th day of May, 1864, Congress created Montana Territory, and the first Legislature, which met at Bannack, created, on the 2nd day of February, 1865, the county of Missoula, and located the county seat at Hell's Gate. From the foregoing it will be seen that Missoula county has at different times comprised a portion of four Territories and five counties.

Probably the first white men who visited this portion of Montana, were Lewis and Clarke, who with their party, sometime during the summer of 1805, entered the Bitter Root valley from the south, through a pass known at the present time, as the Big Hole Mountain, near the head of the Bitter Root river. It was in Ross' Hole, a small round valley near the head of the Bitter Root river, where the party of Lewis and Clarke first met and gave the name of Flatheads to the tribe of Indians now known by that name.

A number of years since, the writer was well acquainted with Moise, the second chief of the Flatheads, who was a boy at the time when Lewis and Clarke passed through the Bitter Root valley, and well remembered the event and many circumstances connected therewith, the party being the first white men ever seen by these Indians. Moise was a warm and devoted friend of the whites from the time of his first meeting with them, up to the time of his death, which occurred about ten years since.

Western Montana has been occupied from time immemorial by three different Indian tribes, to-wit: The SALISH—called by Lewis and Clarke Flatheads, and by which name they are generally known—The Kelespelms, now exclusively known by the French name of Pen d' Oreilles, and the Kootenais. These tribes speak dialects slightly different, and most probably constituted at a remote date, one tribe or nation. They have a tradition that they came from the far North, but this tradition is exceedingly vague and indefinite.

From the time of Lewis and Clarke's expedition up to about the year 1835 or '36, we have no definite knowledge of what transpired in this portion of our present Territory. At a very early date a number of Canadian voyageurs and Iroquois Indians from Canada, visited this country, and sometime between 1820 and 1835, the employes of the Hudson's Bay Company visited it for the purpose of trading with the Indians and extending the power and dominion of that gigantic company, but these early adventurers left us no available data from which to write their travels and adventures.

About the year 1835 or '36 the Flathead Indians, who inhabited the Bitter Root valley, had gathered some little knowledge of the Christian religion from the Canadian voyageurs and Iroquois Indians who visited the country for the purpose of trapping and trading for furs. The Flatheads were anxious to gain further knowledge, and sent to St. Louis, Mo., for a priest, or as they called him, a "Black Gown." Three different parties of Indians were sent in as many different years. Of the first party sent but little that is definite is known, except that none reached St. Louis. The second party on their downward trip were all killed by Indians—probably Blackfeet—near Ft. Hall. The third party started in the spring of 1839, and some time in the summer of that year two of the party reached St. Louis. Of the two who successfully accomplished the journey, one was named Ignace Iroquois and he died at or near the St. Ignatius Mission in Missoula county, sometime during the winter of 1875-6.

The other was the father of a Flathead named Francois Saxa, of Bitter Root valley. The Superior of the Jesuit establishment at St. Louis promised to send them a priest in the following spring. Ignace remained in St. Louis all winter and came up with the father in the spring. The other Indian came back the same fall to tell the news. In the spring of 1840 Father De Smet and Ignace came across the plains and found a camp of Flatheads and Nez Perces near the Three Tetons, near the eastern line of the present Territory of Idaho. The Father baptized a few Indians, and came with the Flatheads to the Gallatin valley, near the place where Gallatin City now stands, and finding that he could do but little without aid, returned to St. Louis for assistance. In the spring of 1841 Father De Smet returned, coming by way of Fort Hall. He brought with him two other Fathers—Point and Mengarine, and several Lay Brothers, among whom were Brothers W. Classens and Joseph Specht, now residing at St. Ignatius Mission, and who are eminently entitled to the appellation of "oldest inhabitants," having been residents here for more than the third of a century. The party brought with them wagons and carts, horses, mules and oxen, and came by way of the Deer Lodge valley and down the Hell's Gate canyon. These were the first wagons and oxen brought to Montana. In the fall of that year the first settlement was made in the Bitter Root valley, by the establishment of St. Mary's Mission on the tract of land upon which Fort Owen is now situated. During the fall and winter of the same year, dwelling houses, shops and a chapel were built, and nearly all of the Flatheads and some Nez Perces and Pen d'Orielles were baptized.

Probably the first farming attempted in our Territory was in the spring of 1842, by the fathers at the Mission. This year they raised their



first crop of wheat and potatoes. The same year the first cows were brought from the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Fort Colville, on the Columbia river. About this time or a little later, the Fathers also erected saw and grist mills—the burs for the latter being brought from Belgium.

In 1844 the Cœur d'Alene Mission was established by Fathers Point and Hoecken.

After establishing the St. Mary's Mission, Father De Smet returned to St. Louis, and thence went to Europe, but returned to the Bitter Root valley in 1844, making his third trip, and bringing with him a number of Fathers and Lay Brothers: among the number was the well known and highly esteemed Father Ravalli, late a resident of this county.

St. Mary's Mission was kept up until November, 1850, when the improvements were sold by Father Joset to Major John Owen. The bill of sale—now in the possession of the writer—bears date, St. Mary's Mission, Flathead Country, November 5th, 1850, and is without doubt, the first written conveyance ever executed within the limits of Montana.

The St. Mary's Mission was abandoned for the reason that the missionaries were continually harassed by the numerous war parties of Blackfeet that visited the valley on their marauding expeditions. These war parties were so numerous and murderous that no man's life was safe away from shelter. In 1849, while Father Ravalli was in charge of the Mission, having with him one Lay Brother and a few Indians, the Mission was attacked by a war party of about fifty Blackfeet, that proceeded to make it quite uncomfortable for the Father and his companions. During the attack two bands of horses belonging to the Mission and Flathead Indians made their appearance, and the Blackfeet preferring horses to scalps, withdrew from the attack, drove off the horses and left the occupants of the Mission to meditate on their narrow escape.

After the abandonment of St. Mary's Mission, the Fathers and Lay Brothers were sent to the different missions that had been established further northwest.

St. Ignatius Mission, situated on the present Flathead reservation, was established by Father Hoecken in 1851.

In 1847 the Hudson's Bay Company established a trading post on Crow Creek, on the northern portion of the present Flathead reservation, and the place is still known as the Hudson's Bay Post. Angus McDonald, Esq., who came to the mountains as early as 1838 or 1839, and who is now a resident of this county, was probably the first officer placed in charge of the new post.

In 1849 Major John Owen started from St. Joe, Mo., as sutler for a regiment of United States troops known as the Mounted Rifles, destined for Oregon. The troops came as far as Snake river, when winter caught them, and they built winter quarters on the bank of that river about six miles above Fort Hall, where they spent the winter. The camp was called Cantonment Loring and the place was long known by that name. Major Owen remained at Cantonment Loring until the troops resumed their march in the spring of 1850, when he relinquished his sutlership, and spent the summer on the emigrant road, trading with the emigrants bound for California and Oregon. In the fall of 1850 he came to the Bitter Root valley, and having bought the improvements of the Catholic Fathers, erected a trading post at that point and christened it Fort

Owen, a name which it still continues to bear at the present time. The fort was constructed of a stockade of logs placed in an upright position with one end planted in the ground. The stockade was necessary to protect the inmates and their property from the incursions of the numerous war parties of the Blackfeet Indians, that continued to make raids into the valley up to 1855. It was the custom to drive the horses inside of the stockade each night during the spring, summer and fall of each year, to prevent them from being stolen by the Blackfeet; and even this precaution did not always save them. One night a party of Blackfeet came to the fort, and with knives and sticks dug up some of the logs forming the stockade, and drove away all of the horses belonging to the fort.

In the fall of 1852, while hauling hay, a young man named John F. Dobson, from Buffalo Grove, Illinois, was killed and scalped by the Blackfeet in sight of the Fort. The writer of this, has in his possession a diary kept by Dodson from the day that he left Illinois in the spring of 1852, up to the day he was killed. The last entry that he made in it, was on the day before he was killed, and is as follows: "Sept. 14th, 1852. I have been fixing ox yokes and hay rigging. Helped haul one load of hay. Weather fair." The next entry is in the hand writing of Maj. Owen—apparently made the next day, and in these words: "Sept. 15th. The poor fellow was killed and scalped by the Blackfeet in sight of the Fort." These facts are only cited to show with what trials, dangers and privations the early settlers of Missoula county had to contend.

After Maj. Owen purchased the property since known as Fort Owen, he made many improvements. He enclosed land and commenced farming—rebuilt the grist and saw mills, and in after years, tore down the old stockade of logs, and built a large and substantial fort of Adobies or sun dried bricks. He opened and kept a regular trading establishment supplying the wants of both whites and Indians. The stock of goods and supplies were kept up by making a trip each summer to The Dalles in Oregon, with pack horses, usually going down in the spring by Clark's Fork and the Pen d' Oreille Lake, and returning during the latter part of the summer by an Indian trail over the Coeur d' Alene Mountain.

Fort Owen was the nucleus around which the early settlers gathered, obtained supplies and sought protection in the hour of danger. It was known far and wide for the hospitality that its generous proprietor extended to the early settlers and adventurers in this distant—and at that time—almost unknown wilderness. Major Owen on his annual visits to Oregon, and from other sources, had accumulated an excellent library of several hundred volumes, which he kept open for the use of his friends, and being one of the most genial and companionable of men, it is not surprising, that Fort Owen was a favorite resort for the early settlers and hardy mountaineers—or that the Major is oft and kindly remembered by those who have reason to remember his kindness. Times have wonderfully changed since the days of which we write. Major John Owen has left Montana to spend his remaining days amidst the scenes of his boyhood, and Fort Owen, that contains a history within itself, has passed into the hands of strangers and is fast falling into decay, and in a few more years will be numbered amongst the things of the past.

Sometime about 1849 or 50, a number of trappers and hunters, who for a number of years had followed trapping and hunting in the moun-

tains, relinquished in a great measure their former occupation, and turned their attention to trading with the immense immigration that annually thronged the great overland thoroughfare from our western frontier to California and Oregon. Among the number were Joseph Lompre, William Rodgers, Ben and Jim Simons, Ben Keiser, Gabriel Prudhomme and others. These men led a regular nomadic life. Spending the summer on the emigrant road, they would trade for large numbers of poor and sore footed cattle which they would drive to some good wintering place on Green river, or to the Beaver Head or Bitter Root valleys—but more frequently to the latter, where they could readily exchange them with the Flathead Indians for horses, and would the next season drive the horses to the emigrant road and dispose of them to the emigrants. In this way a regular trade was built up between the Bitter Root valley and the "Road," as it was usually termed, which continued for many years, and by which means many of the Flathead Indians became possessed of large herds of fine cattle.

This emigrant trade brought a number of persons into the valley to engage in trade with the Indians, among whom were Thomas W. Harris, now of the Bitter Root valley, and C. E. Irvine of Deer Lodge, who came here about 1851 or 52.

Somewhere between 1850 or 54, an old Mexican trapper by the name of Emanuel Martin, but generally known as "Old Emanuel," brought wagons into the Bitter Root valley from Fort Hall or Salt Lake. These wagons were brought through the Big Hole Prairie, and over the Big Hole Mountain and down the Bitter Root river. Old Emanuel spent a lifetime in the mountains and knew the country perfectly from Mexico to the British Possessions. He died near Fort Owen some three years since.

In March 1853, the Territory of Washington was organized, and Isaac I. Stevens appointed Governor of the same. He was also interested with an expedition fitted out from St. Paul, Minnesota, to make the first survey to determine the practicability of a route for a Northern Pacific Railroad. This expedition arrived in what is now Missoula county, in the fall of 1853, bringing with it a number of men who afterwards became citizens of Montana, among whom were Capt. C. P. Higgins of Missoula, and Thomas Adams and F. H. Burr who were for a long time residents of Missoula and Deer Lodge counties.

In the fall of 1853, Lieut. John Mullan, a member of the expedition, was directed to establish winter quarters in the Bitter Root valley, and to make certain observations and explorations during the winter. His party consisted of a few soldiers and citizens, among the latter were Messrs. Adams and Burr. Lieut. Mullan erected four buildings of logs at a large spring at the mouth of Willow creek, in the Bitter Root valley, and named the place Cantonment Stevens, in honor of the commander of the expedition.

At this time (1853) Fort Owen with a few cabins built near by Indians and half breeds, and Cantonment Stevens comprised all of the buildings in the Bitter Root valley.

In the fall of 1855, Neil McArthur, an old Hudson's Bay trader, having retired from the company's service, came to the Bitter Root valley accompanied by L. R. Maillet and Henry Brooks. McArthur brought

with him a band of horses and cattle and located and occupied the buildings at Cantonment Stevens, and engaged in stock raising. Governor Stevens having, during the summer of 1855, concluded a treaty with the Flatheads, Blackfeet, Crows and other mountain tribes of Indians, the Blackfeet had in a great measure ceased making raids into the Bitter Root valley, and lives and property were comparatively save.

The treaty between the United States and the Confederated Flathead nation, consisting of the Flatheads, Pen d'Oreille and Kootenai tribes, was concluded in a council held in July 1855, in a large pine grove on the river about eight miles below the present town of Missoula, and opposite to the farm of John S. Caldwell. The place was for a number of years known as Council Grove.

In 1854, the first white woman came to the country now constituting Missoula county, and was probably the first white woman who honored our Territory with her presence. In that year a Mrs. J. Brown came from the East, and while crossing the Rocky Mountains gave birth to a male child, now grown to manhood and a citizen of a neighboring Territory. She, with her baby and two little girls, rode alternately a stout hardy Manitoban steer and a Canadian pony. She visited the Hudson's Bay Post in the northern part of our county and remained several days, and proceeded the same season to her present residence in Washington Territory. This was probably the first white child born within the limits of our present Territory, but as we do not know at what point Mrs. Brown crossed the mountain, we cannot assert it as a fact.

In 1854, Gov. Stevens appointed Thomas Adams Special Agent for the Flathead Indians. In 1855, the Government appointed the first regular Agent for them in the person of Dr. Lansdale of Oregon. The Dr. established his agency at the mouth of the Jocko river, and erected one or two log cabins but made no permanent improvements. The Agency remained at this place until 1860, when it was established at its present location by Maj. John Owen, who had succeeded Lansdale as Agent. In the spring of 1856, Dr. Lansdale went to Ft. Hall, and while there engaged Henry G. Miller and his wife Minnie, to take charge of the Jocko Agency; Miller and his wife arrived here the same spring, and remained at the mouth of the Jocko till the fall of 1857, and then went to Walla Walla. This was the second white woman who visited our county, and the first one who made it her residence. Miller and his wife came here again in the fall of 1860 and remained during the following winter. They afterwards returned to Utah Territory and settled permanently. Mr. Miller died a few years since, and Mrs. Miller is still residing in the latter Territory.

Just here it is proper that some explanation should be given as to some of our local names and their derivation. The Bitter Root valley and river are so called from a root that grows abundantly in that valley, and which is largely used by the Indians as an article of food. The root has a strong bitter taste, and is anything but palatable to a person unaccustomed to its use. The early Catholic Fathers called the valley and river, St. Mary's, and by that name it appears on some of our older maps. The large round valley lying below and adjacent to the present town of Missoula was called by the early Canadian trappers who visited this country, "Hell's Gate Ronde," and the river, "Hell's Gate river." The

name Hell's Gate originated in this wise: In an early day when the war-like Blackfeet overran the whole of Montana, the romantic and picturesque pass or canyon where the Hell's Gate river cuts through the mountain above the town of Missoula, was a regular rendezvous for their war parties, and so constantly did they infest this place, that it was almost certain death for an individual or even small parties to enter this pass, and so great was the dread and fear entertained by the Indians of the Western tribes and the Canadian voyageurs, that it became a saying with them, that it was as safe to enter within the gates of hell, as to enter into that pass, and it was called by the voyageurs, in their language, Port d'enfer, Gate of Hell, or Hell's Gate, and from which the river, and subsequently a village took their names. The writer has never been able to find a translation for the word Missoula \*. The word appears to have been first used and applied by Lieut. John Mullan: as to where he obtained it, or what it means, we are left in doubt.

In the fall of 1856, several parties who had been spending the summer trading on the "Road," relinquished that business and came to the Bitter Root valley and took up their residences, among whom were T. W. Harris, Joseph Lompere and Wm. Rodgers. An unusually large number of Indian traders also came to the valley that fall. In October of that year the following named parties came into the valley: Van Etten, a Mormon trader, with three ox teams and with him George Goodwin, James Brown, Bill Madison and the writer hereof, Hooper & Williams' outfit, consisting of one mule and two ox teams, and with them, George and Frank Knowlton, brothers-in-law to the Hon. W. H. Hooper, of Utah, Arch and Alma Williams, brothers of Thos. Williams, of the firm of Hooper & Williams, — Merrill and Portugee Louis. There also came at the same time Robert Hereford, who at a much later date was county assessor of Lewis and Clarke county. All of these parties with their wagons and teams came in at the head of the Bitter Root valley. Upon our arrival in the valley we found Henry Brooks and Thos. Adams at Cantonment Stevens, and at Fort Owen, Henri M. Chase and wife, W. W. Tallman and Louis Robouin, commonly called Louis Marango. The last named parties had been driven out of the Nez Perces' country by the Indian war of 1855-56, Major John Owen, P. M. Lafontaine and Delaware Jim, at that time being absent on a trip to Fort Benton with ox teams. These parties, with the Fathers and Lay Brothers at the St. Ignatius Mission, constituted the entire white population of the country now known as Missoula county. In November of the same year Fred H. Burr came in from Salt Lake by the same route, bringing three wagons and a large band of cattle, and with him came Judge C. E. Irvine, now of Deer Lodge, George Hatterbaugh, John Saunders, called "Long John," and John Silverthorne, now of the Bitter Root valley: and still later in the season came Neil McArthur with three ox teams, and with him L. R. Maillett, James Holt, — Jackson and an odd specimen of humanity

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[\* NOTE—Rev. L. B. Palladino, S. J., in his book, "Indian and White in the Northwest," p. 313, gives an account of the origin and meaning of this word, from which it would seem to signify, "at the stream or water of surprise or ambush." A number of other explanations have been attempted, and differ considerably from the above. None of them, however, give evidence of such research, nor do they set forth the facts obtained with the clearness and apparent certainty as that of the Rev. L. B. Palladino.—H. S. W.]

named Bill West, but commonly called "Pork" for short. If time and space permitted, the reader could be regaled with many reminiscences and narrations in which "Pork" played an active part, and the ludicrous was a prominent feature.

I will, however, relate one of "Pork's" adventures in which he played the role of doctor in a manner that was ludicrous enough at the time, but which resulted fatally to his patient, and had the facts been known to the Indians at the time, would have caused serious trouble to the few whites then in the country. The facts are these: During the winter of 1856-7 "Pork," Jackson, Madison, Holt and the writer were employed by Neil McArthur and were encamped in Council Grove, in what is now known as Grass valley, and about nine miles below the present town of Missoula. A number of lodges of Pen d'Orielle Indians were encamped near us. Sometime during the winter, an Indian boy about twelve years old, grew sick, and the matter coming to the knowledge of "Pork," he proposed to doctor him, as McArthur had a large medicine-chest in camp, containing various kinds of medicines, but he was advised not to do so, as he was ignorant of the nature and use of medicines—being unable to read or write—and he might kill the Indian and involve us in trouble.

He would not take our advice, but insisted that he knew what he was doing, that he had often given medicine to Mary and the children back in southern Missouri. He overhauled the medicine chest and finding some pills administered some of them to the Indian boy who gradually grew worse, and the Indians, not having a very high opinion of "Pork's" medical skill, sent over to St. Ignatius Mission for one of the Fathers who came over, and after examining the boy, pronounced it a case of pneumonia, and leaving the boy some medicine, returned to the Mission. The boy improved for a few days and was in a fair way to get well when "Pork" again took him in hand. In rumaging through the medicine chest he discovered a vial or small bottle without any label and containing a dark colored liquid which he pronounced sweet wine, and proposed to give some of it to the boy, as he said it was just thing that he needed to give him strength. He was advised to let it alone, but he insisted that he knew what he was doing, and do it he would. He filled a small vial with the medicine and directed a squaw to give the boy a teaspoonful of it three times each day, and the result was that on the next day there was a dead Indian in camp. The Indians did not mistrust anything and nothing was said about the matter for some weeks, except when some of the boys would joke "Pork" on his success as an Indian doctor. A few weeks after the death of the Indian we had occasion to move our camp a short distance, and while moving the medicine chest the stopple came out of one of the bottles and some of the contents of it were spilt on "Pork," and actually burnt a hole the size of a man's hand in a pair of new buckskin pants. A few days after this "Pork" left for California. One day, a short time after "Pork" had left, Holt said to me that he believed "Pork" killed the Indian boy, and upon being asked for his reason, he said that the medicine that had spoiled "Pork's" pants was the same bottle out of which he had given the Indian the sweet wine. Upon examination of the bottle it was found to contain some powerful kind of acid, and was beyond a doubt the cause of the In-

dian's death. Had the Indians known it, "Pork" would have paid dearly for his experiment, and when we found out the actual facts in the case, we were careful to keep them to ourselves, and the Indians know nothing of the matter up to the present time.

Van Etten wintered in the Joeko; McArthur stopped at the Cantonment: Burr built houses on the west side of the river near the mouth of what is now known as Fred Burr creek; George Knowlton, in charge of Hooper & Williams' teams, located on Grant creek, just above the farm now owned by Abner G. England, and the creek for some years afterward was known as Knowlton's creek. About the first of December, Frank B. Owen, David Patte, and one or two other men arrived from Ft. Colville, and later in the month Maj. Owen and P. M. Lafontaine returned from Benton, bringing the first goods over that road with ox teams. During the winter of 1856-7, the population of the Bitter Root valley was larger than it again was until the fall of 1860. Up to this time no settlement had been made in the Hell's Gate Ronde. Soon after the arrival of Mr. Pattee, he contracted with Maj. Owen, and commenced the erection of a grist and saw mill at Fort Owen. In the latter part of December, 1856, McArthur having determined upon erecting a trading post in the Hell's Gate Ronde, dispatched Jackson, Holt, Madison, "Pork" and the writer to Council Grove to get out the necessary timbers to erect the buildings the next summer. Our quarters consisted of an Indian lodge and we fared sumptuously on bread and beef, with coffee without sugar about once a week. The snow fell deep during that winter, and the weather was quite cold, but we lost but little time and by spring had gotten out a large quantity of square timber. In the spring McArthur paid us off for our winters' work, each man receiving a Cayuse horse in full of all demands. With the coming of spring there was a general breaking up of winter quarters and not many men were left in the country. Burr drove his cattle to the "Road," going by the way of Deer Lodge, and with him went "Pork," Jackson, Madison, "Long John," Hatterbaugh, and some others whose names are forgotten. A party of two or three went to Benton and went down the river, among whom was F. B. Owen. Van Etten and Knowlton with their respective parties returned to Salt Lake with large bands of horses. Adams and Hereford went to the "Road" to trade, McArthur and Brooks moved their stock to Hell's Gate Ronde—or as it was commonly called Hell's Gate—and located on the land now owned by J. S. Caldwell. James Holt and the writer still remaining in the employ of McArthur, broke about eight acres of land and sowed to wheat and also planted a garden. This was the first attempt made at farming in the Hell's Gate Ronde. The potatoes, carrots, beets, turnips and onions grew well, but the wheat, while in the milk, was completely killed by a heavy frost on the night of the 14th of August, 1857. McArthur was absent during the entire summer and fall, having gone to Colville and thence to the Suswap mines in British Columbia. In those days we did not have our daily papers and telegraphic dispatches containing the latest news from all parts of the globe, but considered ourselves fortunate if we got one or two weekly Oregon papers in six months; Eastern papers we never saw. The following will show our isolated condition; The Presidential election was held in November, 1856, but we knew nothing of the result until about the middle

of April, 1857, when Abram Finley arrived from Olympia, with a Government Express for the Indian Department, bringing two or three Oregon papers from which we learned that Buchanan had been elected and inaugurated President.

During the summer of 1857, Jas. M. Minesinger, now of this county, came to the Bitter Root valley, having come to the Beaver Head valley the previous fall with John Powell. In the fall of this year, Hugh O'Neil and a man named Ramsey, came to Hell's Gate from the Colville mines, on the Columbia river, and were employed by Mr. Brooks to put up two buildings with the timber cut the previous winter. These were the first houses put up in the Hell's Gate Ronde. But few events of historical interest occurred from the fall of 1857 to the fall of 1859. During the spring and summer of 1858 an Indian war in the Spokane and lower Nez Perces country cut off all communication with the West, and placed the settlers of this county in a dangerous situation. Congress having made a large appropriation to build a Military Wagon Road from Fort Walla Walla to Fort Benton, placed Lieut. John Mullan in charge of the work. He organized his expedition at the Dalles, Oregon, in the spring of 1858, but was forced to disband it on account of the Indian hostilities. He again organized in the spring of 1859, and constructed the road over the Cœur d'Alene mountains as far as Cantonment Jordan on the St. Regis Borgia, where he went into winter quarters, sending his stock to the Bitter Root valley. During the winter the greater portion of the heavy grades between Frenchtown and the mouth of Cedar creek was constructed. In the spring of 1860, he resumed his march and took his expedition through to Fort Benton, doing but little work however, between Hell's Gate and Fort Benton.

In 1858 or 59, Baptiste Ducharme and Louis Brown, two old mountain men, located farms and built houses, where they now reside near Frenchtown, Ducharme came from French Prairie, Oregon, and Brown from Colville valley. About 1859, R. A. Pelkey and W. Bills located farms and built houses in the Hell's Gate Ronde, in what is now known as Grass Valley. About the same time Angus McLeod and James McIver settled on "Two creeks." Also about the same time, Capt. Richard Grant, a former officer of the Hudson's Bay Co., and for many years a well known trader on the emigrant road, came to the Bitter Root valley, and resided there during the winter, and in the spring of 1860 removed to Hell's Gate, and resided during the summer about two and a half miles below the present town of Missoula, and in the fall of that year, built houses and settled on the creek that now bears his name some four miles north of the town of Missoula. Capt. Grant was the father of Mrs. C. P. Higgins, of Missoula. He, with his eldest daughter died at Walla Walla in the spring of 1862, while on a visit to that place. His widow, Mrs. Helen Grant resided at Hell's Gate until her death in 1863. In the spring of 1860, Maj. John Owen, having been appointed Indian Agent to succeed Dr Lansdale, abandoned the old agency at the mouth of the Jocko, and established it at its present site. A large number of men were employed, a farm opened, buildings erected and saw and grist mills built, putting in circulation a large amount of money and making times lively generally.

In June, 1860, Frank L. Worden and C. P. Higgins, under the firm



name of Worden & Co., started from Walla Walla with a stock of general merchandise for the purpose of trading at the Indian agency, but upon their arrival at Hell's Gate, they determined to locate at that point, and accordingly built a small log house and opened business.

This was the first building erected at that place and formed the nucleus of a small village that was known far and wide as Hell's Gate, and which in later years, had the reputation of being one of the roughest places in Montana. The town originally stood upon the tract of land now owned by Cliees Lavasseur. During this year 400 United States troops under the command of Major Blake passed over the Mullen road from Fort Benton to Fort Walla Walla and Colville. During the fall of this year a number of settlers came into the county, and new farms were taken up at Frenchtown, Hell's Gate and in the Bitter Root valley, and during the winter of 1860-1, a considerable number of men wintered in the different settlements.

On the 14th day of December, 1860, the bill creating Missoula county was passed by the Legislative Assembly of Washington Territory. The county extended from the 115th degree of longitude, east to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and from the 46th degree to the 49th degree of latitude, which included all that portion of Deer Dodge county lying west of the Rocky Mountains. The bill creating the county appointed the following named persons officers:

C. P. Higgins,  
 F. L. Worden, } County Commissioners.  
 T. W. Harris, }  
 M. W. Tipton, Sheriff.  
 H. M. Chase, Justice of the Peace.

Of the above named officers none of them qualified except C. P. Higgins and Thos. W. Harris, and the only business that they did was to advertise an election in 1861 and canvass the votes.

The county was attached to Spokane county for judicial and Legislative purposes; and we were allowed one representative with Spokane. The first election held in Missoula county was a general election in June or July. Polls were opened at Fort Owen, Jocko Agency and Hell's Gate, and the entire vote polled was seventy-four (74.) Wallace, Garfield and Lander were candidates for Congress, and Lander received the entire seventy-four votes. Dr. Bates, of Spokane county, was elected representative. The following county ticket was elected:

Henry Cloren, Probate Judge.  
 John Beadle, Treasurer.  
 Wm. T. Hamilton, Sheriff.  
 Frank H. Woody, Auditor.  
 Granville Stuart,  
 C. P. Higgins, } County Commissioners.  
 H. Van Dorn. }  
 Henry Brooks, Justice of the Peace.

None of the officers qualified except the county commissioners, auditor and justice of the peace, and as there was no business to transact, no records were kept. The commissioners met once or twice but had no business, no bills to audit nor assessment rolls to correct. The only

business for county commissioners and their clerks in those days was to meet annually to canvass the votes of the different precincts and serve their constituents without reward.

In the spring of 1861 Lieut. Mullan organized another party and started for Fort Benton to finish up the road that he had merely opened the year before. His expedition was accompanied by an escort of one hundred men under command of Lieut. Marsh. The expedition came as far as the crossing of the Big Blackfoot river, where they erected winter quarters and named them Cantonment Wright, in honor of Colonel, afterwards Gen. Wright, who quelled the Indian war of 1858 so effectively. During that winter the heavy grades in the Hell's Gate canyon were constructed. In the fall of 1861, R. A. Pelkey and wife, G. A. Pelkey, wife and child, Mrs. Mineinger and child, Mrs. Queen Pelkey and Wm. Tisson arrived from St. Louis, Mo., and settled at Hell's Gate. The same fall Peter J. Bolte opened a saloon at Hell's Gate, being the first one opened in the country.

The winter of 1861-2 was one of the most severe ever known in the mountains. Prior to this time stock raisers had never made any preparations to feed their stock, consequently no feed had been put up. The weather was extremely cold and the snow fell deep. In February, 1862, a thaw came, and while the snow was soft it turned cold and the snow was frozen perfectly solid, rendering it impossible for stock to move or get feed, and the result was that hundreds of cattle died, as did many horses.

The expedition of Lieut. Mullan and the building of the Jocko agency brought a large number of men to this county, and a number of them remained and are now prominent citizens of our county, among whom are, W. B. S. Higgins, John S. Caldwell, C. C. and D. C. O'Keefe, E. D. Dukes, John Chatfield, Charles Shaft, and some others whose names the writer has forgotten.

On the 5th day of March, 1862, the first marriage of two white persons in Missoula county was solemnized at Hell's Gate; that of George P. White to Mrs. Josephine Mineinger. The ceremony was performed by Henry Brooks, Justice of the Peace, and who was ever afterwards known as "Bishop Brooks." This was probably the first marriage of white persons within the limits of the country now Montana. On the 13th day of February, 1862, at Grass valley, near Hell's Gate, there were born to R. A. and Adeline Pelkey, a son, who was christened Jefferson Henry Pelkey, and is now residing at Walla Walla. This was the first white child born in Missoula county, of which we have authentic information.

The first lawsuit ever commenced in Missoula county, or in fact in Montana, was commenced and tried at Hell's Gate, in the month of March, 1862, before Henry Brooks, Justice of the Peace. The proceedings were under the laws of Washington Territory. A Frenchman called "Tin Cup Joe"—other name forgotten—accused Baron O'Keefe with beating one of his horses with a fork handle and then pushing him into a hole thereby causing his death, and claimed damages in the sum of forty dollars, and sued O'Keefe to recover that amount. The place of trial was in Bolte's saloon. A jury of six was empaneled and sworn to try the case. W. B. S. Higgins and A. S. Blake, now of Missoula county, and Bart Henderson, of the Yellowstone, were of the jury. As

the trial progressed the proceedings became less harmonious until it ultimately culminated in a bit of unpleasantness between the defendant and the writer, who was acting as attorney for the plaintiff. During the unpleasantness the friends of the respective parties lent a hand, and it was far from being a select or private affair. While the unpleasantness was in progress the Court and a portion of the jury had fled for dear life, and when harmony was restored, they were no where to be found. After considerable search the Court and jury were captured and the trial proceeded.

The case was finally given to the jury, and after a brief absence they came into court and rendered a verdict for plaintiff for \$40 damages. The costs swelled the judgment to about \$90. This was probably the most hotly contested case ever tried in the Territory. The defendant endeavored to take an appeal to the District Court, but as that court was held in Colville, three hundred miles distant, he concluded to settle the judgment, which he did. Poor Bishop Brooks was, in 1865, killed in Uncle Ben's Gulch, near Blackfoot City, shot through a glass door by whom or for what cause was never known.

In the fall of 1861, A. S. Blake came here with the intention of prospecting, and in the spring of 1862, in company with "Bud" McAdow, W. B. S. Higgins, Dr. Atkinson, C. P. Higgins and E. D. Dukes went to Gold Creek and commenced operations, where a number of the party engaged in mining during the summer of 1862.

In the spring of this year Cantonment Wright was broken up. Mul-lan with his party going to Benton and the escort under Lieut. Marsh returning to Walla Walla and Colville. During the summer of this year Henry W. Miller and family came from Colorado, and settled near Frenchtown, being the first white family in that settlement. During the summer another election was held under the laws of Washington Territory, and polls were opened at Hell's Gate, Jocko Agency, Fort Owen and Gold Creek, and L. L. Blake elected a member of the Legislature, but never attended. At the same election James Stuart was elected sheriff of Missoula county.

On the 3rd of March, 1863, Idaho Territory was organized and this county became a part of that Territory and an election was held in the fall of that year for members of the Legislature. The writer has no knowledge that any county officers were appointed by the governor of Idaho for this county, and from the fact that Montana was organized on the 26th of May, 1864, he is of the opinion that none were appointed.

In 1863, when the country was overrun with road agents and horse thieves, Missoula county received her full quota of them, Plummer and Rives making their appearance at Hell's Gate as early as August, 1862.

In January, 1864, the vigilance committee of Alder Gulch sent a party of the committee to Hell's Gate to arrest and hang certain parties supposed to be in this county. The party arrived at Hell's Gate about the 23d or 24th of January.

Skinner, one of the men for whom they were looking, was keeping a saloon at that place, and this was the headquarters of the road agents. Here the vigilantes found and hung Cyrus Skinner, Aliek Carter and Johnny Cooper. The same night they caught Bob Zachary and George Shears. Shears was hung on the farm now owned by J. R. Latimer.

Skinner, Cooper, Carter and Zachary were all hung upon the same pole placed over the top of a corral at Hell's Gate. Bill Graves—called "Whisky Bill"—was the next day caught and hung near Fort Owen.

In April, 1864, the citizens of Hell's Gate suppressed in a summary way what threatened to be a serious Indian outbreak. In the fall of 1863, a young Pen d'Oreille Indian killed a man named Ward, in the Hell's Gate canyon, near the place where Baker's station is now located. In the spring of 1864, this same Indian having been joined by a number of young bucks bid defiance to, and threatened the lives of several of the white settlers, and even fired at one Frenchman. The citizens sent a courier to Deer Lodge and Alder gulch for assistance. John Powell and one and two others came from Deer Lodge, and a few men from Alder gulch, but before the latter arrived, the Indians became alarmed, delivered up the guilty Indian when the citizens very deliberately hung him upon the same pole upon which the Road agents were hung a few months before and this ended the trouble. This was the kind of peace policy believed in by our early settlers.

The Kootenai mines having been discovered early in the spring of this year, hundreds of men flocked to them, passing by the village of Hell's Gate. This stampede created a demand for all kinds of supplies, and everything sold at war prices. In the spring of this year, seed wheat sold as high as \$10.00, and potatoes at \$6.00 per bushel; yeast powders were cheap at \$1.50 per box, and coffee at \$1.00 per pound, and flour of the poorest quality sold readily at \$30.00 per hundred pounds and everything else in proportion. In the fall of 1864, the ruling price for wheat was from four to five dollars per bushel. Potatoes from the field sold readily at three dollars per bushel. The currency at this time was principally gold dust. These high prices were caused by the immense number of people who had flocked to the mines of Alder and other gulches on the East side, and by the demand made by the settlers in the Gallatin, Jefferson and Madison valleys for seed grain and potatoes. In the fall of this year, under the proclamation of Governor Sidney Edgerton, an election was held for delegate to Congress and members of the Legislature. Frank L. Worden was elected member of the Council, and John Owen, Representative, but when the Legislature convened, Owen did not attend, and E. B. Johnson was admitted to the seat. In November of this year, Matt Craft killed a man named Crow, at Hell's Gate. In February, 1865, James Doran killed two men, named ——— McLaughlin and Wm. G. Cooke, at the same place. The fight was between Doran and McLaughlin, and Cooke was probably shot accidentally. About January 1, 1865, a man named Watson was found murdered in a house near Fort Owen. A man named Fogarty was arrested and charged with the murder, and after having an examination before Thomas Roup, Justice of the peace, was held to answer on a charge of murder, and placed in charge of a special officer to convey him to Bannack City, but when the officer arrived at Fort Owen, the citizens took charge of the prisoner, and being satisfied of his guilt, and also that the officer would never reach Bannack with him, they hung him at the Fort Owen mill. The first officers under the Montana organization were appointed as follows:

Geo. P. White, Probate Judge.

Charles Shafft, County Clerk.

A. J. Campbell, Sheriff.

Charles Shafft.

Thomas Roup. } Justices of the Peace.

On the 4th of September, 1865, a regular election was held and the following county officers elected:

E. S. Miller, Probate Judge.

Henry W. Miller.

C. C. O'Keeffe. } County Commissioners.

Fred Loveland. }

Henry P. Larrabee, Sheriff.

Charles Shafft, County Clerk.

David Pattee, County Treasurer.

E. A. P. Hillman, Superintendent of Public Instruction.

George P. White, Coroner.

Under the above named officers the county was first regularly organized on the 16th day of October, 1865. On this day the first account was presented and allowed against Missoula county.

During the winter of 1864-5, Worden & Co. erected a saw mill at the place where Missoula now stands, and in the spring of 1865 commenced the erection of a grist mill and business house, and in the fall of that year moved their store from Hell's Gate to their new building. Other buildings were put up by other parties, and thus was the town of Missoula established, and was at first called Missoula Mills, but eventually the last part of the name was dropped by common consent. The town of Frenchtown was established in 1864, Stevensville the same year and Corvallis about 1868. In December, 1865, Tom Haggerty shot and killed Matt Craft in the town of Missoula. It was a cold blooded and cowardly murder, but as Craft was a bad, dangerous man and a terror to the whole community, but few were sorry to hear of his death. In the spring of 1866 J. P. Shockley committed suicide at Hell's Gate, and was the last victim who died a violent death at that place. In February, 1866, the board of county commissioners, upon their own responsibility, moved the county seat from Hell's Gate to Missoula, where it was subsequently established by the Legislature. In this year the first assessment of property was made and the first taxes collected.

In the spring and summer of 1865, rich and extensive gold mines were found on Little Blackfoot river and its tributaries, and also on the tributaries of the Big Blackfoot river, in Deer Lodge county, that induced an immense immigration from California and Oregon, and from the Territories of Idaho and Washington. Nearly all of the vast crowd of gold seekers came over the Cœur d'Alene mountains by way of the military wagon road constructed by Lieut. John Mullan, and passed through the Hell's Gate Ronde. During the whole of the summer and the fall of 1865, the road was literally lined with men and animals on their way to the new El Dorado. At this time a large portion of the supplies used in the mining camps of Montana, were purchased in San Francisco, Cal., and Portland, Oregon, and were transported from Walla Walla, Washington Territory, on pack mules, over the Cœur d'Alene mountains, by way of Hell's Gate and Missoula to the various mining camps of Montana. So great was this trade, that hundreds and even thousands of pack mules were employed in this business, and times were unusually lively in Western

Montana. It was during the summer of 1865, that some parties brought up by this same route from Nevada or Idaho, a number of camels loaded with merchandise. These were the first, and I believe the only camels ever brought to Montana, and were a source of wonder and surprise to the Indians, who had never before seen anything like them. The adventure did not prove a success to the parties engaged in it. One of the camels died at the Mullan crossing of the Missoula river below Missoula, another one was shot and killed near Blackfoot City, by a hunter, who had never seen a camel, and who thought it was a moose. The same lot of camels are now doing duty in Arizona, packing merchandise from Yuma City into the interior.

It being impossible to cross the Cœur d'Alene mountains earlier than the month of July, the spring travel came up by the Pen d'Oreille Lake and the Clark's Fork of the Columbia. The vast amount of travel over this route each spring, together with the expectation that the Northern Pacific Railroad would speedily be completed and would undoubtedly pass down Clark's Fork, induced the Oregon Steam Navigation Company of Portland, Oregon, to put a line of steamboats on the lake and river for the purpose of shortening the land transportation to Montana. The company commenced operations in the fall of 1865, and in four months from the time the first tree was felled for her, a steamboat was launched and floated on the bosom of the lake. She was 108 feet in length, 20 feet beam, and was 85 tons burden and constructed entirely of whip-sawed lumber. This boat was built on the western shore of the lake in Idaho Territory. She was christened the Mary Moody, and made her first trip in the spring of 1866, coming across the lake and up Clark's Fork, about fifteen miles to the Cabinet Landing, just inside of Montana. This was the first steamboat that ever navigated the waters of Western Montana. The following winter the company constructed two more boats to ply on Clark's Fork above the Cabinet mountains. One of these, the Cabinet, ran from the upper end of the Cabinet falls, to the rapids at Rock Island; and the other one, the Missoula, ran from the upper end of the Rock Island rapids up to Thompson's Falls. These boats did a good business for two or three years, but after that time the travel having fallen off, the boats were, in the summer of 1870, run down over the falls, to the lower or western end of the lake, when the machinery was taken out and conveyed to the lower Columbia river. That the reader may form some idea of the vast travel through this portion of Montana from 1865 to 1870, I will state, that the year of 1869, was an unusually dull year, owing to a lack of water in the mining camps, but during that year, the Steamboat Company reported that they conveyed on their boats about four thousand animals and their packs, and that many packers passed with their trains around the northern end of the lake by a trail difficult to pass in wet seasons.

From 1863 to 1866 were the halcyon days of Missoula county: money was plentiful, produce of all kinds sold at war prices, with the demand exceeding the supply, no taxes or license to pay, and our county free from debt. During the summer of 1867, mines were discovered on Libby creek in the northwest portion of this county, which were worked by a number of men during the summer. During the month of August of that year a party of four men, prospecting on the same creek, were at-

tacked by Kootenai Indians, and three of them killed and one badly wounded. The killed were Anthony Cavanaugh, John Moore and Wm. Allen. After killing them the Indians burned or attempted to burn their bodies. The other man, Joseph Herren, was shot in the right breast, the ball passing entirely through his body. He escaped with only the clothes he had on at the time, and in this condition lived for twenty-one days, subsisting on such berries as he could obtain. He was found by a party of prospectors and brought to Missoula, and remained until he entirely recovered. He is now, or was a short time since, in Prescott, Arizona.

September 27, 1867, the first District Court convened in Missoula county. Hon. L. P. Williston, presiding.

During the autumn of 1869, Louis A. Barrette and B. Lanthier discovered paying mines on Cedar creek, in the western part of this county. This camp drew a great many men to it, and in the spring of 1870 it contained an estimated population of 1,500 persons. The discovery of other mines in the immediate neighborhood soon followed. It is estimated by careful, competent judges that the entire product of Cedar creek and surrounding gulches, since its first discovery, has been something over \$1,000,000.

According to the census of 1870, the County of Missoula contained that year, a population of 2,554 persons. Much of that population however, was transient, drawn hither by the mines on Cedar Creek. The permanent population of the county at this time—1877—probably does not exceed fifteen hundred and principally engaged in mining, farming, trading and stock raising.

The first newspaper published in Missoula county was issued in September, 1870, by Magee & Co., and was called THE MISSOULA AND CEDAR CREEK PIONEER, afterwards changed to the WEEKLY MISSOULIAN, under which name it is still published.

The first churches established in Montana were established in Missoula county. The first being at the old Catholic Mission established in the Bitter Root valley, and the next that of the St. Ignatius Mission.

The following is a correct list of the county officers of Missoula county from the organization of the county under the Territorial Government of Montana, to the present time, (June, 1877).

#### COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

- Henry W. Miller, from Oct. 1865 to Aug. 1866.
- Fred L. Loveland, from Oct. 1865 to Nov. 1866.
- Cornelius C. O'Keeffe, from Oct. 1865 to Nov. 1866.
- C. J. Parker, from Nov. 1866 to Nov. 1867.
- Wm. McWhirk, from Nov. 1866 to Nov. 1867.
- Thomas Simpson, from Nov. 1867 to Nov. 1870.
- John Slack, from Nov. 1867 to Nov. 1869.
- John Owen, from Nov. 1867 to Nov. 1868.
- Tyler Woodward, from Nov. 1868 to Nov. 1869.
- John S. Caldwell, from Feb. 1869 to Nov. 1872.
- Frank L. Worden, from Nov. 1869 to Nov. 1873.
- C. C. O'Keeffe, from Nov. 1870 to Nov. 1871.
- A. W. Sharpe, from Nov. 1871 to Sept. 1873.
- John Caplice, from Nov. 1872 to Nov. 1875.

Robert Linder, from Sept. 1873 to Nov. 1874.

M. M. McCaully, from Nov. 1873 to Nov. 1876.

John S. Robertson, from Nov. 1874 to Jan. 1876.

T. J. Demers, from Nov. 1875

Joseph Pardee, from Jan. 1876

David Austin, from Dec. 1876

} Present incumbents.

#### SHERIFFS.

Andrew J. Campbell, appointed by Governor Sidney Edgerton in 1865, and continued in office till Oct. 1865.

Henry P. Larrabee, from Oct. 1865 to Nov. 1868.

Robert A. Pelkey, from Nov. 1868 to March 1872.

W. G. Edwards, from March 1872 to Nov. 1872.

Joseph E. Marion, from Nov. 1872 to Nov. 1874.

John Miller, from Nov. 1874 to April 1876.

Moses M. Drouillard, from April 1876 (present incumbent.)

#### PROBATE JUDGES.

George P. White, appointed by Governor Edgerton in April 1865, held till Oct. 1865.

E. S. Miller, elected in 1865 and resigned in May 1866.

Thomas M. Pomeroi, appointed May 1866, and held till Nov. 1866.

J. B. Buker, elected: held from Nov. 1867 to Nov. 1871.

A. B. Babcock, elected: held from Nov. 1871 to April 1872, resigned.

Frank H. Woody, appointed April 1872, and held to Nov. 1872.

Richard Childs, elected: held from Nov. 1872 to Nov. 1874.

Frank H. Woody, elected in 1874, is still in office.

#### COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDERS.

Charles Schaft, appointed by Governor Sidney Edgerton, in April 1865, and was elected at the first election in 1865. He held from Feb. 1865 to Feb. 1866, and resigned.

Frank H. Woody, was appointed Feb. 1866, and elected in September 1867, and has held the office from that date up to the present time.

#### ASSESSORS.

R. A. Pelkey, elected, and held from Sept. 1865 to May 1867, then resigned.

Cyrus McWhirk, appointed May 1867, and held till Sept. 1867.

Geo. P. White, elected: held from Sept. 1867 till Nov. 1869.

Mat. Adams, elected: held from Nov. 1869 to Nov. 1871.

Wm. Burmester, elected: held from Nov. 1871 till Nov. 1872.

The following named persons were District Assessors from Nov. 1872 till Nov. 1876: Thomas M. Gray, Daniel Woodman, Moses Clemens, J. Ross Clark, Henry Chambers, Samuel Gray and Edward Lameroux.

#### SUPERINTENDENTS OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

E. A. P. Hillman, was elected at the first election in 1865, but failed to qualify.

Thomas W. Harris was appointed in Nov. 1865, and held till Nov. 1867.

Harry Lent, elected: held from Nov. 1867 till June 1868, and resigned.

Thomas M. Pomeroy, appointed: held from Nov. 1868 till March 1872.

Wm. H. H. Dickinson, appointed March 1872, and held till Nov. 1872.

Thomas Bass, elected: held from Nov. 1872 till Nov. 1874.

J. B. Buker, elected: held from Nov. 1874 to Nov. 1876.

W. A. Hall, the present incumbent was elected Nov. 1876.



# HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF LEWIS AND CLARKE COUNTY.  
MONTANA.

BY

JUDGE CORNELIUS HEDGES.

JULY 4, 1876.

The name of our county naturally carries us back a period of three score and ten years to that early and famous expedition, planned by Jefferson, to explore and determine the extent, nature and resources of that vast and unknown region then recently acquired from France, and known in history as the Louisiana Purchase. On the 14th day of May, 1804, that expedition set out from the mouth of the Missouri and spent the following winter in the country of the Mandans. On the 13th day of June, 1805, Capt. Lewis was the first to discover the Great Falls of the Missouri, and on the day following, the mouth of Sun river, then called Medicine river. So far as we know, Capt. Lewis is the first white man whose eyes ever rested upon any portion of the country now embraced within the limits of this county. During the month of July, 71 years ago, that expedition having made a portage around the falls, passed up and explored the river along the eastern line of our county: on the 18th passed the mouth of Dearborn river, which they so named in honor of the Secretary of War. The Big and Little Prickley Pears, they respectively called Pryor's and Ordway's rivers from members of their expedition. On the 25th of the same month, Capt. Clark, leading the advance by land, reached the forks of the Missouri river. It is not a proper part of our story to trace this expedition up the Jefferson river and across the mountains to the great river and ocean of the West.

In the following year, 1806, starting March 23, they began their return, and Capt. Lewis, having separated from his associates not far from the junction of the Missoula and Blackfoot rivers, with one-third of the party, made his way up the latter stream, and during the month of July, 70 years ago, passed the range by what is called the Lewis and Clark Pass, at the head of the North fork of the Dearborn river, and traversed the northern part of our county, where it is wildest, to the mouth of Sun river and the Great Falls. In the winter of 1867-68 by the Legislature of this Territory, on the motion of John W. Rhodes, then a representative of this county, and in honor of those early and successful explorers, the name of this county, before that time called Edgerton after the first Governor of Montana, was changed to the one it now bears and has legally borne since March 1, 1868.

The sagacity and enterprising statesmanship of Jefferson were not exhibited in equal degree by his successors. A period of nearly fifty years passed away, during the last years of which the discovery of gold in California had drawn sufficient population to the Pacific coast to establish one State and give prominence enough to that section to show the necessity there would soon be for building railroads across the intervening wilderness. In 1853 the Pacific railroad surveys were begun in earnest. Washington Territory was established and I. I. Stevens appointed Governor, and entrusted with the survey of the Northern Route. In the execution of this survey the northern part of our county was crossed many times during that and the succeeding year, 1854. Lieut. Mullan was the first to discover the advantages of the Little Blackfoot Pass, which now bears his name, midway between which and the nearest point on the Missouri stands the city of Helena, where we are met to celebrate this Centennial Anniversary. To Lieut. Mullan belongs the credit of having taken the first wagon through our county and proven the practicability of a wagon road which six years later he was authorized to construct.

In January, 1854, Lieut. Grover, with a party of five men and a dog train, made the passage from Benton to the Bitter Root, by way of Lewis and Clark's Pass, at the head of the Dearborn river, experiencing cold as intense as 38 degrees below zero. Other parties under Lander, Donelson, Doty and Tinkham, had, about the same time, by different routes back and forth, made the character of the northern part of our county and the several passes of the main divide along our western boundary familiar to the world.

The continued growth of the Pacific communities, the increase of overland emigration, together with the magnitude of the undertaking of constructing a railroad, induced our Government to open a wagon road from Minnesota to Oregon, and the execution of the enterprise was entrusted to Lieut. Mullan. During the year 1859-60 the road that still bears the name of the builder was extended through our county from the west, reaching Fort Benton in September of the latter year. In the month following 400 U. S. troops, recruited for service in Oregon, passed over this new road. Capt. W. W. DeLacy, who is still with us, was with Mullan as an engineer at the time this road was built. According to his authority the road was carried over Medicine Rock and Lyons mountains along the Indian trail. Medicine Rock they found covered with beads, arrows and other such offerings as every passing Indian for unknown years had cast as a propitiation to the Great Spirit. Probably some battle or the death of some chief made this spot consecrated in native tradition. The practicability of the route through the Prickly Pear canon, instead of over such heavy mountain grades, was then examined, but abandoned for want of time. The road was needed for immediate use, and although further appropriations were made and other parts of the road worked by Mullan in '61 and '62, nothing more was attempted east of the range. In fact it was proved during three years that the route, as a whole, was impracticable for general travel by wagons on account of the long distance it passed in its western portion through heavy timber which would require to be cut out anew each season.

In the spring of 1862 many came up the river to Fort Benton, among

others our townsmen Messrs. Chas. Rumley and S. T. Hauser. The passage from St. Louis to Benton was made that season in thirty-one days, a record which has not been equalled since. On the 2d of July, 1862, Mr. Rumley washed out gold on the Prickley Pear, just beyond our county line, where Montana City afterwards stood. In that same year, also, Messrs. King and Gillette brought up a stock of goods and opened a store at the same point. Capt. Jas. L. Fisk in that year brought through a large train from Minnesota, the greater portion of which stopped and built houses at Montana City, but afterwards went on to Bannack.

It belongs to other historians to trace the routes of the earlier prospectors and contend for the first discovery of gold. Our county has no claim for this distinction. In the fall of 1862 and the winter following, Bannack was the center of mining excitement and success. In the spring of 1863 Alder gulch was discovered by Fairweather and party on their return to Bannack, having been prevented by the Indians from uniting with James Stuart's party in exploring the Big Horn country. Thenceforward till the autumn of 1864 nearly everybody in this county was in Alder Gulch.

The portion of country embraced within our county lines, after having been nominally included in several Territories beginning with Louisiana, was never included in definite county limits till it became a part of Idaho. That Territory was established by act of Congress in March, 1863. It was while Montana was part of that Territory, and upon motion of Mr. L. C. Miller, of our city, who then represented Bannack in the Idaho Legislature, that counties were established and their names and boundaries assigned for the first time in this whole region. With the exception of our own county, which then formed part of Jefferson county, the same names and boundaries were re-established by our first Bannack Legislature as fixed by Mr. Miller.

In May, 1864, after a connection of a little more than a single year with Idaho, our country was created into a separate Territory, and Sidney Edgerton, at that time Chief Justice of Idaho, made the Governor. September 22, 1864, Governor Edgerton issued his proclamation from Bannack, ordering an election of members of a Legislature for the 24th of October, and assigning to Jefferson county one member of the Council and three members of the House. The returns of that election we have not been able to discover, or to ascertain the number of votes polled at the different precincts. There were two precincts established within our present county lines, one here in Last Chance, and the other at Silver City; and one member of the House, George Detwiler, afterwards Speaker of the Bannack Legislature, was elected from the latter place. The entire vote of Jefferson county at that first election was 630. That election, we are informed by those who participated in it, was held in a saloon kept by E. S. Peck, which was itself in the back part of the dwelling house of Abraham Mast, and stood on the lot next south of where the INDEPENDENT office now is, on Main street, in this city.

It was in July, 1864, that gold was first discovered in this locality, by a party of Georgians, of which John Cowan, Robert Stanley and Gabe Johnson were members. Not satisfied with the prospect, they left and tried various localities as far north as Sun river, but finding nothing better, this party returned, and in September began regular mining opera-

tions on a bar not far from where the Masonic Temple now stands. The lateness of the season and the failure of their undertakings up to that time led them to christen their diggings Last Chance gulch, while the abundance of snakes gave the name to the district of Rattlesnake.

Capt. Geo. J. Wood, who came into the Territory from Illinois, by way of Bridger's cut-off, reaching Alder gulch in July, 1864, and not finding a claim in that section to suit him, started north to test for himself the reported mines on the Prickly Pear. He induced Mr. Mast, who with his family were returning to Alder gulch from an unsuccessful exploration of Wisconsin gulch, to turn about and accompany him. It so happened that a hunting expedition from the Prickly Pear brought Messrs. Wood and Mast over into Last Chance about the time that the Georgia party made their first successful clean-up. The sight of this was enough to decide them to remove at once to this locality, and next after the two cabins erected by John Cowan and Robert Stanley, were those of Messrs. Wood and Mast. Notwithstanding the assurance of the discovery party that there was no gold in the gulch above them, it was found in promising quantities in many localities. By the personal solicitation of Mr. Wood, a portion of the Minnesota train, just then arrived and camped in the valley of Ten Mile, were induced to stop and join in prospecting the Last Chance mines. During the months of October and November following, the extent and richness of the mines became well established, and their fame began to draw miners from all other camps. Messrs. Constans and Jurgens, still our fellow citizens, recently arrived from Minnesota, and who had first established themselves at Montana City, were the first to move their stock and open a store in the new mines. Their location was the site afterwards occupied by the International Hotel, and now left desolate by fire.

It was at a public meeting held in Capt. Wood's cabin October 30, 1864, the minutes of which meeting are still preserved, that the name of Helena was selected, on motion and suggestion of Mr. John Somerville, for the name of the rising city. If their selection of the name is to be respected, why should not also the pronunciation of the name, He-le'-na, as they universally called it, and not Hel'-e-na? Three commissioners, Messrs. Wood, Bruce and Cutler, were chosen and empowered to lay out streets, fix the size of town lots and establish all necessary regulations for obtaining and holding the same. Capt. Wood was chosen Recorder, and virtually discharged the duties of all the commissioners in addition. The size of lots as fixed by the commissioners was 30x60 feet, and a foundation would hold a lot for ten days, and if recorded besides, for ten days longer. Disputed titles were to be settled by the commissioners, or by arbitration, until civil law was established. Capt. Wood's position was a difficult and thankless one, and considering the surrounding difficulties successfully filled.

The MONTANA Post, of February 5, 1865, contains a list of officers appointed by Governor Edgerton for the new county named for him at its first organization, as follows:

J. B. Stewart .....	Probate Judge
G. J. Wood .....	Sheriff
Henry Eastman .....	Clerk
John Somerville .....	Treasurer

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J. W. Rhodes.....	Commissioner
A. J. Wells .....	“
Malcolm Clark .....	“
Orison Miles.....	Justice of the Peace
John Warn .....	Constable

All of these officers accepted and qualified, except Mr. Somerville, who declined, and Colonel Lawrence, whose sudden death the last season is so fresh in the memory of all, and mourned as a public calamity, was appointed in his stead.

It is a fact that deserves to be recorded to the credit of the early settlers of this county, that for eight months after its rapid settlement began, and during the rush and excitement that attended the scramble for claims and town lots, while there was no civil law, and no officers to administer any, there was no crime of any magnitude committed. The Idaho statutes continued to be the authority for a long time after the Bannack Legislature adjourned. Our own laws were generally unknown except as a few were given to the public through the Montana Post. At the organization of this county, Silver City was made the county seat.

The first law suit in Helena before Squire Miles, was an action of forcible entry and detainer over a jumped town lot, in which Messrs. Toole and Hedges were the attorneys, and as the Justice reserved his decision, not being very clear either as to the law or the facts, the lot in the meantime, by a sort of compromise, was sold for the benefit of the attorneys.

The winter following the first settlement of Helena was open and very mild. Mining continued most of the time, dirt being hauled over from Dry gulch and washed out in Last Chance gulch, that portion above Bridge street being the scene of most of this business.

During January, 1865, men were employed cutting grass in the valley, as there was nothing else with which to feed stock, except to turn them out to be ranched or to hunt their own living on the surrounding hills. Hundreds of houses were erected during the pleasant winter weather, West Main street at first, and a little later Bridge street, being the favored places. It was the convenience to spring water that determined the earlier settlement of the city so near the mouth of the gulch.

In February, 1865, Scott laid out an addition to the town, below where Broadway now is, and running back over the hill to Rodney street. This latter street preserves the name of L. Rodney Pocock, one of the proprietors of Scott's addition, and the first to die in Helena. The season began in February to be very stormy and unpleasant. The cabins, poorly chinked and covered with a thin layer of loose dirt, were generally very uncomfortable and unhealthy. Mr. Pocock was inclined to consumption, and could not endure the exposure. His sickness, in spite of the best care of many friends, soon ended in death, March 7. Being a Mason his body was borne to burial by those of the fraternity in the camp and laid to rest in the ground just west of where the school house now stands.

The first Masonic Lodge in Helena was opened under a dispensation from Colorado, August 17, 1865, in the second story of a log building which stood where Gans & Klein's store now stands. Their hall was heavily carpeted with sawdust; no ceiling obscured the shakes, with which the building was aristocratically covered.

It was on the third of July, 1865, that the big nugget was found on

the claim of Maxwell, Rollins & Co., No. 5, above discovery claim in Nelson gulch. It was thrown out with a sluice fork, and accidentally discovered. Its worth was \$2,073, and it was entirely free from quartz. It was honored with a photograph.

The discovery of quartz lodes in our county was almost as early as the working of placer mines. As early as September 27, 1864, Mr. James W. Whitlatch discovered the famous Union lode, though it was not recorded till the 14th of February following. Of all the two thousand that have since been discovered and recorded in our county, none have contributed so much to the material growth and wealth of our county and city as the first discovery.

Though somewhat out of its natural order in point of time, it is right to say that there is reason to believe that before any mining was ever attempted in Last Chance gulch, even as early as April, 1864, miners were prospecting on Silver creek in our county, and as early as May of that year had found gold and were at work before the first prospecting was done by Cowan's party. The fuller facts connected with the Silver creek mines we have been unable to obtain.

In the autumn of 1864, Messrs. J. B. Morgan, Ed. Lewis and Malcolm Clark had settled and built houses on the Little Prickly Pear, and Paul Vernet had opened a station at the Dearborn crossing. On the north side of Sun river, and just over our county borders, a Government farm with buildings had been located by Maj. Vaughn, Agent for the Blackfeet Indians, as early as 1860.

Lyman E. Munson, who was appointed Associate Justice to succeed Giddings, the first appointee, who resigned on account of ill health without ever visiting the Territory, arrived in Helena in July, 1865, and on the last day of that month opened the first court in the Third Judicial District. United States Attorney Neally and Marshal Pinney made lively times for a while in revenue cases.

The first Fourth of July in Helena, 1865, was celebrated at Owyhee park, the oration was delivered by Geo. M. Pinney, dancing followed, and a grand supper closed the festivities. The day was uncomfortably cold, and in the latter part of the afternoon a snow storm set in.

In the winter and spring of 1865, much of the lumber used for sluice boxes, as well as building, was sawed by hand, and eager parties waited to seize every board as fast as sawed, at any price the owner saw fit to charge, 25 cents per foot in gold being the general price. June Sanders and Rockwell set up a steam saw-mill in the spring of 1865 about where the foundry now is, and thenceforward lumber came into general use, and houses began to assume a more regular and dignified appearance, as well as becoming more comfortable.

It was in the latter part of April, 1865, that the flour riots occurred in Virginia City, and so late as May 7th, 1865, that article was retailing in Helena at \$1.10 per pound. Much higher prices even were paid for it, and for some time a majority of the residents lived on meat straight.

The news of Lee's surrender was received in Helena April 24, and, as no flag could be found, the few ladies in town were got together, and spent nearly the whole night in making one, and on the 25th a flag pole was raised in front of Perkins & Hughes' store, the present Gans & Klein

block, and the national colors lifted into the clear sky, floated out for the first time over our city. A public meeting and general rejoicing attended the event.

In the early evening of June 6th, Harry Slater, sitting in front of Greer's saloon on Bridge street, was shot and instantly killed by one Johnny Keene. The murderer took refuge in the cabin of Sheriff Wood, which was soon surrounded by a concourse of citizens, who forcibly took him from the officer's custody and proceeded at once to his trial. The next day the trial was finished, sentence pronounced, and he was executed almost immediately on the famous pine tree that stood till within a year past, over in Dry gulch, near the present residence of Rev. Mr. Shippen. The story of this event, and other executions that followed on the same tree, has already passed into history in the story of the vigilantes.

The killing of Slater called into existence a strong vigilance committee, which, for nearly a year and still some time after courts had been organized and were in full working order, meted out rude but effective justice, and kept lawlessness and violence in wholesome fear and check. Its last regular business was the hanging of Daniels, March 2, 1866, just after his pardon by Governor Meagher.

The first settlers of Helena were not actuated by religious impulses, like the Pilgrim Fathers; indeed, it would have been quite unreasonable to have expected that a church should precede a hurdy-house in any mining community. But as early as March 26, 1865, Rev. E. T. McLaughlin, M. E., held the first Sunday religious services in our city, in a part of the town now occupied as Chinese quarters. There was no pulpit for the speaker or seats for the audience, except the log piles and half finished foundations in the neighborhood. For an outdoor service, none could have been more respectful or more encouraging. The means were soon raised, and a log church erected on Joliet street, which was dedicated by Rev. A. M. Hough, July 23, 1865. From such feeble and recent beginning Helena can now boast of four commodious church edifices, three of them of brick, and either of them would be a credit to an eastern city of double population. Besides the congregations worshipping in these church buildings, there are at least two other organized societies meeting regularly at the court house and school house.

The first newspaper in our city was the Radiator, printed on a press that was shipped over the mountains from Lewiston, Idaho, on horse back, at a cost of sixty cents per pound. Its owner, T. J. Favorite, did not arrive until after the press had been set up, and the regular issue of the paper begun under the conduct of Bruce Smith. The first issue was December 17, 1865. With more or less regularity and success, under extraordinary difficulties, the Radiator continued till merged into the Herald, November 15, 1866, and December 27, 1866, Capt. R. E. Fisk became owner and editor, and with his two brothers, D. W. and A. J., has continued its publication to the present time. The Daily Herald was started August 1, 1867, and reached a circulation of over 400 within the first month. Few cities of 25,000 inhabitants can boast of as complete a printing establishment as the Herald now possesses, or a steadier flow of prosperity. The Gazette began in 1866. Its first issue was on August 1 of that year under the veteran journalist, E. S. Wilkinson. The daily issue began March 30th, 1868, and it was from this office, August 22, 1870, that the

first paper was issued printed by steam. In October, 1871, the Herald office, then in Stickney's building on Main street, was entirely destroyed by fire. And in August of the following year, the Gazette suffered even a more complete and disastrous loss by the fire which originated in the Young America Hotel. After the suspension of the publication of the Gazette, the Independent was moved over from Deer Lodge, and now divides the honors and profits of the metropolitan press of Montana, the Herald and Independent being the only daily papers now published in the Territory. It is no small credit to the conductors of our press, and to the intelligence and enterprise of our people, that such papers have been so well sustained.

In the matter of schools, the early data are very meagre, uncertain and unsatisfactory, but so far as I have been able to ascertain, the first day school opened in our city was in April, 1865, by Prof. A. B. Patch. Among other teachers of the earlier days, should be named Prof. T. F. Campbell and Dr. Stone. Mainly through the exertions of Prof. Campbell the first public school house deserving the name was erected on Rodney street, and served its purpose well until the erection of our present magnificent graded school building in the autumn of last year, the first school in it being opened in January of the present year. If in the earlier years our city neglected its duty in education, this can no longer be cast as a reproach against us. The new century finds us awake to this first duty and greatest trust, preparing the next generation to become wiser than their fathers and better fitted to manage the greater interests that will come to their keeping.

In the first months after the settlement of Helena, all letters and papers were brought overland by Oliver's Express and delivered at a cost of twenty-five cents each. In the spring of 1865 Mr. John Potter was appointed postmaster, and opened the first United States Postoffice in the basement of Taylor & Thompson's building, on lower Main street, the upper part of which building was used as an United States court room. Mr. Potter afterwards moved the office to Broadway, where it continued until Mr. S. H. Crouse, succeeding him as postmaster, moved it to upper Main street, where it remained until the great fire of January 9, 1874.

The telegraph line from the Union Pacific at Corrine was completed to Virginia City November 2, 1866, and to Helena, October 14, 1867. The first dispatch that came over the wires announced the election of Thurman as governor of Ohio, and proved to be erroneous. The wires from that day until within a few months past served us with great regularity, till our people came to feel the necessity for daily news almost as much as of their daily bread. Our present isolation is therefore more aggravating and unendurable.

The Masonic fraternity has always been strong in Helena. After occupying two rented halls, they completed one of their own on Broadway, November 11, 1866, at a cost of \$3,000. This was destroyed in the fire that consumed the Gazette office, August 8, 1872, but before this fire, June 24, 1872, the corner stone of the present commodious and substantial structure had already been laid, and was completed during the year following, about January, 1873, and dedicated at the October session of the Grand Lodge, 1873. It is occupied by three blue lodges, a chapter, council and commandery.



Among other institutions of Helena deserving of mention is the Library Association. This was organized in Nov. 1868. Within a few days upwards of \$4,000.00 were subscribed for its support. The first election of officers occurred December 5, 1868, and Mr. James King was its first President. It was opened in a rented room in the Whitlatch building, which stood on the site of the present International Hall. For the first year it was run on an extravagant scale, at a cost of \$200 per month. It had but few books, but a \$500 list of papers and magazines. Permanent membership was fixed at \$100, and annual membership at \$25. Mr. Thos. G. Tutt gave \$500, and many other gentlemen gave from \$100 to \$200. It became evident before the expiration of the first year, that it must be reorganized on a different and more economical basis. Many of its early friends grew lukewarm, and only by the constancy of a few friends—among whom J. Sidney Osborn deserves special mention—was it rescued from an early death. Retired to modest and cheaper quarters, living within its income, occasionally appealing to the public for a benefit, and never in vain, investing all amounts not needed to pay arrears of debts in good books, it had acquired a valuable collection of upwards of 2,000 volumes when the fire of January 9, 1874, swept all its accumulations into ashes. Its six years of unobtrusive ministry had, however, earned it a host of friends who would not see it perish. In little more than a year since its revival it has gathered together upwards of 1,200 volumes, and continues its useful career, winning friends and favor under the growing depression of all material interests. Mr. Geo. M. Pinney has been our most generous friend since the fire. Messrs. Chessman and Ashby also deserve mention as munificent patrons and steadfast friends. When prosperous days again return, no institution in our community stands more deserving of increased favor, nor more likely to receive it.

Our city has many other societies and organizations well deserving of extended notice, but we have neither time, space, nor accurate information to attempt this duty in detail. We must not fail to mention, however, that the Odd Fellows have a strong organization with a steady growth. The Good Templars gained an early foothold on a soil generally supposed to be ill adapted to temperance principles, and have not only maintained their hold, but have steadily pushed forward in the redeeming and ennobling work under their charge. Of the Irish temperance and benevolent societies, the Hebrew Benevolent Society, the German Gesang Verein, and other societies of whose names, even, we are ignorant, we can only say generally that each in its chosen field is actively and successfully engaged in softening the hard features of life and cultivating the humanities, while our latest social organization, the Rocky Mountain Club, has made a business of dispensing hospitality.

The record of our material growth would alone be a large one if given in detail, following its fluctuations and its heavy losses by fire. The cabins erected in the early days of 1864-5, though costing much, and at times bearing a high valuation, were really of little permanent value. Even when built of considerable size for stores and warehouses, they were still of logs, with dirt roofs. Such structures could not be very fine in appearance, still they were warm in winter, cool in summer, and comparatively safe against fire. As a good illustration of this latter quality, the old Dorris warehouse, between Bridge and Wood streets, has stayed

the advance of three general fires, in which stone buildings proved ineffectual. It was not until the spring of 1866, that any permanent stone buildings were constructed. The first was a warehouse of General Dorris on Myrtle avenue, but those of Tutt & Donnell, of Gay, Lewis & Co., on Bridge street, soon followed, while on Main street, Messrs. Higgins and Hagadorn, Sparks and McPherson and John How, on one side, and Frank Walker and Nowlan and Weary on the other, nearly opposite, erected the buildings that still stand. Dahler's bank, where the People's National now stands, was the first building with a brick front.

During the summer of 1866 a large part of Main street was mined out, including all that block where the First National Bank is and all the street in front of it. Bridges were built to allow the passage of travel along the street. In the summer of 1867 many new and still finer and more durable buildings were put up. Among these the Dunphy and Bently and the King and Gillette blocks were the finest. In that year, too, our court house was built, at a cost of \$26,000. The assessment of property in this county in 1866, made within little more than one year after its first permanent settlement, and very imperfectly made at that, shows a total valuation of \$1,320,386.

The United States Land Office was first established in Helena, in September, 1867, and until then no titles other than the possessory right, could be acquired. It was not until some time after this, March 20, 1868, that the Helena townsite was filed on by Probate Judge Truitt, and the patent was dated, June 15, 1872, and it became possible to acquire title to the ground on which there then stood at least \$2,000,000 worth of improvements.

Probably no place of the size and age of our city has suffered so frequently and heavily from fires as Helena. The first of any extent was February 15, 1869, beginning in Molitor's assay office, below the Dunphy and Bently block. It consumed some half dozen buildings.

The second was a general conflagration that occurred April 28, 1869, and destroyed all the upper end of Main street, and the heart of the city at that time. Many of the buildings, however, were of logs, or light wooden shells. Times were then prosperous, and so little was the loss felt that the vacant lots were held as high after the fire as the lots and improvements would have brought before.

The third was the old theater on Wood street, and occurred November 7, 1869. The house had not been long built, and many of the liens for its building were not lifted till the time of the fire.

The fourth, on March 23, 1870, was a wooden building standing between two brick structures on the west side of Main street, where the hurdy-house now stands. It was then owned and occupied by Wells, Fargo & Co. This fire did not extend beyond the building in which it originated, though it damaged others to some extent.

The fifth was on July 15 of the same year, on Rodney street, and consumed the large feed stable and corral belonging to C. K. Riale; and not extending far beyond.

The sixth was the Herald office in the Stickney brick building, on the east side of Main street, the second lot above Gans and Klein's. This was October 1, 1871, and consumed all the buildings on that side of the street, south to Wood street.

The seventh was the M. E. Church on Broadway, on the same site occupied by the present edifice. This occurred in June, 1872, and by great exertions was prevented from extending beyond the church and parsonage in the rear.

On August 25, 1872, occurred the eighth, beginning in the Young America Hotel, on lower Main street, sweeping eastward up Broadway, destroying the Whitlatch building and the Gazette office, and reaching up to Ewing street.

The last, most general and disastrous fire of all occurred January 9, 1874. It began in Chinatown. The wind was blowing furiously, baffling the almost superhuman exertions made to stay it. Then went down the magnificent International Hotel, the finest building ever erected in Helena, costing \$75,000, any many more only a little less fine and substantial, including very many, supposed to be fire-proof, with immense stocks of goods. This last fire was more disastrous than all before. From this last stroke Helena has not recovered, nor will it for many years. Many of our best and most enterprising citizens were entirely broken up.

These nine fires all occurred within a period of five years. The total loss in all of them could not fall short of two millions of dollars, and all this occurred within less than ten years from the time the first house was built in the county. Truly the vitality of our city and the spirit of our citizens have been tried by fire. The amount of our losses would, alone make us all rich. Our citizens have expended, first and last, in various ways, at least \$100,000 in efforts to provide against and prevent fires. We have a splendid fire department, well organized, officered and equipped: a hand-engine and a steamer, hooks and ladder, and a watch tower. The chief deficiency is a water supply, but this has been vastly improved.

The extensive use made of brick within two years past has done much to diminish the risks of fire, as well as to increase the substantial value, comfort and beauty of later improvements. It is to be hoped that our dear-bought experience may keep alive the active spirit of precaution and multiply the preventives, so that our future history shall not be checked and scarred as in the past.

Singular as it may seem to those at a distance who have been accustomed to hear of Helena as a city, we have so far never had any legal claim to the title, and still further have never had any township organization. The only officers known to our local history have been justices of the peace and constables. Several attempts have been made to establish a municipal government. Three separate charters have been voted for the purpose. The first was submitted to vote January 20, 1868, and the charter declined by the decisive vote of 910 noes to 105 ayes. Subsequent attempts have so far failed by decisive majorities, if not so heavy as the first. Our past success without any charter, and fear of increased taxation, have been the controlling reasons for refusal.

After a prolonged and sometimes bitter contest, continued through eight years, in legislatures, at the polls and in courts, Helena became the Capital of the Territory in 1875, and the Legislature that convened the third of January, 1876, was the first to sit in the new Capital.

The population of our city and county has generally been over-estimated. The vote of our city has always been exceptionally large, reaching near to 2,000 for a series of years, but at all the elections a great

share of the residents of the county come into the city to witness and share in the excitement; and vote here. The vote of our county in 1867 was 2,881. The census of 1870 showed our population in Helena to be 3,106: in our county, 5,776. Since that time our city has spread out over the foot-hills toward the valley, but it is doubtful if our population has increased at all.

The extent of this sketch, already abbreviated till all connection of events is lost, compels me to omit much the larger portion of the material that has been gathered at the greatest disadvantage.

I cannot even speak of the Constitutional Convention held in our city in April, 1865; of the rise of our banking houses, beginning with that of Allen and Millard, in August, 1865; of the Board of Brokers, organized in March, 1868, with Gen. Sol. Meredith as president; of the prize fights in 1868; of the three different theaters built, and the actors that have appeared before Helena audiences: of the hanging of Compton and Wilson in April, 1870, for highway robbery and attempted murder; of the still later execution of Wheatley, August 13, 1875, for the murder of Franz Warl, the first instance of a legal execution in Montana, though scores have been before hung, and still a greater number of murders committed.

The short time since I was assigned to this duty has not been at my command to devote to its execution. I have simply done the best I could under the circumstances rather than see the occasion pass without an attempt to meet the request of Congress and the President for contributions of local history. It is hoped that this article may serve the purpose at home of eliciting items of our history from our citizens, and that these individual chapters may be given to the public through our papers or placed in the archives of the Historical Society, so that future students of our history may not be compelled to grope in such a wilderness as the subscriber.

CORNELIUS HEDGES.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH  
OF  
DEER LODGE COUNTY, VALLEY AND CITY.  
BY GRANVILLE STUART ESQ.

JULY 4TH, 1876.

This county was created by the first Legislature of Montana on the 2nd day of February, 1865. Prior to that time it had formed a portion of Missoula county, which was organized in 1862 under the laws of Washington Territory, of which it then formed a part. Missoula county, at that time, embraced all of that part of what is now Montana that lies west of the Rocky Mountains. On the 3rd of March, 1863, Congress created the Territory of Idaho out of portions of Washington, Oregon and Dakota, which threw Missoula county, including what was afterwards Deer Lodge, into the new territory; and on the 26th of May, 1864, Congress created Montana out of that part of Idaho lying north of the Bitter Root Mountains and north and east of the Rocky Mountains, and when the first Montana Legislature met at Bannack City in December, 1864, they divided the Territory into counties, Deer Lodge being one of the number. The name of the county, valley and town is derived from the Hot Spring mound or butte near Belanger's Hotel in the upper part of the valley, which was called by the Snake Indians "The White-tailed Deer Lodge," from the fact of those deer (*cervus Virginianus*) being very abundant in the swamps in that vicinity, and from the resemblance that the mound bore to an Indian lodge of a winter's morning when the steam rose from the hot spring on its summit, like smoke from a lodge. The valley and county were a sort of neutral ground among the surrounding tribes of Indians and were not permanently occupied by any of them, at least not during the historical period. The cause of this would seem to have been the frequent incursions of the Blackfeet, who were then very numerous and overran all of what is now Western Montana, keeping the mountain tribes, who by reason of fewer numbers and inferior arms were unable to cope with them, in constant terror. The Blackfeet obtained firearms at a very early period from the Hudson's Bay and other traders on the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan rivers, and seem to have been the most aggressive and warlike of all the tribes of this region. From about 1804, at which time the Americans first came in contact with them, down to 1860 their war parties ravaged the county south and west of them, frequently going as far as Fort Hall and Boise valley on Snake river. Many were the fierce encounters between them and the bands of trappers that, under

the leadership of old Jim Bridger, Milton and William Sublette, wandered over this region in quest of the rich harvest of furs and peltries that were then so abundant and easily taken. Often have they swooped down upon the scattered parties of trappers in the olden days and driving off all their horses left them to rejoin the main body as best they could, fortunate if some did not lose their lives as well as their horses; and among the earlier settlers in Montana there are few who did not have to mourn the loss of many a good horse at their hands. Their last great exploit was the taking of 180 horses from within a mile of Deer Lodge city in April, 1864. The owners, John F. and Jas. C. Grant, Thos. Lavatta and a few others, raised a small party and went in hot pursuit. They overtook and surprised the Indians while they were halted for rest at a spring near Birdtail Rock beyond the Dearborn river, but by bad management let them all escape on some six or seven of the best horses. Since that time they have almost every year stolen a few horses from the vicinity of Lincoln gulch and Big Blackfoot valley in the northern part of the county, but west of the main range. Their raids are no longer frequent, nor do they now penetrate far, except toward the Yellowstone, which they often visit.

There is reason to believe that the first white men who ever visited what is now Montana were a party from Canada under the Chevalier De La Verendrye who, in 1742, seem to have come up the Missouri river as far as the Gates of the Rocky Mountains, near where Helena now stands, and went from there by way of the Musselshell to the Yellowstone and Wind River valleys. A sketch of this expedition will be found in the (forthcoming) first volume of the Montana Historical Society. For sixty years after this we hear no more of any parties having visited this region until the famous expedition of Lewis and Clark in 1804-5-6 brought it again into notice. This was followed by the trapping and trading expedition sent out by the Missouri Fur company in 1808, and this again by Astor's parties in 1809-10-11.

It is probable that the first building erected within the limits of what is now Montana was Lisa's fort, built by Emanuel Lisa, on the Yellowstone just below the mouth of the Big Horn river, in 1809 or 1810. The next was a post built by Gen. Ashley on the lower Yellowstone in 1822. In 1832, Alexander Culbertson (still a resident of Montana at Fort Belknap, on Milk river) built Fort Union on the Missouri about five miles above its junction with the Yellowstone. Subsequently, other trading posts were established on both rivers, culminating in the building by Culbertson of Fort Benton in 1846. During all this time large bands of trappers roved all over the Rocky Mountain region; some were outfitted and employed by the forts on the Missouri and Yellowstone, and others who sought to contest this rich field with them come by the way of the Platte and Green rivers under the Sublettes and Bridger. The Hudson's Bay Company also entered into the contest with the American companies, and from their old established posts on the Assiniboine, Saskatchewan and Columbia rivers pushed trading posts into the region now embraced in Montana and Idaho, the most southern of their establishments being Fort Hall, on the Snake river. The rivalry between all these companies was very great and many were the rough tricks they played upon one another, which at times almost resulted in bloodshed. About 1846-7 the

beaver, owing to the incessant trapping of so many companies, became so scarce as to no longer pay the trapper for the hardships and dangers encountered in the wilderness, and nearly all the roving bands abandoned the country. Many of the forts were also dismantled, and thus the country relapsed into its primeval state of barbarism, from which it was aroused some fifteen years later by the discovery of the all potent civilizer, gold, which soon brought in a permanent population which the fur trade could never do, as numbers were a disadvantage in that particular pursuit.

As the discovery of gold was the cause of our Territory being created, it is proper to give a brief sketch of that, to us, important event: In 1852 a Scotch half-breed from the Red River of the North, named Francois Finlay, but who was known among his associates by the name of "Benetsee," and who had just returned from California to the Rocky Mountains, began to prospect on what is now Gold creek, in Deer Lodge county, and found light, float gold; but as his prospecting was necessarily of a very superficial character, he found no mines that would pay. The fact of gold being found there, however, became noised about among the few mountaineers still in the country, and in the spring of 1856 a party, among whom were Robert Hereford, late of Helena, John Saunders, called "Long John," (who could throw a stone with almost the force and precision of a rifle ball), Bill Madison and one or two others who were passing "Benetsee" creek on their way to Salt Lake from the Bitter Root valley, where they had spent the winter trading with the Indians, and prospecting a little, found more gold than had been obtained by Finlay. One piece weighed about ten cents and they gave it to old Captain Grant, who used to show it, up to the time of his death in 1862, as the first piece of gold found in the country.\* The matter rested here until the spring of 1858, when Thomas Adams (now of Washington City), Reece Anderson and James and Granville Stuart searched for gold in that vicinity and found as high as ten cents to the pan of gravel, but as they had neither provisions, (they were living on wild meat straight, without salt), nor tools, they could not accomplish anything, more especially as the Blackfeet stole four of their horses and so harassed them that they abandoned the country for a time, returning, however, in the fall of 1860 firm in the faith that this was a rich gold country. In the meantime, during the summer of 1860, a mining enthusiast by the name of Henry Thomas (but who, as soon as his peculiarities became known, was designated "Gold Tom," by which he ever afterwards went), came up by the way of the Pend d'Oreille lake and began to prospect on Benetsee creek about one mile west of where Pioneer City now stands. Almost unaided he sunk a shaft 30 feet deep in the glacial detritus along the creek, getting a little gold all the way down. He also washed some on the surface at this point during this and the following summer, but only made about

\*[My own experience of some years mining in that vicinity leads me to doubt that party's finding that 10c piece of gold on Benetsee creek, for in all our prospecting in that vicinity we did not find a piece of that size until we went to work sluicing, and although we carefully searched that vicinity and the country roundabout, yet we never found where any one had dug a hole, or the slightest evidence of any prospecting or mining work having been done. Where we found 10c to a pan of gravel in 1858, we dug a hole about five feet deep, and the 10c was made up of some 15 or 20 small particles of gold.—G. S.]

\$1.50 a day, owing to the great disadvantage under which he worked. His windlass and four little sluice boxes, hewed out with an axe and now fast falling to decay, may still be seen where he worked. Alas! poor Tom! The writer lost sight of him in '66 or '67 and often wonders if he fell a victim to the *ignus fatui* of Cœur d'Alene, Peace river, Stickeen, Cassiar, White Pine, Pioche, Yellowstone, and last, but not least, the Black Hills, and wherever he may be, may Fortune smile upon him with a broader grin than fell to the lot of any of the pioneers at "Pioneer Creek" in 1860-1-2. He usually preferred to be alone and would spend days and weeks among the mountains without other companions than his horses and trusty rifle; yet he was not at all misanthropic. In the fall of 1860 and spring of 1861 Anderson and the Stuarts prospected in the dry gulches putting into Benetsee creek and found what they considered good paying mines, but did little toward working them that season for two reasons: First, they had very few and imperfect tools and no lumber until they could get it whipsawed; and second, all the party except the writer went to Fort Benton for the purpose of purchasing supplies from the steamboats expected up the river that year. The one boat (the Chippeway) that started up was burned near the mouth of Milk river, and the summer was lost in waiting for her. On this boat were the Hons. Wm. Graham, of Philipsburg, and Frank L. Worden, of Missoula. Early in the spring of 1862, the Stuarts, Adams, Burr and Powell began to mine, having had lumber sawed by hand at 10 cents a foot, and picks and shovels packed up from Walla Walla, 425 miles distant, by Worden and Higgin's train of "cayuse" pack-horses that brought their goods to Hell Gate, and on the 8th day of May they set the first string of sluices ever used in Montana and began to mine by the old pick and shovel process.

In '61 the Stuarts had written to their brother Thomas, who was in Colorado Territory, to come out here, as they thought this a better and richer country than that, which opinion, by the way, they have seen no reason to change and still adhere to. Thomas showed the letters to many friends of his and the result was that quite a number left there in the spring of '62 for Deer Lodge. The first of these, a party of twelve, arrived at Pioneer about the 20th of June, and among them was J. M. Bozeman, who was murdered by the Indians on the Yellowstone in 1867 and after whom the flourishing town of Bozeman in the Gallatin valley was named. The party found good prospects in a branch of Benetsee or Gold creek as it now began to be called, which branch took the name of Pike's Peak gulch from the fact of the discoverers being from Pike's Peak, as Colorado was then generally called. Other parties also began to straggle in from Pike's Peak and Utah, and about the 29th of June Sam'l T. Hauser, Frank Louthan and —— Alt arrived, being the advance guard of a number who came up on the steamer from St. Louis, and who were on their way to Florence, in the Salmon river mines, not having heard of the discoveries at Gold creek, where, however, many of them stopped and are now among our oldest and most respected citizens.

Speaking of Florence City brings to mind an interesting relic of early days in that rich and nearly inaccessible mining camp of a bill of goods bought there in the spring of 1862 by a miner who afterwards came to Bannack City, and from whom the writer procured it as worthy of preservation. Here it is *verbatim*.



## BILL OF PROVISIONS.

100 lbs. beans @ \$1 25	.....	\$125 00
300 " flour @ 1 00	.....	300 00
11 " coffee @ 1 25	.....	13 75
300 " beef @ 25	.....	75 00
9 " beans	.....	9 50
3 sks. salt @ 4 00, (5 lbs. each)	.....	12 00
1 bar soap	.....	3 00
6 lbs. nails @ 1 00	.....	6 00
10 " sugar @ 1 50	.....	15 00
25 " bacon @ 1 25	.....	31 25
1 paper saleratus	.....	6 00
Paid	.....	\$596 50

This might strike the pampered dwellers in Eastern cities as being rather high living for a new country, and it does seem that way: but provisions came near reaching as giddy an altitude at Virginia City in the spring of 1865, and in fact flour surpassed it, being held at \$145 per 100 pounds just prior to the flour riot which broke up the combination. Other necessaries, however, were not up to the Florence bill, although they were high enough to give one's purse the "sweeney" in about five minutes.

But to return to those who came up the Missouri river. About the middle of July one of this party named Hurlbut (against whom a slight prejudice existed because his partner was a big negro, with whom he ate and slept) discovered the Prickly Pear diggings where the town of Montana was afterwards built: another party led by John W. Powell discovered the "Old Bar" on North Boulder, and almost simultaneously the mines at Bannack City were struck by John White and party, and the diggings on the head of the North Fork of Big Hole river by Jack Slack and party. The mines on Willard's creek, (which was named Grasshopper creek by many who knew not the name given it by Lewis and Clarke in 1805), proved the richest of any of the first discoveries, and Bannack City (or East Bannack as it was soon called to distinguish it from another Bannack City, that sprung up about the same time in Boise Basin, and which, for the same reason, was called West Bannack) soon overshadowed the other incipient cities, and during the winter of 1862 had a population of some 400 souls and became the center of the population, wealth, and beauty of the country, although it was then in Dakota, while Deer Lodge was in Washington Territory.

In the summer of 1863 the famous Alder gulch was struck and the people flocked to it from every quarter, since which time our mining history is known to all.

To return to Deer Lodge county. The first house in it was built in 1859 by John F. Grant at the mouth of Little Blackfoot creek, and the first houses built at Deer Lodge city were erected in October, 1860, by Thomas Lavatta and Joe Hill, while in November the Stuarts and Anderson built at the mouth of Gold creek, and in December or January Robert Dempsey built on the present Dunkelburg ranch, six miles below Gold creek. Each of these places became the nucleus of a small village. Dempsey's was soon known as Dublin, the Stuart's as American Fork.

and Grant's as Grantville, while Deer Lodge was sometimes called Cottonwood and sometimes Spanish Fork. In the summer of 1863 Grant moved up to Cottonwood and Grantville became deserted; and after the discovery of Alder gulch the Stuarts and most of the residents of American Fork moved to Virginia City, and that village, too, lost prestige and has finally become extinct. Dempsey and retainers also raised camp and went to the "Pah-sam-er-ri," or "Water of the Cottonwood Groves," as the Snake Indians called the Stinkingwater river, and Dublin, too, was left unto itself desolate.

During the summer of 1862 Capt. Joseph La Barge, of St. Louis, who had started an opposition fort at Fort Benton, came over to Cottonwood and was so much pleased with the place that he talked of removing his establishment from Fort Benton and bringing it here. Thereupon the citizens of Cottonwood had a town a mile square laid out and named it La Barge City, under which name it appears on many maps of Montana even to this day. The village of American Fork, which hung a horse thief in July, 1862, also figured for years on the maps as Hangtown, although never known by that name in its vicinity. Cottonwood did not go into a decline as the surrounding villages had done, but gradually increased in population and wealth until 1864, when a disposition being shown by many to ignore the survey of the town and build in the streets and wherever else they chose, James Stuart, in connection with some of the principal citizens, organized a townsite company for the purpose of having the place built in proper shape and employed Col. W. W. DeLacy to resurvey and carefully plat it, rechristening it by its present title of Deer Lodge.

As before stated the county was created by the First Montana Legislature, February 2d, 1865, and Governor Sidney Edgerton shortly after appointed George Searie, J. W. Burnside and Joseph A. Clarke as the first board of county commissioners. The county seat was then located at Silver Bow City, which was then a thriving little town outnumbering Deer Lodge in population, but it soon began to decline, and Ophir, Snow Shoe, Jefferson, Washington, Bear and Elk gulches being struck, the majority of the population shifted to the other end of the county, and in 1866 the county seat was removed to Deer Lodge City—the townsite company donating the blocks where the court house and jail now stand, although they were not erected until 1868. Occupying a noble site and being well laid out, Deer Lodge is the most beautiful town in the Territory, if not in the entire Rocky Mountains, and that its citizens are patriotic, the magnificent display of to-day bears witness.

Prior to the last session of the Legislature, which ceded that part of the county east of the Rocky Mountains to Choteau county, Deer Lodge was truly a princely domain. It was about 250 miles long, from north to south, and about 75 miles wide. It extended from north latitude 45 degrees 40 minutes to latitude 49 degrees and lies between the 112th and 114th meridians west. It contained 14,625 square miles, or 9,360,000 acres, and was larger than either Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Delaware, Maryland or New Jersey. It was also larger than the Kingdom of Belgium, which has a population of 4,350,000; and larger than Hanover, which has a population of 1,759,440, and about five-sixths as large as Switzerland, which contains 2,372,920

souls, while Deer Lodge county has about 4,600 inhabitants, or about three to the square mile. About one-fourth of the county is plains or undulating land, so called in contradistinction to the mountains, and three-fourths are mountains, but there is very little worthless land, the only part that could properly be called such being that part of the mountains above the timber line, all the rest being covered with either timber or a rich growth of nutritious grasses. About one-fourth of the county is timbered land and three-fourths are adapted to grazing. About one-eighth of the latter is also good agricultural land, the soil being of unsurpassed fertility. Streams are numerous, although owing to the great altitude none navigable. The drainage is perfect—a stream running through the center of every valley, into which flow numerous ice-cold creeks from the mountains on either side. The valleys are long and narrow, sloping from each side to the center, and are equal in beauty to the Happy Valley described in Johnson's "Rasselas."

The Rocky Mountains bend around and enclose the county on the south, east and northeast, and except west of the Deer Lodge pass, where they rise in broken, jagged, and almost inaccessible peaks, they are usually of rounded outlines and well timbered, rarely rising above timber line. Deer Lodge City is 4,545 feet above the sea and the general average of the valley is 4,600 feet: yet such is the mildness of the climate that snow enough for sleighing only falls about one winter in three. Big Blackfoot valley lies at an altitude of about 4,800 feet: Flint Creek valley, about 4,300 feet: Deer Lodge pass, 5,300 feet: Pipestone pass, estimated at 5,600 feet: Park or Butte pass, estimated at 5,650 feet: Dry Cottonwood pass, estimated at 6,200 feet: Mullan's pass, between Deer Lodge and Helena, 5,980 feet: McClellan pass, 6,000 feet: Cadotte's pass, 6,167 feet, and Lewis and Clarke pass, 6,536 feet, showing a gradual rise in the height of the range from Deer Lodge pass northwestward.

As this sketch has grown too long I will conclude by saying that with our best and incalculable natural wealth in mines of gold, silver, copper, iron and coal, combined with scenery of such beauty, and a climate of such unrivalled healthfulness, the imagination can scarcely conceive the glorious future of our own loved Montana, and Deer Lodge county in particular, ere the coming of the next Centennial year.

# HISTORICAL SKETCH

BOZEMAN, GALLATIN VALLEY AND BOZEMAN PASS.

BY

PETER KOCH.

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The American continent may be old geologically, but historically it is very young, and the very youngest portion of it is the northern Rocky Mountain region, of which our State of Montana forms a part. Our mountains have reared their heads for untold ages. Frost and rain, sun and wind have riven their rocky sides, shaped their sharp pinnacles and framed their bold buttresses. Glaciers and mountain torrents have carved the mighty canyons and worn the wide valleys from the solid rock. Generations after generations of men may have lived and died in these valleys, where our homes now stand. Civilization may have flourished in the palm forests along the shore of that great lake, which we know once extended, where the Yellowstone and Musselshell rivers now flow; but if so, they have all perished unknown. We dig into the rocks, and in the shells and bones and leaves which we find, we read dimly the wonderful changes of the past, but not a vestige remains by which we can read even a single page in the past human history of these regions. Here all is utter darkness.

Although we have a single glimpse of the Rocky Mountains in the middle of the eighteenth century, yet we may say that the history of what is now Montana, goes back less than ninety years, or in other words, to the time when Montana as a part of that immense province, known as Louisiana, became a part of the United States. Spain, France and England had all advanced shadowy claims to this region, and none of them had ever taken a single step towards ascertaining what kind of a country they were claiming. But now through Jefferson's Louisiana purchase, the French and Spanish claims were vested in the United States, and the ownership of that country has never since been seriously disputed, at least to that part of Montana lying east of the Rocky Mountains. The history of Montana may therefore be said to begin with its acquisition by the United States, and even then for more than fifty years we get only a glimpse here and there. The extent of this country is great. Its rolling table-lands are so broad; its fertile valleys so many and wide; its mountain wildernesses so vast, that what little history there is, is hardly enough to go around, and as a consequence there are many localities of which we hear little or nothing. But on the other

hand the geographical conditions are such that there are a few places towards which everything seems to converge. There are but few natural highways across the mountain ranges, and this is more especially the case with the Belt Mountains, along the east bank of the Missouri. All travel from central to eastern Montana must cross these mountains, and as the natural highway across the center of the plains country of the latter is up the Yellowstone valley, the pass across which the travel by this highway must go has naturally played an important part in a history which is mainly a record of travel and traffic. This pass is the Bozeman, or as it was formerly called, the Yellowstone pass.

About a mile south of Bozeman a trail runs across the prairie. Many of you may have noticed it, for you cannot reach the foot of the mountains to the south without crossing it. It is formed by the junction of two trails, one coming from Three Forks, the other from the West Gallatin canyon. It traverses the valley in an easterly course, striking almost a bee line for the Bozeman pass and across to the great bend of the Yellowstone. It crosses the streams by the best fords, ascends and descends table-lands and mountains by the most favorable ridges and ravines. Across stony bottoms it is barely discernible, but conspicuous and deeply worn on the loose, porous soil of the prairie. There may be other trails in the state, which have been trod oftener by the feet of the Indians, such as the Blackfoot trails, converging at the Three Forks of the Missouri, or the great lodge-pole trails, traversing the forests and prairies of the Big Blackfoot river in Deer Lodge county, but I doubt whether there is another trail so intimately connected with that part of Montana's early history in which white men have had a share.

Of the early Indian history we know but little; but as far back as we have any knowledge the Indians of the upper Columbia were in the habit of crossing over into the Yellowstone or Musselshell country on their buffalo hunts, and their annual trips were usually made through the Gallatin valley and across the Bozeman pass. While herds of buffalo descended into the plains of the Columbia in the early part of this century, this was something unusual, and the Indians thought it due to their being hunted by the white trappers. From time immemorial the Nez Perces and Flatheads have been compelled to resort to the waters of the Missouri or the Colorado for their supplies of robes and dried meat.

In the very earliest account we have of a trip across the northern Rocky Mountains, that of the renowned Yazoo Indian, who to satisfy his thirst for knowledge explored the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific about the beginning of the last century, we learn that he met at the base of the Rocky Mountains a band of Columbia river Indians, the Otters, who were on their way to the plains of the Missouri on a buffalo hunt. On Lewis and Clark's map the Big Blackfoot is called "The River of the Road to Buffalo," because the Indians ascended the main range by the valley of that stream.

The Gallatin valley itself has not been the permanent abode of any tribe of Indians since the beginning of this century. It has been debatable ground, claimed by the Blackfeet, those Ishmaelites of the plains, whose hands were against everyone, and the hands of everyone against them; but really a common fighting ground for all the surrounding tribes. Hunting and fighting parties of the Crows, the Blackfeet, the

Bannacks, the Nez Percés, the Flatheads, the Snakes, traversed it constantly on their way to the hunting grounds of the Yellowstone or the trapping grounds of the Snake river plains; but none of the tribes made their home here, since white men have been in the country. That there has been, some time during past ages, at least one permanent village in the valley is evident from an extensive kitchen midden found on the west side of Middle creek, just where the trail crosses that stream. This kitchen midden consists of a vast accumulation of buffalo bones and other remains, in places several feet deep, and one may even now dig up bundles of buffalo hair, evidently scraped from the hides by the squaws, when dressing lodge skins. Arrow heads and other implements are also found among the bones.

But except in the most general way we know really nothing about the history and movements of the aboriginal inhabitants of the mountains and plains of Montana prior to this century. Our pass may have been trod by the Aztecs on their way to build up the kingdoms of Mexico and Central America. It may have been the highway, across which traveled the Asiatic hordes, who first peopled this continent, on their way towards the Atlantic. These things may be, but all we know is that it must have been trod by the hoof of many an Indian pony and by the moccasin of many an Indian man and woman, before the trail could be worn into the soil as deeply as it is to this day. The first white man to stand upon the Rocky Mountains within the present limits of Montana, was a Canadian Frenchman. It is somewhat remarkable that the English colonists of America have never shown much enterprise in exploring the country which lay beyond their settlements, while the French priests and fur traders in the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century seemed indefatigable in their efforts to penetrate and explore the unknown wilds of the central part of the continent. One of the most daring of these traders was the *Sieur de la Verendrye*, who between the years 1730-1744 gradually pushed his way westward up the Missouri. He had a definite object in view: that of discovering a practicable route to the western sea; but he was never to reach this goal. The particular expedition with which we are most concerned was led by his brother and son. Unfortunately the details of their journey are very meagre, and as many of the Indian names used by them cannot now be identified, it is impossible to locate their route accurately. So much we know that they reached the Rocky Mountains on January 1, 1743, passed up the Missouri past the falls, and ascended the mountains on January 12. Thence they made their way into the Yellowstone country and spent a year wandering through that section, visiting the Snake Indians and returning to the upper Missouri in May, 1744, whence they made their way back to the French outposts at the Lake of the Woods.

By what route they crossed the Belt mountains it is of course impossible to say. But it is fair to presume that as it was midwinter they continued up the Missouri to the Forks, and thence by the low Bozeman pass crossed the divide to the Yellowstone. At least until there is evidence to the contrary I shall always like to believe that the first white man who visited our state used that same gateway which has been the principal thoroughfare between central and eastern Montana ever since.

But Verendrye's discoveries bore no fruit and were almost forgotten.

Soon both England and France were completely engrossed in the final struggle for the dominion of North America. And barely had England secured the prize, before the fairest part of it was torn from her grasp. As soon as the United States, through the Louisiana purchase, had acquired the ownership of the Missouri country, Jefferson took immediate steps to have it explored. It is needless here to relate the history of Lewis and Clark's famous journey. It is probably familiar to all of you, and I shall dwell on that part only immediately relating to our subject.

After wintering at the mouth of the Columbia the party separated at the mouth of the Lo Lo Fork. Capt. Lewis ascended the Big Blackfoot, while Capt. Clark retraced the route of the previous year up the Bitter Root and down the Jefferson to the Three Forks, entering the Gallatin valley on July 13, 1806. Clark speaks of several great roads intersecting the valley, all leading to a gap in the mountains about twenty miles distant. This was Bozeman pass, and towards it the party made its way. Their description of the East Gallatin and the junction of what is now Bridger and Sour Dough creeks is very plain. They must have passed within the city limits of Bozeman and camped near Fort Ellis on the night of the 14th. The next day they followed the trail over the range to the Yellowstone, where they made canoes and descended that river to its junction with the Missouri.

A member of Lewis and Clark's expedition by the name of Colter returned to the Rocky mountains with a band of trappers, even before the expedition had reached St. Louis. On the maps which accompanied Lewis and Clark's report, when it was finally published, is laid down a dotted line, marked Colter's track. This leads around the Yellowstone lake, then called Eustis, and near what is now known as Sulphur mountain, we read the legend: "Hot Springs—Sulphur." This shows Colter to have been the first white man to visit the geyser region; but we have unfortunately no record of his travels except an account of a single adventure which connects his history with the Bozeman pass. This was related by himself to an English traveler, Bradbury, who traveled up the Missouri with one of the parties bound for Astoria in 1810, and in his book it is found.

Colter and a companion were trapping on the lower Jefferson, when they were surprised by the Blackfeet and his companion killed. Colter himself was taken prisoner; but the Indians determined to have some sport out of him, stripped him and told him to run for his life. It was a race for life indeed; barefooted, naked, across a flat covered with prickly pears and with four or five hundred swift Indian runners behind him. It must have seemed hardly worth while making the effort. But Colter was remarkably swift of foot, and no true American trapper ever thought of giving up, as long as life was left. The terrible war whoops behind him acted as a spur, and with the speed of an antelope he bounded across the valley. The plain stretched six miles to the Jefferson, and Colter had almost reached the river, when he exerted himself to such a degree that the blood rushed from his nose and mouth. Just then he heard steps behind him and looking back saw only a single Indian close to him and just ready to throw a spear at him. Turning suddenly Colter's frightful appearance, all covered with blood, so surprised the Indian that he made a false step, stumbled and fell. As he fell, Colter seized his

spear and pinned him to the ground. He then resumed his flight, reached the river, threw himself in and swam to an island in the middle of the stream. Here he found a raft of driftwood and, diving, succeeded in hiding under it with his head above water between the logs. Here he lay all day, while the Indians searched for him all over the island, so close to him that he could frequently hear their voices and steps. Finally they gave up their search, and diving from his raft Colter swam across the river.

Here he was, escaped indeed from the most pressing danger, but naked, weary, hungry, footsore, defenseless, with no possible assistance nearer than the mouth of the Big Horn, his case must have been desperate indeed. Still with indomitable energy on he toiled through Gallatin valley, across the Bozeman pass, wearily dragging himself across the mountains to the Yellowstone. Still he kept on, sustaining life on edible roots, and finally reached the fort of Emmanuel Lisa, at the confluence of the Big Horn with the Yellowstone. This Lisa was a Spanish merchant from St. Louis. He had long been engaged in trading with the upper Mississippi Indians, when the return of Lewis and Clark to St. Louis in September, 1806, created the most intense excitement in that frontier village.

St. Louis had then less than 1,500 inhabitants; but it was already headquarters for the western fur trade, and its yearly shipment of furs exceeded in value \$200,000. Its inhabitants were mostly a mongrel race, about equally of Spanish, French and Indian descent, with a slight admixture of Anglo-Saxon, mostly Kentuckians and other western adventurers. But, although no steamboat had yet landed at its wharves, giving augury of its future greatness, yet there were a number of French and Spanish merchants in the town who were always on the outlook for fresh fields into which to extend the profitable fur trade, and who did not fear to embark their fortunes in any enterprise which promised heavy gains, although proportionate risks, by sending their wares thousands of miles into the wilderness, whither they could be transported only on pack horses or in barges, slowly and laboriously cordelled against the current of the muddy Missouri or the impetuous Yellowstone.

Among these men the return of Lewis and Clark's expedition created the most intense excitement. They had been looking longingly towards the unknown Northwest for an extension of their trade and had made slow advances up the Missouri; but now they received news all at once of the wonderful Rocky mountain country with its thousands of streams, alive with the precious beaver and promising a fortune to those whose hearts were bold and whose arms were strong enough to seize it. It is true that the travelers had also tales to tell of bloodthirsty Blackfeet and treacherous Crows; but who would stop to consider that, when the road through those tribes led to a sure fortune?

In British North America the fur traders had already penetrated to the Pacific; but in the United States the fur trade of the great West may be said to have come into existence as the direct result of the explorations of Lewis and Clark. During the French dominion in Canada the fur trade was largely carried on by the so-called "couriers du bois" or rangers of the woods. The character of these men was something like that of the independent American trapper, but with one important ex-



ception: Wherever the Anglo-Saxon has come into contact with savage races he has with rare individual exceptions kept aloof from them. He has subdued them with a strong hand, but has never mixed with them. The French, on the other hand, have hailed the savage as brothers, have adapted themselves to their modes of life and have too often sunk to their level. In many cases these "couriers du bois" became mere Indians, and their half-breed children were merged into their mother's tribe.

But when the reign of the French fell with Montcalm on the heights of Abraham, a different system took the place of the former independent traffic. Within a few years sprang up the great monopoly of the famous Northwest Co. The leaders in this great establishment were nearly all English and Scotch, and the French were reduced to mere subordinates. This position was at first rather hard for them to accept; but they became soon reconciled to it and looked upon the Northwesters as the very lords of creation. From trappers and traders they became boatmen, and the Canadian voyageurs, as they were called, acquired soon a world-wide reputation as faithful, skillful and untiring managers of their frail birch bark canoes, a reputation which they have so well retained to this day, that when Lord Wolseley a few years ago started on his expedition up the Nile for the relief of Gen. Gordon, a special requisition was made for several hundred Canadian boatmen to help take his barges up the Nile.

In British America the white men were mere traders. They had fixed establishments all along that wonderful system of waterways up and down which they poled and paddled their canoes throughout the length and breadth of the land, to the Rocky Mountains and Pacific in the west, and to the very shores of the Arctic on the north. They called themselves proudly the "Men of the North" and looked down with contempt on all "pork eaters," as they nick-named those who were accustomed to a more civilized diet than they could enjoy in the frozen north. As a body they were wonderfully organized and well nigh irresistible, as Astor found to his cost; but except a few of the leaders they were individually far inferior in spirit and individual enterprise to the free Anglo-Saxon traders and trappers of the Rocky Mountains.

In the palmy days of the American fur trade, but a small portion of the furs were obtained from the Indians. The beaver were mostly taken by white trappers, and as few of the Mountain streams were navigable, these trappers were not boatmen, but horsemen, a difference in their mode of life, which of itself had a tendency to make them more free and independent in the actions and manners, than if they had been confined day after day in cramped positions in canoes, as were their brethren of Canada.

But we must return to St. Louis.

Early in 1807, Emmanuel Lisa, with a large party, ascended the Missouri and Yellowstone and built a trading post on the latter river, at the mouth of the Big Horn, which was kept up a number of years and became known throughout the Northwest as "Manuel Lisa's Fort." But Lisa wished to extend the scope of his operations still further west, and returning to St. Louis he with eleven others formed the Missouri Fur Co., with a capital of \$40,000, and the year 1809 found him again ascending the Yellowstone. Crossing the Bozeman Pass he established a post at the Three Forks of the Missouri. Twenty years ago I saw the remains

of his stockade on the banks of the Madison, but I believe they have now been washed away by the encroachments of the river.

This was a very favorable point, as many trails converged here from all points of the compass; but its drawbacks were still greater, for past it led the high road which the Blackfoot war parties traveled on their forays against the Shoshones, Bannacks and Crows. This region was debatable ground. War parties of all the surrounding tribes scoured it, and although the Blackfeet claimed it and were the constant scourge and dread of the neighboring tribes and the white trappers (as they were within our own memory, of the first miners and farmers of Montana), yet their real home lay farther north on the Marias and Teton. But they came too often for the success of Manuel Lisa. His stock was stolen, his hunting and trapping parties harassed and killed, and even the fort itself attacked. The enterprise proved a failure. Lisa himself with the greater number of his men went down the Missouri with their small collection of furs, leaving his associate, Henry, to hold the fort. But it soon became untenable, and to save the lives of himself and his men, Henry was forced to abandon it and retreat up the Madison and across the mountains to Snake river. Here he built the first American trading post on the Pacific slope, and his name is deservedly perpetuated in Henry's lake and Henry's fork of Snake river. And thus the first attempt to settle the Gallatin valley, eighty years ago, proved abortive.

The next thirty years were the golden age of the Rocky mountain fur trade. The Missouri, the American, the Rocky Mountain and other fur companies held sway in the mountains and on the plains. Few permanent posts were established, except on the Missouri, the lower Yellowstone and the Arkansas, whence regular communication by water might be kept up with St. Louis, which continued headquarters of the trade. By far the larger number of traders and trappers had no fixed abode, but roamed on horseback up and down the land and met only at the yearly rendezvous, which was usually either on Green river or at different points on Snake river, such as Pierre's and Jackson's holes on either side of the Tetons, or at Market lake on the old road to Corinne. Bands of trappers penetrated everywhere. There is not a stream in Montana on which they did not set their beaver traps from its source to its mouth; but while exploring every nook and every corner of the land, they had their favorite trails by which they traveled to and from their trapping grounds, when on their way to the rendezvous to dispose of the year's spoils, or returning from it, outfitted for a fresh campaign. One of these trails led up Henry's fork of Snake river, past Henry's lake, across the Rocky Mountains to the upper Madison basin, thence to the head waters of the West Gallatin and down this stream through its wonderful canyon to the Gallatin valley, past the present site of Bozeman over the Bozeman Pass to the Yellowstone.

Hundreds of trappers must have passed yearly within sight of our homes, although there are few definite records of the trips of the various bands. They were men of the rifle and the knife, not of the pen, and it is by a rare chance that we find the adventures of a few of them immortalized in the glowing pages of Washington Irving, when he follows the wanderings of a Bonneville or details the sufferings of a Hunt on his journey from St. Louis to Astoria. How we should treasure it

now, if we knew the wonderful adventures which must have happened to these rovers along the banks of our familiar streams. Doubtless the waters of all of them have been reddened many a time by their blood. Many a band has probably camped on this very creek and concealed themselves from the lurking Blackfeet in the thicket which a few years ago covered the ground, on which some of the stateliest buildings of Bozeman now stand.

As Irving says, it is difficult to do justice to the courage, fortitude and perseverance of the pioneers of the fur trade who first broke their way through a wilderness of dreary and desolate mountains and barren and trackless wastes. They knew nothing of the country which lay beyond them. They beheld volcanic plains stretched around them and ranges of mountains piled to the clouds and glistening with eternal ice, but knew nothing of their passes and defiles. They launched themselves in frail canoes and skin boats on rivers, without knowing whither their swift currents would carry them, or what moment sunken rocks or waterfalls might arrest their course forever. And in addition to all these dangers from an unknown and savage country, they must be constantly on the alert against hidden and savage human enemies, which beset every defile, laid ambuscades along their trail or attacked them in their night encampments, so that of the hardy bands of trappers which entered these regions, three-fifths are said to have fallen in a few years by the hands of savage foes.

Capt. Bonneville, who spent several years among them, speaks in the highest terms of the wonderful courage and endurance of the mountaineers of that time. No toil, no danger, no privation can turn the trapper from his pursuit. His passionate excitement at times resembles a mania. In vain may the most vigilant and cruel savages beset his path; in vain may rocks and precipices and wintry torrents oppose his progress. Let but a single sign of beaver meet his eye, and he forgets all danger and defies all difficulties. At times he may be seen with his traps on his shoulder, buffeting his way across rapid streams, amidst floating blocks of ice. At other times he is to be found with his traps swung on his back, clambering along the most rugged mountains, scaling or descending the most frightful precipices, searching, by route inaccessible to horse, and never before trodden by white men, for springs and lakes unknown to his comrades, and where he may meet with his favorite game.

Such was the life of the trapper in "those brave days of old," but the very intensity and energy of his life brought it to an end in a few years. It was all dependent on that little industrious animal, the beaver. Gradually the beaver were trapped out, the fur became less valuable, the competition between the different trading companies became ruinously keen, and in 1838 the last regular rendezvous was held on Green river. The glory of the trapper had departed. Some returned to their old eastern homes; some joined the tide of immigration setting towards the Pacific; some became mere squaw men, joined and intermarried with the Indians, adopting their mode of life and sinking to their level; some few clung to their old haunts, but became usually moody, misanthropic creatures who alone, or with a single companion, wandered along the well-known streams and mountains, formerly so full of stirring, active life—now lonely and deserted, finding early and unknown graves—killed by bloodthirsty Blackfeet or skulking Crows.

During the next twenty-five years the feet of few white men trod the Bozeman pass. Bridger, Kit Carson and a few others, who were still left to haunt their old trapping grounds, may have crossed it; but we have no record of life in this vicinity during that time. One important government expedition entered the Gallatin valley, that of Capt. Reynolds in 1860; but although Lieut. Maynadier crossed the range between the Yellowstone and the Gallatin twice in that year, he entered our valley by the Flathead, or, as he called it, the Blackfoot pass, and left it by way of Bridger and Brackett creek, so that the Bozeman pass was left untrodden. The great emigration to the Pacific went far south of us up the Platte and across the Rocky mountains by the South pass, while the fur trade was confined to the Missouri and the lower Yellowstone rivers, so that what is now central Montana bid fair to relapse entirely into its old condition of a battle ground for Indian tribes.

But a change was at hand. For some time the motto of the westward bound throng had been "Pike's Peak or bust." Many of them had accepted both alternatives: had reached Pike's Peak only to find themselves "busted." Then arose the cry of wonderful gold fields far north, and as the locality was distant and the country unknown, all the elements were present for a great stampede. In 1861-2 the great rush was for the Bannack country, and for those shores "where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save his own dashings." As usual every camp was soon filled with restless, discontented men, never satisfied, and ready, on the strength of the merest rumor, to leave well-paying ground for still richer diggings in some new place. You might put a genuine forty-niner down in Ophir itself, and if he should hear that somebody had struck a new gulch in further Ind. he would shoulder his pick and shovel, and with his blankets on his back, start on the stampede. But we owe much to this restlessness. The prospector was a genuine descendant of the trapper. Looking for gold, and later for silver, he has hunted the Rockies through with wonderful energy and daring. Deep ravines, arctic cold, yawning precipices, blood-thirsty Indians, all did he defy in his eager search for the Eldorado. Go where you will in Montana to-day, climb to the highest mountain basins, scale the rocky walls to the farthest sources of the streams, penetrate the deepest defiles and the darkest canyons, everywhere you will find holes dug in the gravel bars and in the creek bottoms. The prospector has been there before you, panning the gravel for a color.

But now

"I hear the tread of pioneers—  
Of nations yet to be;  
The first low wash of waves where soon  
Shall roll a human sea."

A different class of men were now pouring across the Bozeman Pass into the Gallatin valley. The trappers had been the first pioneers, it is true, but, like the wind, they had come and gone, and left no trace behind. Those who now came were no ways behind the early mountaineers in courage and enterprise, but they came with a different purpose.

"They crossed the prairie as of old  
The pilgrims crossed the sea,  
To make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free."

They carried the rifle in one hand, but in the other they bore the spade and the school book. They came with their wives and children, not less brave and enduring than their husbands and fathers, to make themselves homes, to build schools and churches, to lay the foundation for a new state. They are the real, true pioneers of Montana, for with them only came permanency, with them only began the growth of Montana as a commonwealth.

In the winter of 1862-3 two men, John M. Bozeman and John M. Jacobs, left Bannack for the states with the idea of looking out a shorter route for emigrants than the roundabout one, up the Platte. They were set afoot by the Sioux on Powder river and nearly starved, being reduced to a diet of grasshoppers, but made their way, finally, to Missouri. They started back immediately to guide a train through by the new road. Meeting hostile Indians, they were turned back and compelled to come by the way of Lander's cut-off and Snake river. Bozeman himself went back to Missouri and succeeded in getting a large train to follow him in 1864. His route lay between the Black Hills and Wind river mountains, leaving the latter to the west and south. Bridger was also taking a train through by his new road west of the Wind River mountains and down Clark's Fork and had denounced Bozeman's road as impracticable. But although Bridger had several weeks' start and reached the Yellowstone first, his road into Gallatin valley up Shield's river and Brackett creek and down Bridger Creek was so circuitous that Bozeman reached the valley ahead of him, but lingering there Bridger overtook him, and they raced their trains from the West Gallatin into Virginia, reaching that place within a few hours of each other.

In 1863 Gallatin City was laid out by certain enterprising Missourians who expected it to prove the head of navigation on the Missouri, forgetting that there was a slight obstruction below in the shape of tremendous falls. After receiving a few lessons in geography most of them abandoned the location.

In 1864 the first house was built in Bozeman, occupying a part of the site now covered by "The Bozeman." During the two following years the principal immigration into Montana was by the Bozeman road and across the Bozeman pass, and many of our leading citizens came over the road in those years and could doubtless tell many a moving tale of accident by flood and field during their long overland journey. Forts Reno, Phil Kearney and C. F. Smith were built by the government to protect the trains on this road; but on December 21, 1866, the Fort Phil Kearney massacre took place, and with characteristic pusillanimity the government ordered all the forts abandoned and the road closed to travel.

The next April Bozeman and Tom Coover started across our pass down the Yellowstone. They stopped at Story's cattle camp near Benson's landing. While there five Indians drove off a lot of horses. Mitz Buoyer and another man followed them and recovered all but one pony. The next morning Bozeman and Coover went on, crossed the Yellowstone and camped for dinner on a little creek a few miles below the old Crow agency. While cooking dinner five Indians came towards them, leading the very horses stolen at Story's camp the day before. Mistaking them for Crows they permitted them to come up and gave them some dinner; but becoming suspicious, Coover went to saddle the horses, leav-

ing his gun. Suddenly two of them shot Bozeman through the body and then ran off after shooting at Coover, grazing his shoulder only. Coover rushed for his camp, seized his Henry rifle and hid in a clump of choke-cherry bushes near by. The Indians returned, took the horses and blankets, but left the saddles and provisions and did not scalp Bozeman. It was shown later that the Indians were Blackfeet, fugitives from their own tribe for killing a chief, and then living with the Crows. Coover wandered around all night, half dazed with fright, and finally reached Story's camp the next morning. A few days later Story and others went down and buried Bozeman where he was killed. In 1869 Major Camp brought his body to Bozeman and had it buried in our grave-yard on the bluff, where Nelson Story some years ago erected a handsome monument over his grave.

There he rests, on the hill yonder, in sight of Bozeman, deservedly named after him. He and Bridger were the pioneers in opening eastern Montana to the white men, and it is fitting that our city of Bozeman and the peak and creek of Bridger should stand here as their monuments. Bridger was a typical mountaineer. He knew the Rocky mountains as we know the streets of Bozeman. Rather than have his name remembered by anything that was the work of man, he would have preferred himself that his monument should be that peak which will lift its dome yonder to that day when the mountains shall be leveled, and that creek which will wind through its meadows and rush foaming down its rocky bed as long as snow melts and springs well from the earth.

Tom Coover escaped only to find not many years ago a lonely, lingering death from hunger and thirst in the Mojave sand deserts of Arizona. The same year 1867, Fort Ellis was established, and the valiant Montana militia held a summer's picnic at the mouth of Shields river. The Bozeman Pass was the front gate, leading to the settlements of Montana, and it was now as effectually closed as if it had been locked and barred. All entrance into Montana was for many long years to be through the side doors via Fort Benton and Pleasant Valley. This was a severe blow to Bozeman, standing on guard just beyond this main entrance, and as long as these conditions lasted, it was doomed to remain a frontier village. The pass was traveled, of course, but only by teams carrying supplies to the Crow Indians, or by those few trappers and wolfers who continued to haunt the Yellowstone in spite of hostile Sioux and the interdict of the government.

But the people of Gallatin Valley were restless under this restraint. The Yellowstone country was a forbidden land, imperfectly known; but for that very reason the lively frontier imagination invested it with all possible, and well nigh all impossible, attractions. In 1862-3 several adventurous prospecting parties had forced their way into it, but had never found any great promise of precious metals. But in spite of this all kinds of stories were current of the lost cabin lode and of gold nuggets brought in by the Indians, and the absurdest rumors were readily believed.

Finally in 1871-2 Northern Pacific surveying parties ran lines across the Bozeman Pass and down the Yellowstone, and we all believed that now surely the time had come, when our front door was to be swung wide open, and we were to roam along the Yellowstone at will. But again we

were doomed to disappointment. Once more the gate was to be locked and Bozeman thrown back upon herself. This time, however, it was too much. The people of Gallatin county made up their minds that the gods help those who help themselves, and they resolved that, come what will, eastern Montana must be opened to white men. And bravely they did their part. Our citizens drove the entering wedge, and the Yellowstone expedition, and especially the establishment of Fort Pease were among the leading causes, which led to the fatal battle field of the Little Horn and the final overthrow of Sitting Bull. Throughout American history and especially in the opening and settlement of the West it is very noteworthy, that the people lead, the government and its soldiers follow. Fremont is called the great pathfinder of the Rocky Mountains, and yet nearly all the paths which he "found" had been before trodden by the feet, not only of trapper and trader, but by those of the emigrant, and even of women and children. It was not the government which settled the vexed Oregon question. The people took it into their own hands. Dr. Whitman and the settlers of the Willamette settled it, and so with the Yellowstone question. The government held back as long as possible, and only when it became evident that the people of Montana were about to solve the question themselves, did the government and the army step in. I have no wish to belittle the work done by the army. It was not their fault that they were kept back so long. They had long burned to avenge the disgrace of the Phil Kearney massacre and they did their work at last nobly and well. The gallant Custer died not in vain. Like Arnold Winkelried of old, when he gathered the Austrian lances into his breast,

"Make way for liberty he cried,  
Made way for liberty and died!"

So the Indian arrows which pierced Custer's breast made Sitting Bull's doom irrevocable.

The names of Crook and Gibbon and Miles will always be household words in Montana. But when Gen. Brisbin seems to believe that the little garrison at Fort Pease was listening for his bugles, as the garrison of Lucknow listened for the pipes of Havelock, he was never more mistaken in his life. That garrison was ready to hold the fort much longer, and if not forced by Gen. Brisbin's orders to leave, Fort Pease would never have been surrendered.

During the next twelve years the history of the Bozeman pass is the history of the great, closing Indian campaigns, of the building of the Northern Pacific railroad, and the settlement of the Yellowstone valley. To tell it in detail would take volumes. To nearly all of you it is familiar. It is a story full of romance and heroism, and our children will be proud to say: "Our fathers took part in it." I will only dwell a moment on the building of the Northern Pacific railroad over this pass, because this may almost be said to have ended its history. You remember how high our hopes had been raised in 1872, and how these hopes were dashed to the ground by the great financial crisis. Disappointment, nay, almost despair, settled like a dark cloud over all Montana: but the spirits of our people are too elastic, our climate too invigorating, our undeveloped resources too great for this to last long. First one, then another shook off his lethargy, and before long all were working together

to show the world what Montana could do without outside help. The efforts of Gallatin county were directed mainly towards opening the Yellowstone country, with how much success we have already seen. Not longer ago than 1874 I had horses stolen by the Indians while grazing within a hundred yards of "The Bozeman," yet the same year our people were carrying the war into Africa by the so-called second Yellowstone expedition, which for skill and bravery stands unequalled by any other campaign in our western annals. The whole Sioux nation was successfully defied, but the expedition showed plainly that nothing permanent could be effected without a rallying point in the enemy's country. Hence the Fort Pease expedition which led to the long Sioux war and the opening of the country.

Now at last the road was clear, and as the financial horizon cleared at the same time, the Northern Pacific railroad pushed across to the Yellowstone and up that stream. But now came the most trying time of all. Would a more northern route be found preferable? At last the decision came in our favor, and we need not have been uneasy. Where buffalo and Indian trails cross a country, wagon roads and railroads are sure to follow them, when their time comes. Men were put to work to pierce the summit, over which we had traveled so often, and in mid winter the rails were laid over the mountain. Finally one day in March, 1883, we all made our way down into McAdow's field to see the iron horse enter Bozeman. But the work was not yet complete. The closing scene was enacted, when, on January 22, 1884, we steamed slowly through the Bozeman tunnel, with the old, worn trail hundreds of feet over our heads. From that day the Bozeman pass was no more. We had crossed it without passing over its summit. The railroad had broken down the barrier between the Gallatin valley and eastern Montana. What was once Bozeman pass is now simply the highest point on the Northern Pacific railroad. Not only was the gate wide open at last. It was completely torn away.

I know the Bozeman Pass well. I have toiled over it through the deep snows of winter and the bottomless mire of spring. I have crossed it when, dressed in all colors of the rainbow by its matchless flowers, or when ablaze with the russet and gold of its autumn woods. But I have never done so without feeling my heart stirred with the memories called up by the surroundings. Riding along the trail, the image would rise before me of Clark and his men reaching the summit and getting their first glimpse of the glorious Yellowstone Alps, and the glistening waters of the river; or of Colter, toiling over the trail, naked, weary, hungry, and yet with indomitable energy keeping on his almost hopeless way; or of the gay cavalcade of the trappers, careless and reckless of present and future danger, making their way to the hunting grounds; or of the lonely and silent hunter, left alone of all his gay company, but still clinging to his beloved mountains; or of the weary, travel-worn emigrant train, slowly toiling up the "big hill," from the summit of which they might look into the promised land. But now the images crowd too rapidly. Scarcely a grove, scarcely a point of rocks which has not its history. This pass has been bloody ground, but the blood which has sunk into its soil has helped to build up Montana.



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From this day our history will be a peaceful one, and to no one can this be more grateful than to the pioneers who are now reaping the fruit of their toil and sufferings.

There may be no special merit in being an old-timer, but the old-timers are bound together by ties which only death can sever, and our state owes them much. Their history is one to be cherished forever, for they laid the foundation on which we now are all building. And they laid this foundation well. It is broad and deep and strong. And should every mountain peak be consecrated as a monument to their energy and daring, yet their best and truest monument will ever be the great, the prosperous, the enlightened commonwealth of Montana.

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# JOURNAL OF JAMES H. BRADLEY

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## THE SIOUX CAMPAIGN OF 1876 UNDER THE COMMAND OF GENERAL JOHN GIBBON.

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PRECEDED BY A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF LIEUTENANT BRADLEY.

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Lieutenant James H. Bradley was born in Sandusky County, Ohio, on the twenty-fifth of May, 1844. In April, 1861, at the early age of seventeen years, he enlisted as a private in the 14th Ohio Volunteers, as a member of which regiment he took part in the actions at Philippi, Laurel Hill and Carrick's Ford, Virginia. After completing his term of service in the 14th he reenlisted, this time entering the 45th Ohio Volunteers in June, 1862, and was discharged as a Sergeant in July, 1865. During this period he was in action at Somers's, Monticello, and West Farms, Kentucky, and Philadelphia, E. Tennessee. He was taken prisoner in October, 1863, and held until March, 1864, when he rejoined his regiment and was engaged in the battles of Kenesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Jonesboro, Franklin and Nashville, and in the siege of Atlanta. He was appointed Second Lieutenant, 18th U. S. Infantry, on the twenty-third of February, 1866, and First Lieutenant the twenty-ninth day of July, 1866, and was transferred to the 7th U. S. Infantry, November twenty-eight, 1871.

While in the 18th Infantry, he was engaged against hostile Indians at Crazy Woman's Fork, in Wyoming. After joining the 7th Infantry, he was stationed at Forts Benton and Shaw, Montana, performing the usual routine duties of a frontier post. He was with the command of General Gibbon in the expedition against the hostile Sioux in 1876, and commanded a mounted detachment of the 7th Infantry during the campaign against the Nez Perce Indians in 1877; losing his life on the ninth of August while gallantly leading his detachment in the charge of the command against the camp of Chief Joseph and his band at the Big Hole, Montana.\* Lieutenant Bradley was married to Miss Mary Beech, the daughter of Doctor Beech, of Atlanta, Georgia, and at his death left two daughters. His widow yet resides in Atlanta.

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\* "The valiant band of regulars and volunteers who had been sent down the river under Lieutenant Bradley to strike the lower end of the camp, now turned and fought their way up through it; through the willow thickets; through the willow sloughs and bayous; through the windings of the river; killing an Indian and losing a man at every turn, and finally joined the command in the woods.

"But the gallant young leader of the band was not there. He had fallen early in the fight; in fact, the first white man killed. He was leading the left wing of the army in its assault on the camp. General Gibbon had cautioned him to exercise great care going into the brush at that point, and told him to keep under cover of the brush and river bank as much as possible, but the brave young man knew no fear and bade his men follow him. One of them called to him just as he was entering a thicket where a party of Indians were believed to be lurking, and said: 'Hold on, Lieutenant; don't go in there; it's sure death.' But he pressed on, regardless

It may be truthfully said of Lieutenant Bradley as a soldier that he was a man absolutely without fear, and no murmur or objection escaped him against instructions or orders. Battle roused the spirit within him, and his young life was largely spent in its strife. His quiet demeanor did not shadow forth the dauntless courage that possessed him, but which his comrades discovered was his commanding and characteristic possession. In form he was not large, but lithe and supple, and seemed to have a constitution of iron: he was nervous and active, of keen observation, and perfectly tireless and enthusiastic in the work given him to do. He was no idler. If there was no routine duty in post or camp, his resources for activity never failed him. His comrades in peace and war loved and learned to respect him, his subordinates trusted to his judgment implicitly, and his superiors relied upon him with no distrust. They knew he had been taught in the school of General Thomas, the silent, cheerful, obstinate "rock of Chicamauga". They knew his patriotism, his courage, his resolve, his ambition, and that in forlorn hopes he had the audacity of

"Clan Ronald the dauntless and Moray the proud."

Lieutenant Bradley was one of the subordinate officers of the Army best known to the citizens of Montana. He was ever alert, and his commanding officers kept him moving on military errands wherever the occasion required. His researches into the early history of what is now Montana was with him a labor of love, and the diary published herewith is but a small part of the manuscripts which he left at his decease. Through the intelligent interest of General Gibbon, who was his commanding officer here, seconded by the efforts of Lieutenant Bradley's wife, these papers came into the possession of the Historical Society. In the shadows of the Rocky Mountains Lieutenant Bradley gave his life for his country. As in Montana, and to defend her pioneers, he died dutifully, it seems fitting that the Historical Society should perpetuate his fame; and yet other papers from his prolific pen may be expected in future volumes of our contributions.

Fort Shaw, Friday, March 17th, 1876.

About ten o'clock A. M. the battalion formed on the parade ground and breaking in column of fours from the right to march to the left moved out of the post, and took the Helena road. The five companies, including the mounted detachment, number twelve officers and one hundred and ninety-five men, and are accompanied by ten wagons containing camp equipage, extra ammunition, the personal effects of officers

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of his own safety, and just as he reached the edge of the brush an Indian raised up within a few feet of him and fired, killing him instantly.

"The Indian was immediately riddled with bullets, and then the men charged madly into and through the brush, dealing death to every Indian who came in their way, and the blood of many a redskin crimsoned the sod, whose life counted against that of this gallant young officer. Thus he, who had led the night march over the mountains; who had by day, with his comrades, crawled up, located and reconnoitered the Indian camp, and sent the news of his discovery to his chief; who had on the following night aided that chief so signally in moving his command to the field and in planning the attack; who had gallantly led one wing of the little army in that fierce charge through the jungle and into the hostile camp, had laid down his noble life, and his comrades mourned him as a model officer, a good friend, a brave soldier."

[From "The Battle of the Big Hole."

and men, and ten days' rations—which are expected to last until the command reaches Fort Ellis.

General Gibbon, for the present, remains behind with Lieutenants Jacobs and Burnett, intending to join us at some point in advance, the command of the column devolving in the mean time upon Captain Rawn. The captains are all mounted, the lieutenants, except Woodruff, battalion adjutant and commanding the Gatling gun, and myself, commanding the mounted detachment, being on foot. The country is all under snow to the depth of several inches. Weather calm but quite cold in the morning, turning very cold in the afternoon when a keen and piercing wind sprung up that drifted the snow about and filled the air with the flying particles. After a march of eleven miles the command camped at 3:30 P. M. at Eagle Rock.

Keating and McFarland of Co. K deserted last night, and I received orders to attempt their capture with the mounted detachment. Finding their trail, which led toward Helena, I followed the tracks with eight men, leaving the post at the same time that the command marched. We reached Krueger's ranch, forty-one miles from Fort Shaw, at half past eight in the evening, took supper, fed the horses, and rested until 11 P. M., and then pushed on with three men, leaving the rest to join the command. Traveled all night, with the mercury showing thirty degrees below zero and snow filling the air, and reached Johns's ranch about 5 A. M.—distance sixty-three miles.

Saturday, 18. Passed two hours at Johns's, breakfasting, feeding the horses, resting, and making inquiries after my deserters. As nothing could be learned of them, I concluded that they had turned off some distance back onto the Mullan road. At 7 A. M. we took saddle once more and crossed over to this road, there finding their tracks—which we recognized by the peculiar shoeing of their horses. As the track was fresh, we pressed on rapidly, and caught a distant view of them as we neared Helena, reaching Widow Durgin's house, four miles out of the town, only fifteen minutes behind them.

Here they had paused and left their compliments for certain officers of the regiment, and then ridden off on the Corinne road. Followed at a gallop and overtook them four miles beyond Helena at 1 P. M., having traveled about eighty-four miles since ten o'clock yesterday morning. They surrendered without resistance, and were soon lodged in the Helena jail. Quartered my men at the Overland hotel, and I registered at the St. Louis.

The command broke camp at Eagle Rock at 8 A. M. and marched to Dearborn River, seventeen miles, camping on that stream at 4 P. M., the wagons arriving at the camp an hour later. There were several inches of loose snow on the road, greatly impeding the march and wearying the men.

It was a bright day, and the dazzling glare from the snow seriously affected the men's eyes. The night was intensely cold, and all suffered much. There was no thermometer at hand, but experienced judges pronounced it at least forty degrees below zero. The lieutenants discovered this morning that there were a number of extra horses with the column,

and notwithstanding they had been occupied for a month previous in breaking in shoes and training their legs for the campaign by daily excursions of from three to five miles, the discovery of these horses diffused among them universal joy. With eager alacrity they volunteered their services to ride, and it was noticed from this day forth that up hill or down, muddy or dry, cold or warm, none stuck to their saddles with more invincible determination, more unlagging constancy and zeal than the "subs" thus fortuitously provided with a mount. There were nearly enough of these extra horses to go around, and by changing about all had frequent opportunities to ride. Only Lieutenant Coolidge disdained such aid, whose excellent pedestrian abilities won for him the regulation of the marches and halts, and henceforth throughout the campaign, with a sturdy sergeant at his side, he was to be seen leading the column at a twenty-eight inch step as nearly one hundred and ten to the minute as frequent reference to a watch could secure.

Sunday, 19. The command marched at 8 A. M. and made a severe and toilsome march through deep snow drifts to Krueger's ranch, thirteen miles, reaching their camping ground in Kreuger's garden at 1 P. M. Throughout the forenoon there was a succession of sunshine and shadow, with the snow flying in clouds and a bitterly cold air. Captain Rawn became seriously snowblind and was compelled to resign the command to Captain Freeman, next in rank. Many of the men suffered from the same cause, and there were also several cases of freezing of more or less severity. Lieutenant Kendrick and Dr. Hart were among the unfortunate victims of the frost, whose icy fingers, judging by the singular experience of these gentlemen, were unrestrained by any considerations of delicacy. Many of the company commanders had provided their men with blue or green veils as a protection against snow-blindness, but these proved wholly inadequate. In fact they were rather an aggravation of the difficulty, as they impeded the sight and annoyed the eyes with their constant flapping to and fro in the wind. After reaching camp the command was compelled to wait two hours for the arrival of its wagons. Some of these were overturned in the course of the day's march, and what with such accidents, the hilly character of the country, and the bad roads did not come up until 3 o'clock.

I had designed to rejoin the command to-day with my prisoners, but found on getting up and going into the light that I was a victim of snow-blindness. I had gone to the jail to give orders about my prisoners, when I discovered my sight failing and was scarcely able to reach the hotel ere I became totally blind. The loss of sight comes on with a feeling such as is created by smoke in the eyes, that, if the case is a severe one, soon increases into the most intense burning pain. The eyes can not bear the light and the eyeballs seem to roll in liquid fire with a grating feeling as though in contact with particles of sand. The temptation to bandage them or apply water is great, but should be resisted, as the one heats the eyes and the other increases the irritation, and the pain is only intensified. This blindness seems principally confined to high latitudes, but I have heard of occasional cases as far south as the plains of western Kansas. It is mainly brought on by the exposure of the eyes to the glare of the sun upon the snow, but is accelerated and aggravated by high wind and flying snow: and it is most likely to occur late in the win-

ter season and early in the spring when the sun's rays fall with a more vertical slant. Indeed, in early and mid-winter cases of snow blindness are extremely rare. The Indians and even wild animals are subject to it, and to the frequenter of our western plains a snow-blind rabbit or even sage or prairie chicken is no uncommon sight. A method of treatment practiced by some of the northwestern Indians is to drop into the corner of the eye a little skunk oil, which they extract and preserve for this purpose. I have been assured by old hunters who have tried it that it is a sovereign remedy. But prevention is infinitely preferable to cure, and may be effected by blackening the face to the distance of an inch or more around the eyes close up to the lids. This has never failed me, and I have yet to hear of an instance where it did not secure immunity from this terrible malady. A bit of wet powder or lampblack, the soot off the bottom of a kettle, a charred stick, or powdered charcoal will accomplish this. It is the approved method of warding it off practiced by frontiersmen. In the month of May, 1867, in the days of my inexperience on the "Plains," I had 30 men out of a command of 40 disabled in this manner as the result of one day's march through the snow on a sunny day, myself being the greatest sufferer, as my duties compelled me to use my eyes most. The number of the well was barely sufficient to attend to the afflicted, and we lay several days almost defenseless in an Indian country. I have enlarged upon this subject somewhat as the information will be new to many of my readers, while the hints I have given may save some inexperienced young officer, or other person, from acquiring his knowledge of it at such bitter cost as I have acquired mine.

My case in this instance proved a severe one, and I took to my room and sent for a physician, leaving my prisoners in jail and ordering my three men to rejoin the command. For several days I was *hors du combat*, suffering tortures like to those of the damned; but Montana's most eminent physician, Dr. J. S. Glick, after examining me and announcing that I was good for thirty days of it, astonished himself by curing me completely in five.

Monday, 20. Captain Rawn found himself this morning, from the condition of his eyes, wholly incapacitated for command, and returned to Fort Shaw, proper treatment being impossible on the march. His case proved to be a stubborn one, and it was several weeks before he was sufficiently recovered to attempt to rejoin the command. At Fort Ellis, while en route to the command, he suffered a relapse, and was once more forced to return.

The command marched at 7:15 A. M., advanced 18 miles, and camped at 2:15 P. M. in a picturesque cove in the Little Prickly Pear Canon. The weather had moderated, the snow melted rapidly, and the men splashed on through slush and mud all day, and pitched their tents in mud at night. Yesterday—intense cold, the men freezing; to-day—a summer temperature and a waste of water and mud. Such are the changes in this climate. Surely the command has had an unpleasant enough beginning. Though their couch was soft enough in all conscience, wet blankets and clothes did not conduce to pleasant dreams upon the part of our patient 200 that night.

Tuesday, 21. It was discovered this morning that two men had deserted during the night. One of them, considered rather a simple-

mindful fellow, had been cunning enough to walk backward through the snow for a mile or so, but was caught for all that. The other man got safely off. The command marched at 7 A. M., but after proceeding only five miles went into camp at 9:30 A. M., near \*Johns' ranch, to enable the men to dry their clothes and bedding, the day being pleasant and warm. Lieutenant Burnett came up to-day on the coach but passed on to Helena.

Wednesday, 22. Command marched at 7 A. M. The road was dry and hard and the men were troubled with blistered feet. After a march of 17 miles camp was pitched at 1:30 P. M., near the dwelling of widow Durgin, about four miles from Helena. General Gibbon and Lieutenant Jacobs came up in a buggy and passed on to Helena. A number of the officers and some of the men were permitted to visit the city in the afternoon and evening. The two deserters I had arrested were taken from the jail to the camp and released and restored to duty without trial. Dr. Hart remained in the city sick, and did not again join the command. In the absence of a medical officer, Lieutenant Coolidge was appointed acting surgeon. He had amused himself for some years past by employing his leisure in the study of medicine, and is well qualified for the post.

Thursday, 23. The command marched at 6:45 A. M., one man less by desertion last night. The road was exceedingly muddy, and it proved a hard day on the men. As Lieutenant Woodruff phrased it, "The march was only 18 miles long to-day but 6 inches deep all the way;" and the men camped near the "Spokane House", a wayside inn, at 2 P. M., thoroughly tired out.

Friday, 24. The command broke camp at 6:30 A. M. and marched over a fair road 17 miles, camping at 1:30 P. M. on the Missouri river, at Indian Creek ferry. I rejoined the command at this camp, by stage from Helena, Dr. Glick having pronounced me fit for duty again. Resumed command of the mounted detachment, which in my absence had been in Lieutenant Woodruff's charge. Sick call, according to a fashion that the boys have fallen into, was received with cheers and groans all over the camp, that deterred many a poor devil who needed treatment for sore limbs and feet from presenting himself at the doctor's tent. But the march had told upon the men, unaccustomed to it as they were, and there was a pretty respectable attendance at the hospital of men too badly off to care for ridicule. The worst cases are allowed to ride on the wagons. But the men are toughening to their work, and will be all right in a few days. I notice that Dr. *alias* Lieutenant Coolidge examined his patients and prescribed his remedies with the unction of a professional.

Saturday, 25. Broke camp at 6:30 A. M., and camped near Galen's residence at 2:45 P. M., after a march of 21 miles. Lieutenant Coolidge, who marched on foot, says in his journal "weather warm"; while I, who rode, chronicled in mine "cold wind all day." Road mainly good, but the last few miles quite muddy. Camped in the mud—the best we could do.

Sunday, 26. Marched at 6:15 A. M., and as the Madison bridge was

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\* [Johns' ranch is situated near the head of Little Prickly Pear Canon, on the old Helena and Fort Benton stage road, and between Silver and Mitchell stations on the Montana Central R'y.—H. S. W.]

down, turned to the left and crossed the Missouri river at the ferry something less than a mile below the junction of the Jefferson and Madison and a couple of hundred yards above the mouth of the Gallatin.

The question arose among the officers as to where the Missouri properly begins: at the junction of the Jefferson and Madison, or a mile lower down where the Gallatin joins its waters to those of the other two streams. Upon inquiry, it was found that local usage—which ought to govern—favors the former. As I interpret Lewis and Clark (who conferred these names) they intended it so.

Soon after crossing the ferry we passed the few straggling houses known as Gallatin city, and camped on the plain half a mile beyond at 12:45 P. M., having marched 14 miles. General Gibbon and Lieutenant Jacobs came up soon after we formed camp, returning to the hotel for lodgings after spending some time with us.

Within sight of our camp the "mighty Missouri" takes its rise and begins its eventual journey of 3,000 and some hundred miles to the Mississippi. Both from this circumstance and from the history connected with it, the locality is one of the most interesting in Montana, it being here that the first fur trading establishment on the upper Missouri stood, and not far distant, on the Jefferson river, that occurred the wonderful escape of John Colter, a discharged member of Lewis and Clark's command—the narrative of which has thrilled the hearts of thousands of readers. I was aware of the existence of this old fort and knew something of its history, and was therefore induced to pass the afternoon making personal search and diligent inquiry after any possible remaining traces of it that would indicate the spot where it had stood. Toward night I found what I sought, but too late to make personal examination of the little that remains. The good people of that neighborhood call it "Lewis and Clark's Fort," and relate to the interested inquirer how these famous captains passed a winter in it on their way across the continent, concealing in a *cache* near by a large amount of valuable property. This fabled *cache* has given rise to an investigating spirit almost equalled to that once displayed in the search for the buried treasure of Captain Kidd, and a deal of useless digging has been done in the neighborhood. I have found this error concerning the fort prevalent even among intelligent, well-informed men, and am therefore induced to make it the occasion of the first of these "historical notices of the country traversed." \* \* \*

#### THE MISSOURI FUR COMPANY.\*

The accounts brought back by Lewis and Clark, in 1806, of the fur-bearing resources of the country drained by the Missouri river and its upper tributaries excited great interest among the fur-trading inhabitants of the then little frontier town of St. Louis. One of the most enterprising, Mr. Manuel Lisa, who had previously traded up the lower Missouri, in the spring of 1807 led a trading party up the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers to the mouth of the Big Horn, where he built a fort—the first civilized establishment in Montana or upon the upper Missouri

\*Lieut. Bradley, in his list of references relative to the Missouri Fur Co., refers to Washington Irving's Astoria. His account of this company is evidently largely taken from that work. His other references are: St. Louis Democrat, Appleton's Journal, Lippincott's Gazetteer and Major Culbertson. [H. S. W.]



and its tributary streams. He remained nine months, trading principally with the Crow Indians, and in 1808 broke up the establishment and returned to St. Louis, having made a remunerative trade. His favorable representations, added to the information communicated by Lewis and Clark, induced a number of St. Louis merchants to unite with him in the formation of an association which took the name of the Missouri Fur Company. There were twelve partners, with a united capital of forty thousand dollars, a sum by no means adequate to the vast plans of the company, though larger than that with which the famous Hudson's Bay Company began its existence which spread its posts over half the continent.

It was the design of the company to abandon the timid methods of the former trade, plunge at once deep into the wilderness, ascend the stream to its uttermost navigable waters, and by establishing posts at the most available points monopolize the trade of the entire region. It had in its employ about 250 men—partly American hunters, but mainly Creoles and Canadian voyageurs, who in various flotillas, conducted by some of the partners, were put in motion, and before the close of the year 1809 posts had been established among the Sioux, Arickarees and Mandans, and a principal one, whose garrison comprised the larger part of the company's employees, "at the Three Forks of the Missouri."

This post was in the heart of the country then possessed by the Piegan tribe of the Blackfeet Indians whose hostility it was hoped might be appeased, both for the sake of their trade and because the hundreds of small streams which rise in the adjacent mountains and unite to form the Missouri abounded with beaver, which the company's servants were to be employed in trapping. But the Blackfeet were in communication with the posts of the British traders upon the Saskatchewan, from which they obtained arms, ammunition, and all the commodities of civilization required in their wild life, so that they were wholly independent of this fort. Besides, in consequence of the killing of one of their number by Captain Lewis in 1806, they had conceived the most violent hatred of the Americans, a feeling carefully fostered by the British traders to prevent competition, and they had fiercely declared that they would rather hang the scalp of an American to their girdle than kill a buffalo to keep from starving. Animated by such implacable and vindictive resentment, they not only failed to become the customers of the fort, but set themselves at work to effect the destruction of its garrison. They lurked incessantly in the vicinity of the post, sought to ambuscade the hunters, attacked every party over whom they could gain any advantage, and almost entirely frustrated the trapping system that had been inaugurated. It became dangerous to go any distance from the fort except in large parties, and in one case a party of twenty men were assailed by surprise and nine killed. Not less than twenty of the garrison lost their lives in the various conflicts that took place, and it was estimated that double that number of Indians were killed.

It had been expected that 300 packs of beaver would be secured the first year, and but for the hostility of the Blackfeet the expectation would probably have been realized. As it was, there were scarcely twenty packs. With this meagre return the greater portion of the party descended the river the next spring (1809), while the remainder continued

to be cooped up in the fort not daring to hunt and suffering for want of provisions. At last, finding the situation so irksome and unprofitable and fearing the destruction of his little band, Mr. Henry, the partner who had been left in charge, determined in the fall to move over into the country of the more pacific Shoshonnes and winter upon one of the head branches of the Columbia. Crossing the mountains with great difficulty and suffering—for winter overtook them and game was scarce—he found a pleasant location, where timber was plentiful, upon the North or Henry's fork of Snake River, where he established himself and built a new fort—the first American establishment (except the wintering house of Lewis and Clark) west of the Rocky Mountains.

Meanwhile no tidings of him were received at St. Louis, and the company, ignorant of his movements, were apprehensive that he had been massacred. At length, no longer able to control their anxiety, early in 1811 an expedition was set on foot to go in quest of him. It started about the beginning of February, under the command of Mr. Lisa, in a swift barge propelled by twenty oars and armed with a swivel mounted at the bow, the whole number of persons on board being twenty-six. In the meantime his isolation and the poverty of his Snake customers induced Mr. Henry to recross the mountains and return to the East. Arriving at the Missouri he built boats, upon which his party embarked; and thus it happened that Lisa, sweeping in his light barge easily and pleasantly up stream, and Henry with his little fleet dropping down with the current, met each other at the Arickaree village, in the neighborhood of the present city of Bismarck, about the middle of June.

Mr. Henry's stay beyond the mountains had not been unprofitable, and he took down with him forty packs of beaver—a far better return than could reasonably have been anticipated. To render this account of the operations of the company complete I will add, that the hostility of the Blackfeet and the consequent ruin of their prospects in this quarter were not the only misfortune that had been sustained by the company. The establishments among the Mandans and Arickarees had proved unprofitable, and besides the Sioux factory was accidentally burned, occasioning an estimated loss of fifteen thousand dollars—almost half the original capital of the company. The term of the association expired in 1811, but notwithstanding the unforeseen difficulties and disasters that had beset its first efforts, it was found on balancing accounts that the company had its capital of forty thousand dollars yet intact, and, in addition, the three establishments below the Yellowstone. A reorganization was effected, and though no further attempt was made to trade in the Blackfeet country the business of the company elsewhere was extensive and the profits large. It enjoyed a deserved prosperity until the business prostration occasioned by the War of 1812, when it was forced to suspend operations and finally dissolved.

The fort built by this company "at the Three Forks of the Missouri" is the establishment whose traces still remain near Gallatin City and which is popularly ascribed to Lewis and Clark. In 1870, the outlines of the fort were still intact, from which it appears that it was a double stockade of logs set three feet deep, enclosing an area of about 300 feet square, situated upon the tongue of land (at that point half a mile wide) between the Jefferson and Madison Rivers, about two miles above their

confluence, upon the south bank of a channel of the former stream now called Jefferson slough. Since then the stream has made such inroads upon the land that only a small portion of the fort—the southwest angle—remains. It is probable that every vestige of this old relic will soon disappear, except the few stumps of stockade logs that have been removed by two or three gentlemen of antiquarian tastes. When Henry abandoned the fort a blacksmith's anvil was left behind, which remained there for thirty or forty years undisturbed, gazed upon only by the Indians who regarded it with superstition and awe. At last it disappeared and it is said to have been found and removed by a party of white men. Can any reader of this volume give an account of its fate? It ought to be among the relics of the Montana Historical Society.

Monday, 27. Marched at 6:10 A. M., and camped near Cockerill's bridge over the West Gallatin at 12:45 P. M., 18 miles. The men are now well broken in and march like veterans, blistered feet and stiffened limbs being a rarity. Lost two men by desertion last night—the last to leave us in this manner. This makes nine in all, only three of the number having been apprehended. The General and Lieutenant Jacobs passed on to Fort Ellis.

Tuesday, 28. Broke camp at 6:15 A. M., just after sunrise. The men pushed on with the stride of old campaigners, and seemed to glory in their newly developed marching powers. Road quite muddy as we neared Bozeman. Marched through the town and passed on to Fort Ellis, nearly four miles beyond, camping near the post at 12 M., having advanced 16 miles. Again the men are under the necessity of making down their beds in the mud, as the whole country around Ellis is a wash of slush and mud, with torrents of dirty water sweeping down the slope on which our camp is pitched. We were very hospitably received by the garrison, the cavalry portion of which has but recently returned from a trip down the Yellowstone to succor the garrison of the trading post of Fort F. D. Pease. They are now preparing to join us in the campaign. The interchange of civilities that followed, the invitations to dinners and breakfasts, the calls, the convivial reunions, the—but why particularize?—are they not written in the book of our memories?

Wednesday, 29. We remained in camp to-day, drawing rations and forage, and preparing generally for the second heat in our campaign. At this point we are to cut loose from the settlements, having in our front only a few isolated cabins, whose owners occupy them in continual peril of their lives; and before taking this plunge into the wilderness it will conduce to the better understanding of the situation upon the part of those of my readers who do not dwell within the Territory, and perhaps profit somewhat those who do, to take a brief glance of the country we are to leave behind.

#### A GLANCE AT MONTANA.

Not to be too minute it is sufficient here to say that in the year 1860 there was nothing within the limits of what is now Montana that could be termed a settlement, its few white inhabitants being of that zealous and

adventurous sort who precede civilization as missionaries, hunters, trappers, traders and idlers in Indian camps. A Mr. John Owen had a trading post in the Bitter Root valley, called after himself Fort Owen; the American Fur Company—as the firm of Pierre Choteau, Jr. & Co. was popularly called—maintained its old post of Fort Benton on the Missouri River; there were two Catholic missions located respectively among the Coeur d'Alene and Flathead Indians. Beyond these there was nothing in all Montana to mark the presence of civilized man except the temporary shelters of the vagrant class who occupied them to-day and tomorrow sought an abiding place elsewhere.

But, from the throngs that passed to and fro along the California and Oregon trails, individuals and small parties in course of time turned off into the wild and unknown regions of the north, and ransacking among the sands of its thousand streams ere long discovered that they were liberally sprinkled with golden particles stolen by the predatory waters from nature's treasure-vaults in the rocky recesses of the hills. The first discovery is credited to Francois Finlay, in 1852, but he did not seek to profit by it and nothing came of it. In 1856 a mountaineer named Silverthorne appeared at Fort Benton with gold dust to the amount of \$1,525.00 which he claimed to have mined in the mountains of this Territory and disposed of it in trade. It would seem that he afterwards went to California to form a party to return to his mines. James and Granville Stuart\* and Rezin Anderson prospected some in 1857, but it was not till 1862 that the new found gold fields attracted much attention and began to draw hither the crowds that have made Montana what it is. A town sprang up in the vicinity of the mines, called first La Barge City, but renamed Deer Lodge two years later, followed the same year by the rise of Bannack where new and valuable discoveries had been made. Prospecting parties spread themselves over the country, and in 1863 by a lucky accident the vast treasures of Alder gulch were brought to light, giving rise to the towns of Summit, Virginia and Nevada, which turned out \$30,000,000 in the first three years of their existence. So rapidly had population sought the new gold fields that in 1864 it is estimated that Alder gulch alone contained 14,000 souls; and Congress deemed it advisable to create a new territory out of the country thus suddenly developed, by carving off a slice each from Dakota and Idaho and continuing them under the name of Montana, the Organic Act for this purpose receiving the approval of the President on the 26th day of May, 1864.

New discoveries continued to be occasionally made, and at last in the fall of 1864, a party of twenty-five men led by Uncle John Cowan, began mining in Last Chance gulch in diggings discovered the previous July. From this humble beginning arose the City of Helena, for the diggings proved unexpectedly rich, and within a year had attracted thither not less than 8,000 souls. Thus, through the discovery of the golden grains that for ages had rested unnoticed in her streams, this remote region, buried in the center of a continent, had, from a savage wilderness tenanted only by wild beasts and wilder men, become the seat of several populous towns and the home of twenty thousand inhabitants, with most of the appliances of a civilized community and the trades, professions, and business incident thereto.

\*Granville Stuart is now, 1895, U. S. Minister to Uruguay and Paraguay; he was appointed by President Cleveland in 1894.

But the savage tribes which had hitherto maintained over this wide region undisputed sway were restless under the encroachments of the new-comers and finally broke into open hostility. Then, in the spring of 1866, the 13th infantry was ordered up the Missouri river to take post in the new Territory. Camp Cooke was established on the Missouri, 120 miles below Fort Benton, and in the following year Fort Shaw, on Sun river, and Fort Ellis, on East Gallatin, and, in 1869, Camp Baker on Smith's river, or Deep creek, were added to the defenses of the Territory. In the latter year Camp Cooke was abandoned, what remained of the garrison being removed to Fort Benton. In December, 1869, four companies of the 2d cavalry were added to the garrison at Fort Ellis, where they have remained ever since; and in June, 1870, seven companies of the 7th infantry arrived in Montana, relieving the 13th, to which were added the other three companies in 1872. For some years the disposition of the troops in the Territory has been as follows: Headquarters and six companies, 7th infantry, at Fort Shaw; one company, 7th infantry and four companies, 2d cavalry, at Fort Ellis; two companies, 7th infantry, at Camp Baker; and one company, 7th infantry, at Fort Benton: the whole constituting the District of Montana, commanded the greater part of the time by Colonel John Gibbon, 7th infantry. Detachments of these commands have occasionally been stationed elsewhere as emergencies arose, but only temporarily.

The population of Montana at the present time is only about fifteen thousand, but these are permanent residents—here to stay. They are engaged mainly in mining, agriculture and stock raising, with such a proportion of other trades and industries as are needed by a community of this size; and are gathered generally in the vicinity of the towns, which are at considerable distances from each other and separated by wide stretches of country comparatively unoccupied. In some of the richer valleys for a space of several miles the farm houses succeed each other at small intervals up and down the stream, approximating somewhat in appearance to the farming communities of the East. In the towns—especially in Helena, the present Capital—many of the buildings are of a substantial and expensive character. The people are unusually intelligent, moral, industrious and enterprising. The best illustration of this is the fact that they support ten newspapers, two of which publish daily editions, all thriving, well-conducted, and very readable. Such is the community we are about to leave behind us—a community in the heart of a desert with hundreds of miles of uninhabited wilderness stretching away on every side of it, dis severing it from the rest of the civilized world as completely as though it were on an island in mid-ocean.

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Thursday, 30. Resumed the march this morning at 7:30 A. M., heading for the Yellowstone. The cavalry is not yet ready, but will follow in a few days. General Gibbon and staff remain behind but will come on with the cavalry. Our route led through the gap and over the divide traversed by Captain Clark in July, 1806, upon his return from the Pacific. This expedition it will be remembered, left St. Louis, or rather its vicinity, in May, 1804, ascended the Missouri to its source during that and the succeeding year, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and reached the

Pacific ocean in the fall of 1805. Here they passed the following winter, and began their return in the spring of 1806. Upon regaining the mountains, the party divided for the better exploration of the country, one detachment led by Captain Lewis crossing to the Marias river and proceeding down the Missouri; the other, by Captain Clark, which crossed to the upper waters of the Yellowstone, descending it and re-uniting with Captain Lewis upon the Missouri. It was upon the occasion of this separation that Captain Clark passed through the gap traversed by us to-day. The route is a difficult one, half piercing, half surmounting a high mountain range dividing the waters of the Missouri from those of the Yellowstone. Camped at noon upon Fleischman's creek, a small stream rising in the gap and flowing into the Yellowstone; but it was two and a half hours later ere the wagons arrived. Marched ten and a half miles. The distances heretofore given conform to local usage, but those that will hereafter appear are derived from odometer measurements made during our march. Snow fell briskly in the afternoon. We learned to-day that General Crook of the 17th infantry, attacked a large Sioux village on Little Powder river, drove away the Indians with considerable loss, captured and destroyed the camp, and also captured the greater part of the ponies but lost them afterwards through the fault of some of his subordinates. He then returned to Fort Fetterman, withdrawing his forces for the present from the field.

Friday, 31. The system of mixed guards by details from all the companies was replaced last night by the detail of an entire company with its officers, the senior being deemed officer of the day. There are at present five companies, so that guard duty will fall to each every fifth night. In consequence of last night's snow storm we remained in camp to-day.

Saturday, April 1. Marched at 7:15 A. M., soon reaching the Yellowstone, which we followed down to Shield's river, or Twenty-five Yard creek as it is sometimes called, where we camped at 1:45 P. M., having marched 19 miles. Power's contract train of wagons has been added to our impedimenta. It left Fort Shaw in advance of us, carrying supplies for sixty days, and united with our command at this camp. Passed two occupied places to-day, Quinn's ranch, in the gap, and the rather extensive establishment at the Yellowstone ferry.

Shield's river received its name from Captain Clark, in 1806, in honor of one of his men. The trappers of early times called it Twenty-five Yard creek, and it was a famous resort for them, abounding as it did with innumerable beaver. Two reasons are assigned for the name: its width, which *isn't* twenty-five yards, but much less; and the asserted fact that it rises only twenty-five yards from the source of another stream, which I can neither affirm nor deny. Many sharp conflicts occurred here in olden times between the resolute trapper bands that were wont to frequent the locality and the vengeful Blackfeet who then lorded over it. Near by, in 1867, stood Fort Howie, the stockade of the little army of Montana militia called out by Governor Meagher to battle for their homes with the hostile Sioux, but restrained by the general Government from the merciless campaign they contemplated. Remains of the stockade still exist, and the embankment and ditch are good in this dry climate for a generation or more.

Sunday, 2. Broke camp at 6:30 A. M. The footmen marched by a cut-off near the river, while I followed the road with my detachment as guard to the train. The former reached the camping-ground on the Yellowstone at 11:15 A. M., but the train did not come up until 1:30. Distance traveled by the train, with which the odometer went, seventeen miles, the cut-off taken by the footmen being two or three miles shorter.

Two miles from camp are Dr. Hunter's Warm Springs, which I visited. Found the water very hot, but did not learn the temperature nor the mineral constituents, though sulphur evidently predominates. Gypsum is abundant in this neighborhood. Dr. Hunter's family is now at the Springs, but full of dread of the Sioux. His house is, in the summer season, something of a resort for the afflicted, but the Sioux frequently appear in the vicinity, and once attacked the house—facts which do not attract custom. The springs pour out a copious stream of steaming water, and the day will come when the property will be very valuable.

Last night the sentinels were posted around the camp in groups of three, all lying down but only one required to remain awake at a time. Instead of challenging, the sentinel is directed to whistle to any one approaching his post and fire upon him if he receives no reply. It is an abominable system, more dangerous to ourselves than to the enemy; and seems to be based upon the fallacy that an Indian will have more compunction about putting an arrow into a whistler than a man who talks out in his mother tongue. As we draw near the dangerous ground we are dropping into the methods that are to govern our conduct during the campaign. Among these are the groups of three and the whistling.

Monday, 3. Marched at 6:15 A. M., and reached the ford within a few miles. The Yellowstone at this point is about one-hundred yards broad and flows with a swift current, but is shallow enough at this season to ford with ease. All the men who could find a place on the wagons were carried over in this manner, and the mounted detachment brought over the remainder, the horses being sent back several times. The crossing occupied only twenty minutes and was effected without mishap, all of which was very creditable to Major Freeman's management. All being over, we resumed the march down the Yellowstone, and, crossing the Big Boulder, a considerable tributary of the former, camped on its right bank at 12:15 P. M. after a march of sixteen miles. The latter part of the march was made through a blinding snow-storm, the snow melting as it fell. It turned quite cold towards night, and was very severe on the animals and the poor fellows of Company A who were exposed in the open air on the wet ground in groups of three. Before the camp was formed the mounted detachment scouted the surrounding country, and as a further precaution the train was corralled, the troops being disposed on its exterior in a position suitable for defense. The Big Boulder derives its name from the profusion of large round stones with which its channel is filled.

Tuesday, 4. Three inches of snow on the ground this morning, and weather threatening; but nevertheless we marched at 6:45 A. M., following down the valley of the Yellowstone. A cold wind and the bad condition of the road rendered the marching difficult, and after advancing only nine miles camp was formed at 10:15 A. M., upon Big Deer Creek.

about a mile from the Yellowstone. A courier came up with us, reporting General Gibbon with the cavalry encamped this evening upon Shield's River. They left Fort Ellis on the first of April and have thus been four days making a distance of thirty miles. This slow progress is attributable to the bad condition of the road over the divide and the snowstorm of yesterday, which was more severe near the mountains. The General has changed his plan of operations in consequence of the news received from General Crook. As it is feared that the Indians defeated by him will endeavor to escape toward the north we are now to keep on down the Yellowstone with a view to intercepting them, instead of turning off toward Fort C. F. Smith as originally planned. The depot at the Crow agency is now of no use and the stores will be removed to the north bank of the Yellowstone.

Wednesday, 5. Marched at 6:15 A. M. At Bridger's Creek we found a considerable number of white men, with wagons and camp equipage, rendezvousing for the purpose of proceeding to the new gold mines in the Black Hills. We then left the road leading to the Crow agency on Rosebud Creek, or Stillwater as it is usually called, which we had been following, and continued on down the valley of the Yellowstone by a dim trail that has been little traveled, camping on the river bank at 11:10 A. M., having marched fourteen miles. Most of the timber we have passed to-day, though still standing, is dead from the effects of fire.

Bridger's Creek is named after the celebrated James Bridger, identified for fifty years with the Great West; but it had an earlier name conferred upon it by the old-time trappers commemorating a most disastrous episode in the early history of this Territory. That name is Emmill's Creek, and as the circumstances that gave rise to it have, I believe, never appeared in print and are but little known, I will take this occasion to place them on record.

#### AN INDIAN MASSACRE.

When the war of 1812 wrought the dissolution of the Missouri Fur Company, a lull fell upon the fur trade of the upper Missouri that lasted for several years. But at length, in the year 1819, an expedition left St. Louis, consisting of about twenty trappers led by Emmill and Jones, the former a native of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, the latter of unknown origin. They ascended the Missouri, and then all trace of them was lost and as time passed by without bringing any tidings of them it became certain that they had perished, but how, when, and where was a mystery that seemed destined never to be solved, and never would have been but for the light thrown upon it by Indian tradition. It appears from this that they followed the Yellowstone river nearly to its source, trapped successfully—accumulating a large quantity of furs—and then commenced their return. But they had been observed by a superior force of Blood Indians—a branch of the Blackfoot nation—who followed them until an opportunity occurred to effect their surprise, when they massacred the entire party, and captured their furs, arms and other effects. A Blood Indian who participated in the fight communicated these particulars to Major Culbertson, of the American Fur Company, some twenty years afterward, from whom I received them as well as many other valuable



and interesting facts in the early history of this portion of the West. The story became current among the trappers of those times, and, either from remains that they found or from some other cause, they fixed upon the mouth of this stream as the scene of the disaster and conferred upon it in memory of the leader of the ill-fated band, the name of Emmill's Creek. It is a pity that it was ever replaced. Is it too late yet to save it from disuse?

#### AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

As one descends the Yellowstone, just before reaching Emmill's Creek, he will pass under a perpendicular wall of rock of no considerable height but crowded well in toward the river so as to compress the valley into a narrow space. Ten years ago there might have been seen at its base two graves, to which, happening to camp then in the vicinity, I made a pilgrimage, but I did not seek them to-day, and do not know whether they are still discernable or not. They are connected with an interesting incident that the future inhabitants of this region will perhaps thank me for rescuing from oblivion by its introduction here. In the summer of 1866, just after the establishment of Forts Phil Kearney and C. F. Smith on the new route to Montana known as the Bozeman trail, and while this whole route was the scene of Indian hostility—surprises, attacks, battles and massacres crowding close on one another's heels—, an old man and his son appeared one day at the former post enroute to Montana. It was considered almost certain death for any one to expose himself in a defenseless condition on any part of this route, and it excited great astonishment that these two venturesome travelers, without other company as they were, had been permitted to traverse some two hundred miles of it unharmed. When remonstrated with upon the folly of such hazardous exposure, the old man replied that he was a believer in fate, that if he was destined to be killed by savages it was useless to try to evade his destiny, and that if he was not, there could be no danger in his proceeding as he had. The young man had imbibed his father's doctrines in this respect, and citing their almost miraculous preservation thus far they drew from it an argument in defense of their theory that it was useless to combat, and in spite of all admonition and advice they stubbornly proceeded on their way.

As hostile Sioux appeared almost daily on the route, it was not supposed that they would ever reach Fort C. F. Smith alive; but they did, and encouraged by their impunity, were less disposed than ever to be governed by the dictates of common prudence or listen to reason, especially as they had now left the most dangerous country behind. After leaving Fort C. F. Smith, they had to journey about two hundred miles before reaching another white habitation; but they pressed on with blind confidence, and daily drew near to their destination without interruption or mishap.

At length they arrived in the neighborhood of this rock, less than eighty miles from the settlements, and within the limits of the country of the friendly Crows. The danger seemed wholly past, and if the conversation of the travelers could be known, it would probably appear that, as they thus drew near to a place of safety, the old gentleman now and

again drew powerful arguments from the immunity they had enjoyed for the confirmation of his son's faith in the doctrine that had governed his own life and that they amused themselves greatly over the apprehension of those who had counseled them against incurring such risks.

But here by the decree of fate they were destined to die, or pay the penalty of their folly and foolhardiness. They fell into an ambushade of Sioux, and were both killed. Their bodies were found not long afterward and buried near the foot of this rock. There are probably men now resident in Montana, who assisted at their burial, as it was effected, if my memory is not at fault, by a party connected with an emigrant train.

Thursday, 6. Marched at 6:10 A. M., passing down the valley, which gradually narrowed and finally ran out—or rather, shifted to the opposite bank of the stream. Here we were compelled to ford and follow down the other bank, crossing without difficulty, in the same manner as before described, and camping at 10:55 A. M., after a march of twelve miles. The day was beautiful, and soon after the tents were pitched and the camp settled the river-bank was thronged with fishermen in gum boots or bare legs seeking to ensnare the finny inhabitants of the stream. Many of the officers joined in the sport, which was very successful, resulting in the taking of at least two hundred pounds of trout that afternoon. Irving has said in *ASTORIA* that there are no trout in the streams on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, whereas they abound. Many of the smaller streams are alive with them, they are caught in favored portions of the Missouri, and the upper Yellowstone teems with them. It has been said that Yellowstone trout are wormy and unfit to eat, but those caught to-day, and throughout this campaign, were excellent. Wormy trout have been caught, it is true, but there were probably exceptional causes operating to render them so, as experience has shown that they are generally good.

#### A DESCRIPTION OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

At the point we struck the Yellowstone, on the first inst., it has just emerged from a deep cut through a lofty chain of the Rocky Mountains, from which point to its junction with the Missouri it traverses an elevated plain, flowing through a valley varying in width from a few hundred yards to a mile or more. The valley is generally bordered with steep bluffs of mingled rock and clay, varying in height from a few score to some hundreds of feet, but the bluffs occasionally give way to a succession of round wooded knolls or a grassy slope of gradual ascent. Sometimes the river cuts through the center of its valley so as to leave a portion on either side, but usually it sweeps across from side to side, leaving the entire valley on one hand and on the other washing the base of the bluffs. The valley is for the most part destitute of timber, but generally well clothed with grass springing out of an excellent soil, though places are not wanting that have been usurped by sage-brush and prickly pear. Considerable timber is met with, however, and groves of greater or lesser extent are scattered along the margin of the stream, in some cases covering hundreds of acres. The timber is mainly cotton-

wood, but in some places is interspersed with ash, willow and box-elder. The timber on the bluffs is mainly dwarf pine and fir. The river flows with a rapid current and occasionally breaks into rapids, none of which are difficult to traverse when the water is sufficiently high, and may be run with a small boat with safety at any time. The river begins to rise in April, and reaches its highest point in June, subsiding throughout July and reaching low water-mark in August. The breadth of the stream varies but ranges generally between one hundred and three hundred yards.

Friday, 7. Remained in camp to-day, officers and men fishing and securing some three hundred pounds of trout. At 3 P. M. General Gibbon and staff arrived, accompanied by Major Brisbin, who commands the cavalry. The cavalry camp to-night at the ford, four miles above. General Gibbon this morning sent word to the Crow agency that he wished to meet the Crows in council at that place. He also requested Mitch Bouyer, a noted guide, to report to him at our camp, designing to employ him to accompany the command if mutually satisfactory.

Saturday, 8. The cavalry came up about 10 A. M., and went into camp about a mile lower down the valley. Mitch Bouyer arrived this morning from the Crow agency and brought word that the Crows were waiting to see the General, who thereupon took my detachment as escort and set out for the agency. We left camp just as the cavalry arrived, the General being accompanied by Major Brisbin, Captain Freeman and Lieutenant Burnett. Our course led us past Countryman's ranch, a couple of miles below the camp, the last occupied house on the Yellowstone. It is a trading establishment, whisky being the principal commodity, and the customers being Crow Indians. Here we forded the Yellowstone and followed up the valley of Rosebud Creek (or Stillwater Fork, as it is usually called), reaching the agency after a disagreeable ride of eighteen miles, most of the way through a storm of wet snow. We were hospitably received by Mr. Clapp, the agent for the Crows, who provided quarters for officers and men and stabling for our horses. We found here Company E, of our regiment, which marched from Camp Baker in advance of us (March 14) to form part of the expedition, and came on from Fort Ellis to this point in charge of a train of twenty-eight wagons bearing part of our supplies (100,000 lbs). It is commanded by Captain Clifford and is accompanied by Lieutenant Young. He arrived here April 1, unloaded his train, stored his supplies in the agency ware-rooms, and has been lying here awaiting our arrival.

The agency buildings are well built structures of adobe, or sun-dried brick, and are so arranged that, with the addition of a heavy plank wall they enclose a square space of considerable extent. They occupy an elevated plateau overlooking the valley, and the place would be quite defensible against an Indian attack. It is said to have cost only \$40,000, and, if true, the money has been more honestly expended than is customary in the Indian Bureau. But the location of the agency is objectionable, as there is very little arable land near it and the close proximity of the lofty Rocky Mountains renders the climate subject to vicissitudes of frost and snow that unfit it for agricultural attempts. At the present time the Crows are gathered here in large numbers to receive their annu-

ities, their white lodges dotting the plain and gleaming through the trees, while their thousands of horses range the surrounding hills. A principal object of the General's visit is to enlist twenty-five Crow warriors as scouts for the ensuing campaign, and a council with the principal men is announced for to-morrow, when the subject will be introduced.

A queer case of exchange of names occurs in the nomenclature of the Stillwater Fork and Rosebud Creek. These names are designed to be an interpretation of the Indian originals, and at first they were rightly applied, that is, the main stream was originally called Rosebud Creek, and the east branch, on which the agency stands, Stillwater Fork. By some hocus-pocus they have become exactly reversed, and everybody now calls the main stream Stillwater. The Indians called the right, or east branch, or rather a portion of it, Stillwater on account of the numerous beaver dams near its source which formerly converted the otherwise impetuous stream into a series of placid pools.

#### COUNCIL WITH THE CROWS.

Saturday, 9. Toward 10 o'clock A. M., the head men of the Mountain Crows began to assemble in a room provided by Mr. Clapp for the holding of the council, and at half-past ten the council opened. General Gibbon and the military officers and gentlemen of the agency occupied one end of the room, Lieutenant Burnett and myself, selected to report the proceedings, sat at a table in their front, with the interpreter Pierre Shane standing near, while the remainder of the room was occupied by the chiefs and head men and the riff-raff of the whites, seated on benches provided for the purpose. Having enjoyed no experience as a fashion reporter I shall not attempt to describe the dress of the savages, but will say in passing there was very little display of finery. Among the principal men were Blackfoot, Tin Belly, Iron Bull, Bull-that-goes-hunting, Show-his-face, Medicine Wolf, Old Onion, Mountain Pocket, Crane-in-the-sky, Sees-all-over-the-land, One Feather, Spotted Horse, Long Snake, Frog, Small Beard, Curly, Shot-in-the-jaw, White Forehead, Old Crow, Old Dog, White Mouth and Crazy Head. Of these Bull-that-goes-hunting has the largest number of personal followers, but Blackfoot is reported to have the most influence.

The chiefs having come forward and shaken hands all around, Mr. Clapp said:

General Gibbon, commanding the Military District and the expedition against the Sioux is here to talk with the chiefs and principal soldiers.

General Gibbon—I have come down here to make war on the Sioux. The Sioux are your enemy and ours. For a long while they have been killing white men and killing Crows. I am going down to punish the Sioux for making war upon the white man. If the Crows want to make war upon the Sioux, now is their time. If they want to drive them from their country and prevent them from sending war parties into their country to murder their men, now is their time. If they want to get revenge for the Crows that have fallen, to get revenge for the killing of such men as the gallant soldier, Long Horse, now is their time.

White men and red men make war in a different way. The white man goes through the country with his head down and sees nothing. The red man keeps his eyes open and can see better than a white man. Now, I want some young warriors of the Crow tribe to go along with me, who will use their eyes and tell me what they see. I don't want men who will be willing to ride along with my men and stay with the wagons,— I have plenty of those. I want young, active, brave men, who will be my eyes. I want twenty-five such men; men who will find out where the Sioux are so that I can go after them. They will be soldiers of the Government, get soldier's pay and soldier's food, and, when I come back, will come back with me and join their tribe again.

The General resumed his seat, and for some time the chiefs sat silent with bowed heads. At length the General informed them that he was ready to hear what they had to say.

Old Crow—You have said what you had to say; don't be too fast! We are studying within ourselves and will talk after awhile.

White Mouth—The old man (meaning General Gibbon) is only talking. You have already been down below, our young men went with you, and you turned back after awhile without doing anything. We are afraid that you will do it again.

General Gibbon—General Brisbin went down suddenly, in the middle of winter, for one thing only—to bring those white men back from Fort Pease. He went down expecting to fight the Sioux if any of them interfered with getting those men away. He went down there and brought the men back. He went in such a hurry that he did not carry provisions enough to stay any length of time. There was no grass to feed his animals. Now there is grass—or will be shortly, and we have men enough and provisions enough to go down there and stay as long as we please. As long as there are any Sioux down there to fight we will stay. If the Crows will only let us know, or we can find out in any way where the Sioux are, we will stay.

Blackfoot then requested that what he had to say be not interpreted, as they were going to confer among themselves. He then spoke for some time in an animated manner, with impressive gestures, receiving frequent expressions of approval from his native audience. In air and fluency of speech he appeared the orator. Having thus sounded the opinions of his brother chiefs, Blackfoot came forward, shook hands with the general and gentlemen with him, returned to his place, gathered his robe about him leaving one arm exposed and free, and with easy dignity and grace, spoke as follows:

“Perhaps we are a foolish people, but I am going to tell you truly what we think—our way of doing things, what is in our hearts. The Great Spirit knows me, he looks down upon me, he sees me and knows what I feel. I love the white man, I hold on to the hand of the white man with true love for him.

“The white people want us to assist them. I do not know the way of the whites, my people do not know their ways. The land we tread belongs to us, and we want our children always to dwell in it. All other Indian tribes do evil to the whites, but I and my people hold fast to them with love. We want our reservation to be large, we want to go on eating buffalo, and so we hold fast to the whites. I am telling the truth

to the white chief. I am a poor man and we are a poor people. I am not ashamed to tell my friends so, the white people, the soldiers, the Great Father at Washington. The Great Spirit knows that I am speaking truth. The soldiers at Fort Ellis are my friends. Are you from Fort Ellis?

"Our young men are before you, but they will not listen to what I say. If you want them to go with you, I would like them to go; but if I tell them to go they will not obey. But should they go, they will want white men with them who can speak their language. It will be well to have such men along. When you tell me the truth it remains in my heart—I will not forget it; when you speak falsely I remember that also. I have something to say to you and the Great Father. We are not given enough flour and beef. I want to say this to you and to Mr. Clapp. You ask for some of our young men. If they go, it is right; but if they are unwilling to go I can not compel them. But they ought to go."

General Gibbon—I want to hear now from such men as want to get scalps, as want to go to war.

Mr. Clapp—Some time ago the war-widows appeared before the chiefs naked and bleeding from the wounds they had given themselves in their grief, and besought them for revenge. Some of the young men promised to revenge them that they might paint themselves black and cease to mourn. Now is the time for them to get that revenge.

General Gibbon—I want to hear now from some of the fighting men, such men as Crazy Head, Spotted Horse—men that want to go to war.

Mountain Pocket—I have fought the Sioux till I am tired. You want to fight now—I'll let you go alone.

General Gibbon—I'd rather have nobody than an unwilling soldier. Old Crow came forward and shook hands.

General Gibbon—This is the man I want to hear talk.

Old Crow—I have heard that you are going to fight the Sioux. My heart is undecided—I must say that. We love each other, we are like each other. But if we go with you, you might kill some of us if a fight should take place, thinking we were Sioux.

General Gibbon—I am going to have all of my Indian soldiers marked with a red band around the arm.

Old Crow—I am a warrior, I led a party, I went to war, I found a camp, I told the young men to charge. I have done so many times. I always do what I set out to do. If you go and find the Sioux and don't want to fight and tie the young men down, they would cry and break loose and go straight and get killed—and that would be bad. You had better go alone.

General Gibbon—There is always danger in going to war. Men usually go to war thinking that they may be killed. Men who want to sleep in their teepes every night don't want to go to war. That kind of warriors want to have their squaws in their teepes when they go to war. We don't go that way, we don't want anybody who goes to war that way.

I have heard several of you talk, the talk all seems to be one way. Now I want to hear from the other side. If any of you want to go to war, I want to hear from you. If not there is an end of it.

Iron Bull (first shaking hands)—I want to know what route you are going to take.

General Gibbon—I am going after Indians—never mind which route.

Iron Bull—When this agency was established there were in succession several agents for the Crows. We begged them all to take pity on us and help us fight the Sioux. They would not, so we went and fought them alone, though there were not many of us. You say the Sioux are your enemies; so, too, are they mine. You tell us that you are hunting the Sioux, that you have your way of doing it; so, too, have we our way of going to war. If our young men seek the Sioux, they travel night and day till they find them; then they do what they went to do and return. In any other way nothing could be done. You have not told us how long you are going to be gone. If our young men go with you, you will put white men's clothes on them.

General Gibbon—I shall only give them the strip of red.

Old Crow—If you take some of the Crows along with you and you find a camp of Sioux and have a fight, I would like to have you send our young men back to see us afterwards. We see each other—we are here together. You tell me what you want with me; I will now tell you what I want with you. If the Crows go with you, and they find a camp, they will bark like a dog. Will you then jump on the camp and fight right there?

General Gibbon—That is what we want.

Old Crow—That is good. Be patient, do not hurry us. You have told us what you want; now let us hold a council among ourselves and see who will go with you and who will not.

General Gibbon—I am waiting; I will be here two days.

Old Crow—That will be enough. The Sioux are a very strong people, a very brave people. Our scouts report to the chief where the camp is, and tell him to get up and go to the camp. Will you believe what the young men tell you? When we go to war we generally send out a scouting party. If they find a camp they bark like a wolf.

General Gibbon—I'll believe them if I find they tell the truth.

Old Crow—They will not lie to you.

Adada a hush—I will go with you if you go where the Sioux are, but will turn back if you go the wrong way. I will go to the Powder River country.

General Gibbon—General Crook is there now with plenty of soldiers fighting the Sioux. That is where we want to go.

Adada a hush—All these men (pointing at the Crow chiefs) talk to you in a way that I don't understand. I don't know what to make of such men.

General Gibbon—I don't either.

Adada a hush—When I find where the different bands of Crows are going to camp this summer, I will jump on my horse and go with you. May be I can get one or two men to go with you. I don't understand your language. I would like to have some Crows to associate and talk with. We may be gone a long time, and I would become lonesome if alone.

General Gibbon—We want more. Try to make up a party to go with us. Tell all the Indians that this is the only man that has shown any disposition to go with us. I don't want any one to go unwillingly. I don't want the Crows to do my fighting—I'll do that myself.

Blackfoot—You have told us that you were done speaking. Wait awhile, let us think.

Adada a hush—I have one thing to ask if I get on my horse to go to war. Will you do it?

General Gibbon—We can't answer till we hear what it is: we will do it if we can.

Adada a hush—These people are poor, there is no game, no buffalo. When I get on my horse, will you give them some ammunition to kill game? (Grunts of approbation from the Crows.)

General Gibbon—Gen. Clapp is the one to give them ammunition; I have none but for my own use. I will give those who stay behind nothing. I will give all to those who go along.

The Crow speakers then began to make complaints about their rations and agent, and requested the General to intercede for them with the Great Father when, finding that nothing could be gained by further conference, the General invited them to talk over his proposition among themselves and let him know in the evening what they would do, and then withdrew. Thereupon the Indians dispersed, and the council, after a session of about two hours, was at an end.

I have been thus full in my report of its proceedings because it affords an excellent illustration of many prominent traits in the Indian character. Not least among these, it will be noticed by the discriminating reader, is extreme distrust of the white race and its promises to them. Nor did we get through this campaign without unfortunately affording some further grounds for this distrust, as will be seen. The only good object effected by the council was to advertise our purpose among the Crows, and toward evening quite a number of the young men offered their services. We are assured that we shall easily fill up the complement in spite of the cold water cast upon our efforts by the "coffee-coolers" as the shiftless, superannuated loungers about camp are very aptly termed. As Blackfoot remarked, the commands or desires of the chiefs avail little in matters of this kind. The young men settle the question for themselves and will go or stay as they individually prefer. Captain Clifford marched with his company in the afternoon to join the command.

Blackfoot, the principal orator to-day, was much more brief in his remarks than he is wont to be, being noted for long harangues and reputed eloquent. Perhaps from the incompetency of the interpreter his speech of to-day does not do him especial credit. The interpreter is a Frenchman, speaking exceedingly broken English, a fair illustration of which is that once in the course of his interpretation he alluded to God Almighty as "Godulammity." The Earl of Dunraven was very favorably impressed with Blackfoot, and after quoting a number of his more eloquent strains thus says of him:\*

"Blackfoot may fairly be regarded as a representative man. Superior to the mass of Red Indians, he is a good specimen of the ruling class among them. Endowed in no slight degree with the gift of eloquence, and as the preceding quotations sufficiently testify, provided with a sharp

\* "The Great Divide."



tongue to give utterance to the suggestions of a keen and caustic wit, he is one of many of his race who, had they been properly directed, might have exerted their well-merited influence in the improvement of the condition of their tribe. To call such a man a mere savage and to assert that his race are irreclaimable barbarians who should no longer be allowed to cumber the ground, is as untruthful as it is absurd."

In the afternoon we were treated to the spectacle of a dance by an association among the Crows known as the Foxes. There is a rival society called the Redsticks, and the members of each society make it their business during a certain period of the year to try to seduce the wives of their rivals. A Fox had recently accomplished this feat, and the dance was given in his honor by his brother Foxes, the woman being paraded on horseback—a target for the praises of the Foxes and the gibes of the Redsticks who had gathered in force to sneer at their rivals and blacken the character of the betrayed one. The lovely one who had stooped to folly seemed untroubled by either poignant grief or melancholy, but on the contrary bore herself with the utmost self-possession and unconcern. She appeared to be about eighteen years old, and will henceforth belong to the Fox who won her from her proper lord. About sixty persons mingled in the dance, all gaudily attired, and what with the drums and rattles and other paraphernalia it was a stirring affair.

Monday, April 10. The General has, very much to my satisfaction, given me the command of the Crow scouts. I completed the desired number of enlistments to-day, swore them in on the point of a knife—said to be a binding oath among them—and uniformed them with a band of red squaw-cloth about six inches wide, which they are to wear on the left arm above the elbow. This ceremony ended, they desired General Gibbon and myself to take an oath to believe all they should tell us and do as they wanted us to do—rather a preposterous proposition which they retired from upon our swearing to see them furnished with the same pay, rations and allowances as were received by white soldiers. The detachment consists of twenty-three Crow Indians and two squaw-men—LeForgey and Bravo—who have lived among the Crows for several years and acquired their language, and therefore will be very useful as interpreters. The warriors are mostly young men of less than thirty years of age, but two are veterans of middle age and two more old men over sixty, who are expected to do little service beyond giving the young fellows the benefit of their encouragement and advice. They furnish their own arms, all carrying good breech-loaders except two, one of whom has only a revolver and the other a bow and arrows.

Lieutenant Jacobs arrived to-day from the camp, bringing a train to remove the supplies delivered here by the contract train. He is accompanied as escort by a detachment of the 2d Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant McClernand. Before night the stores were all loaded and the train packed ready to return to-morrow. A snow storm set in toward evening, the wet flakes falling rapidly.

Tuesday, 11. About eighteen inches of snow on the ground this morning, but as the storm continued it was feared we would be completely snowed in unless we extricated ourselves at once and it was decided to move in spite of the prospect of a hard pull. Toward 9 o'clock A. M. we were all in motion; the General, Jacobs with his train, McCler-

mand with his detachment, and myself with mine. We followed down the Stillwater valley and as we receded from the mountains found the storm less violent and the snow less deep, till, on reaching the Yellowstone valley, there were but two or three inches and the weather was clear. Lost two mules in crossing the Yellowstone. Found that the command had, on the ninth inst., changed camp, moving down the Yellowstone fifteen miles, the cavalry and infantry camping for the first time together. The command is now, with the exception of the Crows scouts who will join to-morrow, all together and composed as it is likely to remain throughout the campaign. It consists of six companies of the 7th Infantry, commanded by Captain Freeman, and numbering 13 officers and 220 men, and four companies of the 2nd Cavalry, commanded by Major Brisbin, numbering 10 officers and 185 men. The entire force is under command of Col. John Gibbon, 7th Infantry, and is accompanied by a twelve-pound Napoleon gun and two Gatling guns, calibre .50, all under charge of Lieutenant Woodruff and designed to be served by a detail from the infantry. As for transportation, the force is provided with a train of 24 government and 12 contract wagons, the whole number of non-combatants amounting to about twenty men, who in case of necessity will constitute a fair reserve. Dr. Paulding accompanied the cavalry from Fort Ellis, and will be the surgeon of the expedition.

Elsewhere may be found a detailed statement of the strength of the command, which here may be summarized as follows:

General Gibbon and staff.....	3 officers
Infantry battalion.....	13 officers, 220 men.
Cavalry battalion .....	10 officers, 186 men.
Non-combatant .....	1 officer, 20 men.
Total.....	27 officers, 426 men.

Wednesday, 12. Passed the day in camp, preparing for an advance to-morrow. The quantity of stores on hand being in excess of our means of transportation, a temporary depot is to be established here for the surplus, Company A, 7th Infantry (Captain Logan), remaining in charge of it. One of the Gatling guns will be left with them. Lieutenant Jacobs occupied the day in sorting the supplies and reloading the train, and the company commanders in getting their companies in trim. Bravo came up toward evening with most of the Crow scouts, accompanied by a number of their friends whose presence we had not bargained for. In the evening they entertained the boys with songs accompanied with a thumping of a buffalo robe spread before them—a mystic ceremony termed “making medicine”; that is to say, conjuring for good luck. They were in danger of pushing their incantations into the “wee sma’ hours” of the night, but, thinking it best to begin with them at once as I mean to continue, I explained to them the mystery of “taps” and got them quieted down so as not to interfere much with the general repose of the camp.

Thursday, 13. The command marched at 7:15 A. M., Company A, according to programme remaining behind. The remainder of the scouts, except LeForgey and one Crow, came up early in the morning. My command, consisting of the mounted infantry detachment and the Crows, has been assigned the permanent duty of scouting in advance of

the column when in march. I sent Bravo with ten scouts ahead early in the morning and followed with the mounted detachment and the remainder of the scouts in time to precede the column a few miles. Route to-day down the valley of the Yellowstone; camped at 3 P. M., having marched 11.8 miles. No Sioux sign. Had no interpreter with me today, and the Crows took advantage of my inability to give them orders and hung around the column instead of remaining in advance with my detachment. LeForgey, very much to my satisfaction, arrived just as we went into camp, and I shall now be able to keep one interpreter with me and have the best of these slippery Crows, who are now all with me.

Friday, 14. The mounted detachment moved out about 6 A. M., the command following at 7. The Crows did excellent scouting to-day, scouring the country for a breadth of ten or twelve miles and holding themselves well in front. If allowed they would be mere camp loafers, but if urged and looked after they will do good work. No sign of Sioux yet; but the scouts found a camp of five white men engaged in hunting and trapping. Advanced 14.2 miles and camped at 2 P. M. in the Yellowstone valley, about a mile and a half above the point attained last summer by the streamer "Josephine", Captain Grant Marsh, the highest ascent of the river yet achieved.

Saturday, 15. Marched at 6:45 A. M., mounted detachment and scouts in the advance following down the valley across what is known as the Clark's Fork Bottom, so-called because the stream of that name enters the Yellowstone within its limits. On our left the bluffs rose perpendicularly nearly two hundred feet, being crowned with a wall of rock so steep and unbroken that within a distance of several miles it is said to afford only one place of descent. From its appearance this story seems very probable. At the lower end of the bottom the bluffs crowd close on the river, and the road ascends to the plain which it crosses for some miles, and then by a steep descent regains the valley at Baker's battle-ground. Here at 5 P. M. we went into camp having marched 17.3 miles.

#### INDIAN HIEROGLYPHICS.

At the point where the road ascends from the Clark's Fork bottom, the rocks are lavishly adorned with Indian hieroglyphics, some of them graven deeply in the face of the rock at a considerable height above the ground and in places difficult of access. I endeavored to learn their meaning from my scouts, but even the oldest of them were unable to tell much about them. They were placed there, they said, by spirits, and every few snows the spirits caused what they had written to disappear and replaced it with something else. The white men, they added, know more than the Crows and ought therefore to be better able than themselves to tell what the spirit meant. It is evident that the inscriptions are of considerable age and that the Crows have entirely lost their meaning, if indeed they ever possessed it. They were probably designed to place on record some unusual occurrence, and with a serious purpose, as the great labor they must have involved forbids the idea of its having been undertaken with trivial intent. Inscriptions of a similar character are scattered all over Crow-land, all of which, like these, appear to be quite old. The Crows of the present day attempt nothing of the kind,

if indeed they ever practiced such an art. I have become satisfied that the Crows have not occupied this country for more than one hundred years, and it is therefore by no means improbable that the hieroglyphic remains are the work of an earlier tribe.

#### A BIT OF CROW HISTORY.

The Crows call this locality the 'place of skulls', and the name commemorates a most disastrous episode in their history. Something less than a hundred years ago the Crows were living in two bands, the greater portion making their home upon the waters of the Powder River, while the smaller band of four hundred lodges, or about four thousand souls, were camped in the lower extremity of the Clark's Fork bottom, along the base of these bluffs. Here a terrible disease broke out among them, the victims being covered from head to foot with grievous sores. It proved very fatal and destroyed almost the entire band. The plain was covered with the bodies of the dead, and their horses ran wild because there was no one to take care of them. The few who escaped the disease fled to the village on Powder River. The skulls of the victims were subsequently deposited on a natural shelf some two-thirds of the way up the rocky wall, from whence the name—Place of Skulls. It is probable that this destructive malady was the small-pox, as it is a matter of history that about that time it ravaged the country occupied by the tribes along the upper Missouri and in the southern part of British America, reducing their numbers in frightful degree. It was not supposed that the contagion extended to the tribes of this region, but from this tradition it is evident that it did. The tradition terminates with the following romantic incident: There were in the diseased camp two young men who escaped the contagion, and who did not join the few remaining survivors in their flight, but staid with the sick doing for them what they could. At last they were alone, and seeing the lodges desolate and their friends, relatives and countrymen all motionless in death, one said to the other: "It is better to destroy ourselves than die in this manner. We cannot escape—the Great Spirit is angry with the Crows and determined to remove them from the earth. Let us ascend the cliff and, throwing ourselves over, die like brave men." The other consented, and leaping over the precipice they were dashed in pieces on the rocks below.

To-day we passed a pile of small stones situated on the ground overlooking the Yellowstone, just below the Place of Skulls. I noticed that some of my Indian scouts paused there, picked up a stone, spit upon it, and cast it upon the pile. Upon inquiry I found that this was done as an act of devotion which they believed would insure them good fortune in their enterprise. They say they have made it a custom for many years, and that the pile of stones was mainly formed in this way. It was however, according to their traditions, originally built as a landmark when they first arrived in this country many generations ago. The same tradition asserts that the Crows left such piles scattered all along the route by which they migrated from the southeast, so that they could find their way back if they ever desired to do so. They assert that even now they can follow these piles all the way from the upper Yellowstone

to the Arkansas River, and some of my scouts pointed out a knoll to the southeast where they said the next pile was to be found. I had no opportunity to confirm the truth of this statement, but have been told by white men familiar with the country that to all appearances such a line of stone piles does exist, though in some cases the stones are now dispersed and in others wholly or partially buried in the soil deposited over them by the wind.

Our camping-ground of to-day derives its name of Baker's battle-ground from an engagement fought here in 1872. No adequate account of the affair has ever appeared in print, and as it is a bit of history worth preserving I shall take this occasion to place it on record as I have gathered it from participants therein. My informants are gentlemen of veracity, and I have been conscientiously careful to state the facts exactly as I received them that I might not do injustice to the reputation of anyone.

#### BAKER'S BATTLE OF 1872.

By the terms of the Charter granted to the Northern Pacific Railroad, the United States Government bound itself to afford all necessary protection against hostile Indians to the parties engaged in the survey of the route and construction of the road. The company desiring in the year 1872 to extend its surveys over the region stretching from the base of the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri River at Bismarck, which was in complete possession of hostile Sioux, called upon the Government for the protection it was pledged to provide. Two surveying parties were to take the field—one to begin at the Missouri River and extend its explorations westward, the other, on the upper Yellowstone and work down that stream till it should meet the eastern corps at the mouth of Powder River. The former was provided with an escort of nearly one thousand men commanded by Colonel David S. Stanley, 22nd Infantry, while to Colonel John Gibbon, 7th Infantry, commanding the District of Montana, was assigned the duty of providing from the troops of his command a suitable force for the protection of the western corps.

For this purpose Companies C, E, G and I, 7th Infantry, were drawn from Fort Shaw, and companies F, G, H and L, 2nd Cavalry, from Fort Ellis, the whole force, which numbered about four hundred men being placed under command of Major Eugene M. Baker, 2nd Cavalry. Having marched from their respective posts they were all assembled at Shield's River on the thirtieth of July, 1872, and, being there joined by Colonel Hayden with his corps of surveyors, began their march down the Yellowstone the following day.

In the mean time a heavy force of Sioux warriors, variously estimated at from eight hundred to one thousand strong, were ascending the river upon a hostile incursion against the Crows; and about the twelfth of August discovered through their scouts that they were in the presence of Baker's command. This unexpected rencontre created a division in their councils, many being anxious to give over their former design and measure powers with the troops, while the more prudent minority were disposed to avoid so hazardous an enterprise and continue their advance on the less prepared and unsuspecting Crows. At length, however, tempted by the large spoils in horses which they hoped by dexterous management to secure

at little cost to themselves, they declared in favor of an attack upon the troops, and fixed upon the morning of August fourteenth for carrying the plan into effect.

The troops had now reached and were encamped upon the ground that became the scene of the fight. A party of surveyors escorted by a force of cavalry commanded by Captain Ball had the previous year carried the survey down the Yellowstone valley to the Place of Skulls, and the command having by easy marches reached the field of the summer's work were resting in camp while Col. Hayden completed his arrangements for taking up and continuing the survey. The presence in the neighborhood of two or three Indian dogs had excited some apprehension that there were Indians about, but the general feeling was of confidence and security: and not only were no especial precautions taken by the commander of the force to guard against an attack, but upon the very night fixed for it he permitted himself to become unfitted for the proper performance of his duties by an over-indulgence in strong drink.

The camp was pitched upon ground favorable for defense, being located upon the margin of the stream, with a timbered slough sweeping in a semi-circular direction around it so as to form in connection with the river what may be termed an island of two or three score acres area, the whole at long rifle-range from the adjacent bluffs. To have rendered the position wholly secure, however, it would have been necessary so to guard the slough that it could not be occupied by the enemy as a preliminary to their attack: but this was not done. Fortunately it was rather the purpose of the Indians to get possession of the animals of the command with as little fighting as possible than to gain any decisive advantage over the troops, and their plans were laid accordingly. Several hundred warriors were posted close on the lower side of the camp, where they were wholly screened from view by the timber and willows growing in profusion at the lower extremity of the slough, while the remainder of their force was to seek by an attack upon the landward side of the camp to draw the troops in that direction, when the ambushed swarms would burst from their concealment, sweep over the camp, cut loose the horses, throw the troops into confusion by attacking their rear, and at the worst escape with the herd. With such caution and success did they, under cover of the darkness, reconnoiter the camp previous to the attack that they were enabled to steal several saddles out of the tents of a party of prospectors, who had joined the command, while their owners lay within them asleep, cut from their lines and make off with six mules picketed near the tent of the commanding officer, and kill a dog that threatened to betray their presence in the camp.

The guard that night consisted of a mixed detail of cavalry and infantry numbering 26 men, commanded by Lieutenant (now Captain) William Logan,\* 7th Infantry, a brave and sagacious officer, who was of the number that suspected the presence of the Sioux and, having a premonition of the attack, did all that a vigilant officer of the guard could do to avert surprise. His guard was posted on the flank of the camp, away from the river and some three hundred yards distant therefrom, his sentinels covering the camp as far as possible, while the herds of beef cattle and

\* Killed in the Big Hole Battle, August 9, 1877.—See "The Battle of the Big Hole," by G. O. Shields ("Coquina")—W. E. S.

mules of the government and contractor's trains, which had been left out to graze, were held well under cover of the guard upon the island already described, with a squad of herders over them to prevent straggling or stampede. The horses of the cavalry were tied at the picket lines within the limits of the camp.

Toward 3 o'clock A. M., of August fourteenth, the officer of the guard made the round of his sentinels and found all quiet, the animals for the most part having ceased to graze and lain down between the guard tents and the timber growing along the slough. Soon afterward from the timber at different points along the landward side of the slough the Indians opened fire and advanced upon the island to attempt the capture of the herd. In a moment the boldest of them were mingled with the animals, but the few men posted over the herd stood their ground manfully, opening a rapid fire upon their assailants at close range, and at the same time endeavoring to put the herd in motion toward the corral. The guard was instantly under arms, and by judicious management the animals were driven gently to the rear, the Sioux who had sought to stampede them being forced by the fire of the guard to fall back. A few moments sufficed to enable Lieutenant Logan to throw his entire guard between the Sioux and the herd, where deployed as skirmishers and lying down in the long grass the men opened fire upon the moving forms dimly seen before them through the gloom. After the first volley the Sioux maintained a scattering fire, but the unexpectedly hot reception given them by the guard soon caused them to retire from the timber to the open ground beyond, and, within a few moments after the attack began, the ground was cleared of them and their fire had subsided into a few straggling shots.

Meantime the herders conducted the animals to the rear, where without confusion they were driven into the corral and rendered secure, none having been lost, except fifteen head of beef cattle which stubbornly refused to move with the herd and fell into the hands of the Sioux. When the firing began, the citizen prospectors, some twenty in number, seized their arms and took an advanced position on the left of the guard, where, with Lieutenant Jacobs at their head they took cover and opened battle on their individual account. The Sioux speedily recovered from their first repulse and returned to the attack, reoccupying the timber and appearing in considerable numbers on the open ground in front of the guard. But the citizens with Lieutenant Jacobs poured in a rapid fire upon their flank while the guard received them firmly in front, handling their breech-loaders with such effect that again the Indians speedily withdrew.

At the first alarm the troops had promptly formed in their company streets, and awaited the orders of the officer in command. As soon as the infantry battalion was under arms Captain Rawn, its commander, reported to Major Baker for orders and found him still in bed, stupified with drink, skeptical as to the presence of an enemy, and inclined to treat the whole alarm as a groundless fright upon the part of the guard. It was difficult to get any order from him, but at last he directed Captain Rawn to hold his men in camp; and, disgusted and angry, that officer returned to his command and upon his own responsibility deployed Companies E (Lieut. Reed) and G (Capt. Browning) in line on the lower side

of the camp, facing the thicket in which the ambushade had been formed. Lieutenant Reed occupied the right, with his right flank resting on the stream, and thus posted the men of both companies lay down in the tall grass. As bullets were flying freely through the camp, the remainder of the command was ordered to lie down in their company streets.

Captain Thompson, officer of the day, had gone to the front to ascertain the cause of alarm, and nearly lost his life by advancing recklessly too far beyond the guard. Finding the attack real, he so reported to the commanding officer, and a re-enforcement of about thirty cavalymen under Lieutenant Hamilton was sent forward to Logan's support. Captain Rawn at last received tardy orders to deploy his command, and thereupon placed Company C (Lieut. Quinton) in position on the left of the line already formed and his own company, I, on the left of C, and then by extending intervals to the left caused the four infantry companies to cover about half the front, the citizens and cavalry continuing the line to the left till it enveloped the camp. This deployment was affected within about half an hour after the beginning of the attack.

As yet the Indians ambushed on the lower side of the camp had not betrayed their presence by a sound. It was now growing light, and seeing the movement of the troops toward the point of attack, but ignorant that while it was yet dark two whole companies had taken position directly in their front, they imagined that their stratagem had succeeded, and the way was open to the picket lines where the horses were tied. They began therefore to make their way cautiously forward, but ere they emerged into view Lieutenant Reed discovered the movement in the sudden rustling and swaying of the willows in his front, and promptly swept the covert with his fire, pouring three volleys by company into the timber with the regularity and precision of the drill-ground. This sudden and unlooked for storm of bullets full in their faces filled the Indians with astonishment and dismay. Without waiting to return a shot they swarmed from the timber like bees, and spurred their horses away for the bluffs in headlong flight. As they passed the remainder of the line, Companies C, G and I also opened fire and completed their utter discomfiture. True to the Indian custom they carried with them their killed and wounded slung across their horses in their front, and Lieutenant Quinton, who occupied a favorable position for observing their movements, counted eighteen thus borue from the field.

The slough with its timber belt was now in possession of the troops, and afforded them excellent cover from the desultory fire which the Indians maintained for the next three or four hours from the bluffs. After the repulse of the latter from their ambushade, they attempted no movement of consequence, but remained for the most part gathered in crowds upon the distant bluffs. Occasionally some of the bolder warriors careened on horseback at full speed along the line, a few of whom were wounded for their pains. About 8 o'clock A. M., they suddenly disappeared, and a reconnoissance by Captain Ball's company of cavalry showed them in full retreat. The officers generally were eager to follow them, and Major Baker at one time ordered Captain Rawn to get two of his companies in readiness to move, announcing his determination to take them and two companies of his "busters"—as he was pleased to call the cavalry—and pursue: but he soon forgot all about it or changed his mind. Accounts



agree in representing the Indians as greatly demoralized. They afterwards admitted a loss of over forty killed (all but three of whom they carried from the field) and there was also a large number of wounded, probably nearly a hundred in all. They fled with great precipitation, and marked their line of retreat with abandoned effects that would have impeded their flight. A vigorous pursuit, encumbered with dead and wounded as they were, would speedily have brought them to bay, and an energetic commander with his wits about him and such a force at his command would probably have gained a decisive success. Baker's star as an Indian fighter shone out brilliantly on the Marias River in January, 1870, but suffered a great diminution of lustre on the Yellowstone in August, 1872. The troops in this engagement suffered a loss of only one killed—Sergeant McLaren, Co. C, 7th Infantry, and three severely wounded—Privates O'Mally, Co. E, 7th Infantry, and Ward, Co. L, and Cox, Co. F, 2nd Cavalry. One of the citizens, Francis, was also wounded and died three days after the engagement.

After this affair the troops continued their march slowly down the north bank of the Yellowstone, the engineers carrying forward their survey; but Engineer Hayden's fears had got the better of him, and he sought an occasion to return. He sounded the opinions of the officers, but found the majority of them in favor of pushing on and satisfied of their ability to take care of themselves. At last, on the twentieth of August, at a point about six miles above Pompey's Pillar, he insisted upon returning or turning off toward the Musselshell, and the latter course was pursued. After surveying across the country to that stream and up its south fork, the expedition finally disbanded on the twenty-fifth of September, the troops returning to their posts. Engineer Hayden, though wholly responsible for the failure to prosecute the survey to Powder River as had been originally designed, afterwards endeavored to shirk it upon the military. Had it been his desire to proceed, there would have been no hesitation on the part of the commander of the troops to accompany him; and the great majority of the officers were eager to go on, to save that command from any suspicion of having been frightened from its purpose by Indian hostility.

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Sunday, 16. Lieutenant McClernand being sent forward this morning with a working party to fix the ford, I was ordered to cover him with my detachment and the scouts. Left camp about 6 A. M., crossed the river a couple of miles below, and passing down the opposite bank took a position in the hills below Pryor's River, from which I could overlook the country for miles and remained there throughout the day. The command broke camp at 9:35 A. M., marched six miles, fording the Yellowstone above Pryor's River, and camped at 3:15 P. M. just below the mouth of the latter stream. Lieutenant Schofield had a narrow escape from drowning in crossing the ford. His horse deviated from the ford, got into deep water, and became unmanageable. In his frantic efforts Lieutenant Schofield was swept from the saddle and left struggling in several feet of water, and, being unable to swim, was submerged, and becoming insensible would have been inevitably drowned had he not clung to the bridle reins and been dragged ashore by the horse. Toward evening I left my perch in the hills and went to the camp. Still no sign of the

Sioux, though the scouts predicted that we should find it about Pryor's River, which, said they, the Sioux continually infest. Two years ago the Crow camp while pitched on this spot was assaulted by several hundred Sioux warriors, and as the Crows were present in strong force a lively battle ensued, lasting nearly all day and finally terminating in the repulse of the Sioux with severe loss. One of my men picked up a rusty carbine on the field—undoubtedly a relic of the fight.

Monday, 17. Marched at 8 A. M., my detachment in advance. Followed down the Yellowstone valley, crossing Arrow Creek (otherwise Cachewood Creek) in our course, and camped a few hundred yards below Pompey's Pillar at 4 P. M., having marched 15.8 miles. We have been a good deal annoyed by the presence of fourteen Crows who attached themselves to our command and have exerted a bad influence over our scouts, seducing them from their duty and encouraging them in restlessness under the restraint it is necessary to impose. General Gibbon gave them their choice this evening either to leave the command or make a scout down the river, in the latter case being furnished with three days' rations. They chose the latter, received their rations, and left just before dark, accompanied by two of my scouts who are to return with such information as may be gathered during the scout. "Muggins" Taylor and one of my Crows set off this evening to scout toward the Big Horn.

Tuesday, 18. We passed the day in camp. The Crows were scattered around in different directions, a party being sent some miles back on our trail to ascertain whether we are being dogged by Sioux. All but one returned in the evening without having found any sign. The absentee has taken French-leave and connected himself with the volunteers who left camp last night for the down-river scout. Taylor and his companion came in without having seen any sign, though they had advanced quite to the Big Horn. It is pretty evident that the Sioux are not yet about us and are ignorant of our presence here. But in lieu of Sioux the scouts report innumerable buffalo feeding quietly. This is accounted for by some as further proof of the absence of Sioux, but, inasmuch as the Indians often observe such care in their buffalo hunts that the same herd will graze for days in the immediate neighborhood of their camp, though suffering daily loss, it is not in itself conclusive evidence.

Our boys have been busy all day transmitting their names to posterity by carving them in the soft sandstone of Pompey's Pillar. A number of earlier visitors have done so, first among whom was Captain Clark, who, on the occasion of his descent of the Yellowstone in 1806, discovered the rock and gave it its name. "Wm. Clark, July 25, 1806" is the inscription he left behind, and it still appears as distinctly as when graven there seventy years ago. But a cavalry vandal to-day disfigured the inscription by carving his own name over the letter "K", for which he deserves to be pilloried. When taken to task about it he is said to have defended himself by saying: "Be Jases, it's a dom lie anyhow, for there wuz niver a white man in this cuntry sivinty years ago." The "Josephine" was the first steamboat to ascend the river thus far, and has left its name inscribed in token thereof. Many of the officers expressed themselves disappointed when they saw the rock, having expected to see a slender shaft rearing itself needle-like above all surrounding objects, whereas in fact the rock is broader than it is high, slopes off gradually on the river

side, and is overtopped by the neighboring bluffs of which at one time it formed a part. The name is something of a misnomer, but a reference to the journal of Lewis and Clark will show that they described it fairly.

I am tempted in this connection to ask, why do the books all spell Captain Clark's name with an "e"? In three editions of Lewis and Clark's journal and two of Cass's journal in my possession it is so spelled invariably, while in some other old books it is spelled both ways. Irving and nearly all modern authors spell it with the "e". But it is undoubtedly wrong. Col. Geo. Rogers Clark, his brother, is better treated, his historians always omitting the "e". In the inscription left by Captain Clark on Pompey's Pillar there is no "e", and it seems to have been his habit in all cases so to sign himself. \*

Wednesday, 19. Marched at 7:30 A. M., route down the valley of the Yellowstone, cavalry and train fording the river twice. Scouted both banks with the Indians and my detachment, the infantry following a rugged game trail over the ridge that forces the road across the stream and thus avoiding the fords. Marched 18.5 miles, and camped at 3:30 P. M. near the river bank. Still no sign of the Sioux.

Thursday, 20. One of the sentinels thought he saw a signal light on the bluffs last night, but the Indians who were sent to investigate it could find no sign of human presence. Marched at 7:30 A. M., my command in the lead. Forded the Yellowstone not far above the mouth of the Big Horn, which stream we passed to-day. The Yellowstone has been rising for some time, and it was difficult to find a fording place for the train. As it was the water entered the beds of the wagons, and many of the mounted men caught a plentiful supply in their boots. The road after gaining the left bank of the Yellowstone ascends to an irregular upland, which it traverses for a few miles, regaining the valley about two miles above Fort F. D. Pease and some five miles below the mouth of the Big Horn. At this point we went into camp at 5 P. M., having marched 17.2 miles. The Crows found to-day fresh tracks of two horses and other fresh horse signs which we at first supposed to indicate the presence of Sioux scouts, but it transpired that there are a couple of wild horses in the neighborhood. So no Sioux yet; but we are getting well into their country, and the scouts are very cautious in their movements.

Fort Pease is in plain view from our camp; and parties from the command visited it this afternoon. The flag is still flying as it was left when abandoned some weeks ago, and the fort itself is untouched. It is evident that the Sioux have not visited it, as there are no traces of their presence, and besides they would have set the place on fire had they been here. A greyhound was found inhabiting it, who has been its solitary occupant for weeks. He was overjoyed to see human beings again. How he subsisted is a mystery, but probably by hunting rabbits and other small game.

Friday, April 21. Will Logan (son of Capt. Logan) accompanied by a soldier arrived this morning from the supply camp bearing mail and dis-

\* According to Mrs. Ann Clark Thruston Farrar, the mother of Mrs. S. T. Hauser, of Helena, and a niece of Captain William Clark, the final "e" was used or omitted at the pleasure of the writer. The name is frequently, and probably the more correctly, spelled without it; and this is the way Mr. Jefferson Clark, now of St. Louis, Mo., who is a son of Captain Clark, writes his name. A similar mutation in the spelling of names is illustrated in many other instances beside this.—W. E. S.

patches. It appears that General Crook has not yet retaken the field and will not before the middle of May, and that General Custer will not start from Fort Abraham Lincoln until about the same time. We were to have acted in conjunction with these forces, but we are now, when well advanced in the Sioux country, left unsupported. General Crook's victory was not so decisive as we have regarded it, while the fighting seems to have demonstrated that there are heavier forces of warriors to encounter than had been counted upon. General Terry fears that the Indians may combine and get the better of us; and we are therefore to cease our advance for the present and remain in this vicinity until further orders, in a state of inactivity unless sure of striking a successful blow. Now for tedious camp life and a long campaign.

In the afternoon the command moved down the river and camped at Fort Pease, whose buildings will make good store-houses for our supplies while we lie here inactive. The train will be unloaded and sent back after the supplies left behind in Captain Logan's charge.

#### A SKETCH OF FORT PEASE.

Fort Pease is built close to the bank of the Yellowstone, and like the majority of the structures of this class is a combination of log buildings and palisades, enclosing a space about two hundred feet square. The buildings and palisades are loop-holed on every side, commanding as well the interior as the exterior of the fort. It was built in the spring of 1875 by a colony from Bozeman, who descended the Yellowstone in boats and established themselves here in the expectation that steamboating would soon become a regular feature of the Yellowstone and that this would be an important point on the river. A considerable quantity of goods was accumulated here to meet the demands of the expected trade, and it is said that several farms were located, a town laid out, and other preparations made looking to the carrying on of a thriving colony. The fort was named in honor of F. D. Pease, the leader of the expedition and a principal promoter of the enterprise.

But the times were not propitious and the enterprise was doomed to a troubled life and an early death. The Sioux war broke out, no steamers came to ply on the Yellowstone, no military post was located near by as had been anticipated, and additional settlers did not resort to the vicinity while swarms of hostile Indians did. The Sioux declared unrelenting war upon the fort and its little band of forty men, and night and day beleaguered the place, seeking occasion to ply their murderous work. The life of the garrison became a series of skirmishes, the crack of rifles handled with deadly intent became a familiar sound, and now and then the heavy boom of an iron six-pounder with which the fort was provided roared over the valley, startling the echoes in the neighboring cliffs.

This life of incessant warfare told severely on the little garrison. Many an Indian was made to bite the dust, but six of their own number laid down their lives in the defense, while nine more were suffering from wounds: and as the Indians hung about them in accumulating swarms the dread apprehension fell on the survivors that they might all perish. Their numbers were now reduced to twenty-eight men, and it was resolved to appeal to the commanding officer of Fort Ellis to send down

a force to relieve them and enable them to get out of the country. This resolution was carried into effect, General Terry gave the necessary orders for the movement, and, on the twenty-second of February, 1876, Major Brisbin at the head of four companies of the 2nd Cavalry left Fort Ellis for their release. Prior to his arrival at the fort the Indians, tiring at the stubborn defense, retired from the vicinity, applauding the courage of the garrison and asserting that they were done with them and that they might now stay as long as they pleased. But the few men left in the fort were glad to accept the opportunity to take safe leave of the scene of so much strife and anxiety, and the fort was abandoned in March. The colors of the fort were left flying where they had so often waved defiance to encircling Sioux, and it was also the design to leave the walls and buildings entire, but a discontented member of the party secretly set one of them on fire, which was burned without injury to the rest. We found the fort in the condition it had been left, and it is evident that the Sioux have not since been in the vicinity and are ignorant of its abandonment. Its history covers a period of less than a year, but teems with incident, and, when written in full with due attention to the instances of thrilling personal adventure enacted around it, will form an interesting and valuable chapter in the records of the western border.

Saturday, 22. Two couriers left Captain Logan's camp on the nineteenth inst., one day before Will Logan, and from the length of time they were out fears were entertained that they had been intercepted by Sioux or drowned in crossing the river. Four of the Crows were sent back at 1 o'clock this morning to look for them, two of whom have returned. They report having found the trail of the couriers, which turns back up the river at our last camping ground, the tracks indicating that one of them is afoot. The mystery was only deepened by this discovery, but we subsequently learned that one of their horses gave out, when, despairing of being able to overtake the command, they turned back. Of the absent Crows one is sick and the other remains to take care of him. One of the two that returned insists upon taking back the horses and effects of himself and the two absentees, to the end that all three may return to the agency. It is difficult to impress upon these fellows the fact that their act of enlistment imposes the duty of obedience to orders and inhibits that free skurrying to and fro over the country to which they have been accustomed. Four cavalymen left for Fort Ellis at 1 o'clock A. M., carrying mail. It is dangerous service, as these small parties are exceedingly liable to be cut off by the Sioux. Some of the Crows are each day kept scouting about camp, but have seen no Sioux sign as yet.

Sunday, 23. Captain Freeman, accompanied by Lieutenant Kendrick, left this morning with his company (H, 7th Infantry) in charge of twenty-seven wagons, part of which are to be used in bringing down the supplies left at Logan's camp, the remainder, five in number, to return to Fort Ellis, being discharged contract teams of Power's train. An ambulance, with four mounted men as escort, left with them to bring back the sick Indian, returning in the afternoon. He had recovered and, with his companions, was returning horseback.

Monday, 24. Captain Clifford and Lieutenant Johnson with two men

went down the valley hunting this morning, which afforded the camp an excitement and me an opportunity for a scamper. They were sighted by the Crow scouts at some distance below and mistaken for Sioux, whereupon the latter made a tragical rush for our camp to give the alarm. As they appeared in view across the valley running in single file at a lively speed, occasionally deviating from a direct line to describe a small circle indicating that they had seen an enemy, quite an excitement was aroused in the camp. The soldiers gathered in throngs, while the Crows formed in line, shoulder to shoulder, behind a pile of buffalo-chips placed for the purpose and stood there swaying their bodies and singing while the scouts approached. As the leader of the scouts came up he paused to kick over the pile of buffalo-chips, which was equivalent to a solemn pledge to tell the truth, then sat down surrounded by his fellow Crows and, after resting a minute or two, told what he had seen.

The Crows full of enthusiasm rushed after their horses and stripped for a fight; while I got my detachment in the saddle as quickly as possible, and away we went down the valley looking for a brush and hoping to bag a few Sioux. About eight miles down we found the trail of the party seen by the scouts, and behold it was the trail of Captain Clifford and his little hunting party, who ignorant of the commotion they had innocently aroused had ridden on to other fields. We returned to camp considerably crest-fallen, and with impaired confidence in the judgment of the Crows.

Companies H (Capt. Ball) and F (Lieut. Roe), 2nd Cavalry, about eighty strong, commanded by the former officer, left this afternoon for a scout up the Big Horn River. They are accompanied as guides by two of my scouts—LeForgey, interpreter, and a Crow, Jack Rabbit Bull.

The men are rendering their stay here as pleasant as possible by raising their beds off the ground, building shades of boughs over their tents, etc. The camp now wears quite a pic-nic air. Still no sign of Sioux.

Tuesday, 25—Sunday, 30. During these six days we have remained quietly in camp, amusing ourselves as best we could. Hunting parties go out occasionally, but do not procure much game; and fishermen throng the bank, securing a fair return in cat-fish, hickory shad and suckers. The Crows have kept a look-out around camp, and a party of six made a scout down the river as far as the mouth of the Rosebud River, leaving camp on the twenty-seventh and returning on the thirtieth, finding the country full of buffalo but discovering no sign of the Sioux. Three of the Crows—the same who desired to leave a few days ago—stole away on the twenty-ninth with all their horses and effects and are yet absent. They have undoubtedly deserted. An Indian is a sufficiently lazy creature, but he likes to choose his own time and method of indulgence, and this enforced camp-life is very distasteful to the Crows. We received a mail from above on the twenty-eighth.

#### HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE CROWS.

In my detachment of scouts are two or three old men who are well informed in the traditions of their tribe, and my principal occupation during these days of idleness, and those that subsequently occurred during the campaign, was to collect from them and commit to writing such

information as they could give me concerning their people and the region they inhabit. I have also sought similar facts from every other available source, and by these means have made a considerable compilation of Crow history. Inasmuch as they are a very interesting tribe, and have allied themselves with us in this war, and the country in which we are to operate was formerly their home, there seems good reason for introducing here some account of them. I do not think there is a comprehensive sketch of their history in print, and this may serve to supply the lack until a fuller and better account appears. \* \* \* \* \*

When the present Crow tribe first became known to white men it occupied the tract of country stretching from the North Platte River to the Yellowstone along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, extending its range as far eastward as the mouth of the Yellowstone and occasionally passing to the northward of that stream into the valley of the Musselshell and Judith Rivers. It is not certain when the Crows were first visited by white men, but the earliest authenticated visit that has come under my observation is that of John Colter in 1806. He had been a member of Lewis and Clark's party, but, having become enamoured of the wild life of the west, procured his discharge and remained in the country with two friends hunting and trapping for a livelihood. Captain Clark passed through their country in descending the Yellowstone in 1806 but encountered no members of the tribe, though it is probable they saw him as his horses were stolen, the thieves undoubtedly being Crows.

The next year, 1807, Lisa with a numerous party ascended to the mouth of the Big Horn and there built the first trading post located within the limits of Crow-land. He remained there trading with the tribe for nine months, and in 1808 broke up his establishment and returned to St. Louis. In the year 1807 another party of trappers and hunters entered the country from St. Louis, having travelled on horseback by way of the Mandan villages and the Yellowstone valley. They had suffered a defeat from the Blackfeet and were then retreating to the south. Having rested a few days in the Crow camp they pursued their journey; but one of the number, Edward Rose, remained with the Crows, married one of their women, became a man of great influence among them, and finally lost his life in a conflict with the Arickarees. The next party of white men to enter their country was that of Hunt, a partner with Astor in the Pacific Fur Company, who, in 1811, ascended the Missouri to the Arickaree villages, then crossed overland through the Crow country to the headwaters of Snake River, and proceeded finally to the Pacific at Astoria. All these various parties were received by the Crows in a friendly manner, but their horse-stealing proclivities got for the tribe a bad reputation, and by all the other writers they are pronounced a thieving, lawless, plundering horde.

By the traditions of the tribe it is made to appear that they emigrated from the south-east, and there is good reason for believing that they once dwelt upon the waters of the Gulf of Mexico or along the Atlantic coast in Georgia or South Carolina.\* The Crows are remarkable for the evidence they present of having at some early period in their his-

\* Lieut. McClernand, who has made some research concerning the tribe, thinks it was Lake Michigan, but I am unable to agree with this view. [J. H. B.]

tory received a considerable admixture of white blood; and one hundred years ago the Cherokee Indians of Georgia had a tradition of having in former times expelled a tribe of *white* Indians from that country, who, they said, fled to the Mississippi and then up the Missouri where they yet dwelt. Among the other evidences of their south-eastern origin are traditions that they once dwelt in a land of perpetual summer, where they grew corn, and they possess a lingering dim knowledge of the alligator which could only have been acquired in a southern land. They say that they once dwelt upon a great water so broad that they did not know its extent, and that it was out of this water that the first white men came to them, as well as the first horses they ever saw. This tradition is almost lost, and all their other traditions are vague and indistinct. May not this one dimly preserve the remembrance of some one of the Spanish maritime expeditions to the Southern Coast in the sixteenth century?

The last migration of the Crows was made about one hundred and twenty-five years ago, say in 1750, from a stream they term the Flint River, where they had dwelt for an indefinite period. By this name is said to be meant the Kansas River, and, from the position they assign to it, that idea is probably correct. Almost all their traditionary history is embraced in the period subsequent to that migration, all of earlier date being caught only in transient gleams. In the year 1724 there resided upon the headwaters of the Kansas River a powerful band of Indians, known to the French by the name of Paducas, who dwelt in several villages and could bring into the field about two thousand men. From this country they suddenly disappeared, and no trace of them has ever been found. Captain Lewis, writing in 1805, says that they appear to have removed to the upper Platte River, and there dispersed into various bands which took different names. The north fork of the Platte was once called the Paducas Fork, probably after this tribe.

I am not yet prepared to assert it as a fact, but I do not hesitate to express it as my conviction that we must seek for the lost Paducas in the present Crows. The Crows, according to their tradition, dwelt upon the headwaters of the Kansas River at the period the Paducas are represented as being there, and migrated to the north-west about the time the Paducas are reported to have disappeared. As Captain Lewis says of the Paducas, the Crows went first to the headwaters of the Platte and rested for a time from their migration upon the north fork of that river, which was formerly called the Paducas Fork. Such a coincidence of time and circumstance would amount to positive proof of their identity as one and the same tribe, but for the element of doubt in the traditions of the Crows. I feel convinced that they are to be relied upon and that I have made correct deductions from them as to the period when the migration took place, but prefer to make additional investigation before committing myself irrevocably to the proposition I have advanced.

But though, while located upon the waters of the North Platte, the Crows (or Paducas) did not disperse into the numerous or petty bands conjectured by Captain Lewis, an important division occurred which marks the real beginning of the present Crow tribe. Dissensions had for a long time existed among them that induced them to divide into two bands, who pitched their camps a little apart. During this state of things a famine arose, and at the season of greatest scarcity a buffalo



was killed, over the division of which a quarrel ensued between the two camps and permanent separation was agreed upon. One band went to the north-east, made its home on the Missouri River and became the Minnetarees, or Gros Ventres of the Missouri of the present day, while the other band spread to the north-west and is now known as the Crows. Their differences never led them to war upon each other, and within a few years after the separation they began an interchange of visits that continues, in reduced degree, to the present day. Not only their traditions but the affinities of tongue prove them allied to each other; and among the Minnetarees, as among the Crows, frequent instances of blue and gray eyes, light hair, and a fair skin prove a former infusion of white blood. This separation of the bands occurred not later than 1775, and possibly a few years earlier.

The Crows, having become a separate tribe, designed extending their migration still further to the north-west, but, finding themselves confronted by the succession of lofty mountain ranges in Montana and learning from the Nez Perces that the country continued to be rugged and mountainous for a long distance further on, paused in their advance and occupied the country in which they were found by their first white visitors. Here they suffered from the visitation of the small-pox, already described, by which their numbers were reduced from about one thousand lodges, or ten thousand souls, to six hundred lodges with six thousand souls. They gradually recovered from this depletion of numbers and about the year 1822 were once more nearly one thousand lodges strong, when there occurred the most terrible calamity that ever befell the tribe, sweeping off in a single day about half their numbers and leaving the survivors impoverished.

In the summer of this year a war-like fever seemed suddenly to have possessed the Crows and party after party took the field, until eight large bands had gone forth, comprising the greater number of their warriors and the flower of their tribe. While in this condition of comparative defencelessness, the camp was suddenly assailed by a combined force of Sioux and Cheyennes numbering over one thousand men. Panic seized upon the Crows, and with little attempt at resistance they fled in wild confusion over the plain toward the neighboring hills. The Sioux and Cheyennes were mostly mounted, and had only to ride after the fleeing throngs and slay them as they ran. Hundreds were overtaken and killed in the village and hundreds more in the subsequent pursuit which continued for miles. The plain was literally strewn for a considerable distance with the corpses of men, women and children; and at last from very fatigue of killing and satiated with blood the victors desisted from the pursuit. It had not been a battle but a butchery, and a butchery the most terrible that either in tradition or history has occurred upon the great plains of the Great West. At least five thousand of the Crows had fallen, but that was not all. All their lodges—a thousand in number, all the equipage of their camp, and hundreds of horses had passed into the hands of the victors, who also carried away as captives four hundred young women and children. The Crows in time recovered from the loss of material, but have never regained the numbers they possessed upon the morning of that fatal day.

After the exploration of Lewis and Clark had made known to the

world the geography and resources of the west, numerous parties of trappers, traders and travelers found their way hither and the Crows had frequent white visitors. But while the majority of the Indian tribes east of the mountains received such parties with hostility, the Crows preserved toward them peaceful relations, though not hesitating to rob them and drive off their horses when opportunity offered. These acts of unfriendliness were, however, confined in the main to the worse spirits of the tribe, the general sentiment being of friendliness, and their villages ever afforded a place of refuge to the harassed parties of white men who roamed the west. But in the year 1825 a difficulty occurred that came near overturning these peaceful relations and gaining for us their lasting enmity.

A military expedition consisting of four companies of the 1st Infantry and six companies of the 6th, commanded by General Atkinson, in that year ascended the Missouri for the purpose of treating with the various tribes and impressing them with the power of the United States. The greater part of the Crows chanced that year to make one of their customary visits of trade and amity to their kindred, the Minnetarees, and there met the troops, whom they viewed with interest and curiosity but without awe. They had with them a captive half-breed woman and child whom General Atkinson wished to liberate and, in the conference that ensued, Major O'Fallon became so much enraged at the taunts of a Crow chief that he snapped a pistol in his face and then struck him with the butt a violent blow on the head, inflicting a severe wound. The chief received the blow in sullen silence; but when the Indians outside the council-tent heard of the occurrence they became furious with rage and threatened an immediate attack upon the troops. In the confusion that ensued they succeeded in secretly spiking General Atkinson's cannon with sticks and stuffing them with earth and grass. But fortunately the affair was settled without bloodshed, mainly through the instrumentality of the renegade Rose, whom we have seen separate himself from a party of trappers at the Crow village eighteen years before. Peace being restored, the Crows of their own accord surrendered the half-breed woman and child, and General Atkinson rewarded them with a present of guns and ammunition.

After the abandonment of Lisa's fort at the mouth of Big Horn River, in 1808, the Crows were for many years without a trading-post; but the roving bands of trappers and traders that after the year 1822 overspread the country kept them well supplied with the commodities of civilization. Toward the year 1830 the American Fur Company began to extend its trade up the Missouri River, and in 1829 built Fort Union near the mouth of the Yellowstone. The trade of the Crows was of too much consequence to be ignored, and within two years Fort Cass had been built within the limits of their country upon the Big Horn, to be replaced in 1835 by Fort Van Buren at the mouth of that stream. The Crows were anxious to retain a trading-post in their country, but proved vacillating in choice of location and at their request it was several times changed, the last establishment, Fort Sarpy, built in 1850, being located upon the Yellowstone a few miles below the mouth of Rosebud River. Five years later this post was abandoned, and was the last maintained by this company on the Yellowstone. The Company did not by this step

lose the trade of the Crows, for the roving traders had passed away and thus, having no other resort, the tribe carried its peltries to the post at the mouth of the Yellowstone. Their annual sale amounted in those days to about five thousand robes. They were prudent purchasers, generally accepting nothing that did not serve them a useful purpose,—as arms, ammunition, blankets and beads. They would not drink whisky—differing therein from all the surrounding tribes—and it was therefore never kept at this post.

About the same time that the American Fur Company carried its trade up the Yellowstone to the Crows, it extended it higher up the Missouri to the Blackfeet bands. The Blackfeet were the inveterate, deadly enemies of the Crows, and greatly outnumbering them had the advantage in their wars. It displeased the Crows greatly to see a post maintained among their enemies that kept them abundantly supplied with civilized arms, and, finding remonstrances to fail in procuring its discontinuance, determined to reduce it by force. Therefore in June, 1834, taking with them their lodges and families, they marched against it in heavy force, the fort being then garrisoned by Major Culbertson with twenty men. Pitching their camp about a quarter of a mile from its walls, they made themselves comfortable and prepared for a lengthened stay. It was not their desire to harm the garrison but only to starve it into surrender, when they intended to possess themselves of the goods, destroy the fort, and send its occupants out of the country. In pursuance of this plan the Indians kept them cooped up within its walls, but did not fire a shot.

The besieged dug a well in the fort, by which they had a plentiful supply of water; but their provisions soon began to fail. The fresh meat gave out in a day or two, then the dried meat reserved for an emergency was consumed, and finally the few dogs kept about the fort were killed and eaten. Still the grim warriors hung persistently about, and showed no disposition to depart. The only resource of the garrison was now pieces of raw buffalo hide and parfleches used to hold pounded meat. These were boiled until soft, when they presented an appearance similar to carpenter's glue. It was disgusting food—preserving life but wholly failing to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Hitherto the garrison had forbore to fire upon the Crows, though fair opportunities were daily presented. Knowing the fickleness of Indian character Major Culbertson had expected them ere long to tire of the investment and raise the siege. but, reduced to the last extremity, he now warned them to depart, threatening to fire upon them if they did not comply. They laughed at the menace and still remained. Then, on the tenth day of the siege, one of the cannon with which the fort was armed was charged with a solid shot, aimed at the centre of the camp and fired.

The effect was magical. It was a kind of war they were not accustomed to, and in a moment all was confusion. Lodges were down in a twinkling. There was a rapid gathering of horses, and in a few minutes the whole village was skurrying away at full speed up the river. The siege was raised. A few of the Crows crossed the river and opened fire upon the fort from the opposite bluffs, but did no harm. They soon left the vicinity, and thus ended the first, last and only warlike attempt ever made by the Crows as a tribe upon the whites. The chief who led this

attack was the Arapooash\* so celebrated by Irving in his adventures of Bonneville. The English translation is Rotten Belly, a fact which Irving declined to disclose. He was killed soon afterward by the Blackfeet.

Another celebrated chief of those early days was Long Hair, between whom and Arapooash a rivalry existed that divided the nation. As had occurred fifty years before, the tribe separated into two camps, rather less than one-third following Arapooash while the remainder acknowledged the leadership of Long Hair. Though frequently uniting their forces they were generally asunder and began to haunt different localities, the followers of Long Hair remaining generally south of the Yellowstone on Clark's Fork and the Big Horn, while the band of Arapooash frequented the valleys of the Judith and Musselshell and sometimes ranged to the Missouri. The separation at last became so complete that the whites gave to the bands different names, distinguishing them according to their different haunts as Mountain and River Crows—names they still bear. They are on terms of friendship, exchange visits, and occasionally unite their camps; but differences of habit are growing up that will probably prevent their ever coalescing again, though some of the older men, who knew the tribe as one, yet cherish dreams of reunion.

When, in 1834, the trading-post of Fort Laramie was built near the mouth of the river of that name, an invitation was extended to the Sioux to move over into its neighborhood. The invitation was accepted by about one hundred lodges of Ogallallas under Bull Bear, who ere long began to encroach upon the southern borders of the country of the Crows. The latter were soon driven from the North Platte, and afterward confined their range to the northward of Powder River. About twenty years later other bands of the Sioux, finding the buffalo diminishing in their own country, began to press to the westward and soon came into contact with the Crows in the excursions of the latter to the mouth of the Yellowstone.

The expulsion of the Santee Sioux from Minnesota after the massacre in that State gave new impulse to this movement, and the Crows, unable to resist so formidable an invasion, withdrew more and more to the north and west until at last the Sioux were in full possession of the lower Yellowstone, and the valleys of Powder, Tongue, Rosebud and Big Horn Rivers. Occasionally still the Crows venture in large camps to the latter stream, but only to retire hastily upon the approach of the dreaded Sioux. They may now be said to be confined to the left bank of Pryor's Creek, but even here they are incessantly harassed by the Sioux, and frequently filled by their approach with the wildest consternation. Their present entire strength is less than four hundred lodges, or only about one-fourth of that with which they migrated from the Kansas River one hundred and twenty-five years ago.

They call themselves by the name of Up-sah-ro-ku (usually but incorrectly written Absaraka), a word whose meaning is lost.† The name of Crows, by which they are known to the whites, is a translation of the name long since applied to them by some of the surrounding tribes. They are firm friends of the whites, recognizing it as their best policy,

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\* Irving spells this name with an "i"—Arapooish.

† "Home of the Crows"; See "AB-SA-RA-KA, the Land of Massacre", by Col. Henry B. Carrington.—W. E. S.

and with judicious management upon the part of our Government will ever remain so. There are not wanting instances of the maltreating and killing of whites by members of the tribe, but they are comparatively rare, confined to the worst element of the tribe, and disapproved of by the general sentiment. In a remarkable tradition of the creation possessed by them it is said that, as men increased in number upon the face of the earth the spirits who had created them divided them into tribes, though all as yet spoke one tongue. At length, however, the spirits called from above the earth bidding all to assemble themselves together; and when they had done so the spirits gave to each tribe a different tongue, and none understood the tongue given to the others. The spirits also appointed to each tribe a certain place for a home, and then commanded all to shake hands together. There were people of all colors there but the white people stood nearest to the spirits, and, after they had shaken hands, the spirits said so as to be heard by all: "All people are dear to us, but the white people are dearest of all: we command you always to live at peace with the white people." Then the assembly dispersed, and the tribes spread themselves over all the land. And surely this injunction of what they take to be divine authority has been better obeyed by the Crows than are behests from the same high source by their brethren of the white-skin.

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Monday, May 1. About noon four of the Crows, who had crossed the river and gone up to the mouth of the Big Horn, were seen running rapidly along the summit of the rocky ridge on the opposite shore, occasionally describing the circle that indicates an enemy seen. When they got near enough to be heard, they shouted that the Sioux were close at hand and begged that a boat be sent over for them instantly. The boat was sent, and they were soon safe on this side telling their story, which was to the effect that dense swarms of mounted men in three bodies were pouring down Tullock's Fork, that they were undoubtedly Sioux, and that we might expect them soon to attack the camp. This information caused no excitement, as Capt. Ball was expected to return to-day, and by way of Tullock's Fork, so that the mounted men were pretty certain to prove to be his two companies of cavalry. And so it turned out, for about 3 P. M. he arrived in camp. He had ascended the Big Horn to old Fort C. F. Smith, crossed over to the Little Big Horn, thence passed to the upper part of Tullock's Fork and descended this stream to its junction with the Big Horn, without having encountered the Sioux or seen any recent sign of them. The officers speak in the highest terms of the beauty and fertility of some of the country they traversed on the trip. The ruins of Fort C. F. Smith are still in a good state of preservation, though the place was abandoned eight years ago. Its adobe walls do not yield to the incendiary's torch, or the Sioux would have long since got rid of them.

We are now minus six of our Crows,—three who deserted the other day, and the three who left us at Pompey's Pillar on the seventeenth ultimo to accompany the party of Crow volunteers on their scout. We hear that this party scouted to the Rosebud and then returned to the Crow camp, our three scouts going with them instead of rejoining us

with the information gained as they had been ordered to. This evening Bravo, interpreter, and one of the Crows, Little Face, were sent back to the agency, bearing a letter to the agent who is requested to use his influence to get these six renegades to return. Bravo has much ill-merited influence over the Crows and Little Face is a good old fellow who will do all he can, and the chances are we will get them all back. Little Face's son is among the absentees. They are allowed eleven days for the round trip.

Tuesday, 2. An uneventful day in camp. A good deal of speculation is rife in the command as to the whereabouts of the Sioux. We have now been two week in their country, a protracted scout has been made by the cavalry up the Big Horn and another by the Crows down to Rosebud River, and all without discovering a vestige of them. It is not long since Crook routed them on Powder River, so they are not likely to be lingering there. Where are they? The question is answered in different ways, but the general impression seems to be that having learned, as they undoubtedly have, the extensive preparations making for waging war upon them, they have become frightened and resorted to the agencies, where under the protecting aegis of the Indian Bureau they have been transformed from implacable, blood-thirsty warriors into good, peaceable Indians, and where they will stay fattening on government rations, accumulating the means of waging renewed war, but crying, Peace! Peace! until the storm blows over, when they will again take the field and resume their old trade of shedding white-men's blood.

Wednesday, 3. We have found the Sioux, or rather, they have found us. Reveille passed off as usual this morning, every one turning out of bed and falling into ranks to answer to his name, and then turning into bed and falling asleep for another doze. But presently it was discovered that Bostwick's horse (Shavy) and mule, which had been picketed out the evening before to graze just outside the line of sentinels and about three hundred yards from camp, were gone. Investigation proved them to have been taken by Sioux, and as soon as the Crows heard of the circumstance they rushed to the island just above camp where they had left their horses over night to graze, but every head was gone—thirty-two in all, gobbled by the Sioux. A search around the camp disclosed the fact that they had been in close vicinity to our sentinels, a broken saddle, three blankets, several wiping-sticks and other articles being found. The rascals managed the thing very adroitly, indeed.

The Crows had a good cry over their loss, standing together in a row and shedding copious tears, after which they set out to follow the trail of the robbers. It was found to lead down the valley to a point about eight miles below, where it crossed the stream. The Crows heard shots upon the opposite bank, which seemed to indicate that the Sioux were not very anxious to get out of the way and had little dread of pursuit. Fearing to cross, the Crows turned back. The trail indicates that about fifty Sioux were engaged in the affair, about twenty of whom reconnoitered our camp and secured the horses while the remainder held themselves in reserve a little way off. Of the seventeen Crows now with us, not one has a horse. It is an unfortunate state of affairs, as it will greatly impair their usefulness as scouts. The General has been disposed to allow them every possible latitude to prevent the restraints of service

from becoming too irksome to them, and so has permitted them to look after their horses in their own way, believing that their instinct and training would enable them to judge rightly what precautions were necessary. As commander of the scouts, and therefore personally concerned, I will add this has not been my theory. I have desired to practice a more rigorous discipline with the Crows, and would have done so had I been unrestrained.

In the afternoon there was an alarm that the Sioux had got the herd, which was grazing about a mile up the valley. A light snow had been falling and a heavy fog overhung the valley, concealing distant objects, out of which two or three animals could be seen galloping towards camp. We were quickly under arms, but it proved to be a false alarm.

Groff and Madden, of my detachment, went out hunting this morning before we learned of the presence of the Sioux. Groff has returned but can give no account of Madden, who is still absent. With the Sioux around, his position is critical.

Thursday, 4. During last night two couriers arrived bringing a mail. They had been fired upon after dark about ten miles from camp, but were not pursued. Sergt. Farrell with five men of my detachment, LeForgey, and one Crow, went out at 7 A. M. to look for Madden, returning with him at 3 P. M. It is a great relief to find him alive, but he has had a narrow escape. When found he was traveling directly away from camp, being completely bewildered. He had passed the night under an overhanging rock which sheltered him from the snow, but he had no food. It was found that a Sioux trail crossed his. This was probably made by the party who had fired on the couriers; and they must have crossed during the night, as had they seen it they would undoubtedly have followed and killed him. As bewildered men are so apt to do he traveled in a circle, and after going several miles this morning found himself back at the rock where he had passed the night.

The General had a conference with the Crows to-day and tried to induce them to go in search of a Sioux camp, but they declined, saying the time had passed by when Indians could go to war on foot, their enemies being too well mounted.

Friday, 5. Sent the Crows all out on foot to-day to follow back the trail of the Sioux as we are anxious to learn if possible where they are from—whether from down the river or across the country from Fort Peck. In due time they returned with the information that the trail keeps the north bank of the Yellowstone, heading from below and apparently from the interior, but they feared to follow it on foot far enough to settle the point. Requested and obtained the General's permission to mount two Crows on my own horses and send them to-morrow several miles farther out on the trail to try and obtain additional information.

Saturday, 6. Mounted Half Yellow Face on my own horse (Mink) this morning, and gave Jack Rabbit Bull a good mount also, and started them off on the Sioux trail. They followed it some fifteen miles, finding that the Sioux thieves had not come from the interior, as had been surmised, but from some point on the river below us. As they were cautiously advancing they discovered three Sioux near the river about a mile in their front, and, waiting until their enemies had disappeared from view behind a ridge, charged them boldly at full speed. They were close on the

Sioux before the latter discovered their approach, and, ignorant of the numbers assailing them, the Sioux fled into the broken ground near the river, abandoning three horses to the Crows. These were quickly secured and the triumphant Crows beat a hasty retreat to our camp, where they arrived early in the afternoon, proud of their exploit and three horses richer for it. It was a daring deed, for the three Sioux they saw might have been merely lookouts of a heavy force near at hand.

It is very unlikely that this small party of Sioux are alone, and I requested the General's permission to take my detachment and some of the Crows and make a night march down the river to see what I could find. He at first refused, but finally consented, though he postponed the departure till to-morrow night. I had wished to start this evening, fearing the Sioux, if in small force, may leave to-night.

Sunday, 7. Captain Clifford says in his journal of this date: "The entire force of scouts went down the river and are very liable to be scooped up by an overwhelming force of Sioux." This alludes to the departure of my detachment on the scout arranged yesterday, and expresses the general feeling of the camp over our enterprise. The General evidently felt great misgivings, and I feared he would revoke the permission to go but he did not. Myself and men passed the day in preparation, and as soon as it was dark enough to conceal our departure, we mounted and rode forth, the greater part of the command gathering to see us off, many looking on us as doomed men. The detachment consisted of seventeen soldiers, citizen Bostwick, LeForgey and four Crows,—twenty-five including myself.

We marched continuously down the valley, and found fresh pony tracks six miles out, showing that the Sioux are hovering around us. Made careful disposition of the command with reference to a possible ambuscade and moved on, but the darkness of the night and the necessity of great caution in passing through the thickets in the valley made our progress annoyingly slow. Ten miles down the valley ran out against the river bluffs, which we ascended and for five miles crossed the highlands at fair speed. We were now near the scene of yesterday's exploit, and advanced with great care. Presently the low wolf cry, that signals the enemy, came from the scouts in front. It was an excellent imitation and would have deceived anyone. They had found some moccasins, and a little farther on distinguished three war lodges through the gloom,—shelter for about thirty men. That was about the number I wanted to strike, but alas! for our hopes of performing an exploit, they were gone. They had left a hatchet and some other trifling articles, and appeared to have been gone about twenty-four hours. Had they still been there we would probably have destroyed the most of them, for they rarely keep out sentinels in such expeditions, and we could have been upon them ere they were aware of our presence. These lodges are about a mile from the place where the two Crows captured the three horses, and so it turned out that the Sioux they saw were but three of thirty and that the two bold Crows were in great peril indeed.

Monday, 8. It was about 3 A. M. when we struck the three war lodges. Thinking the Sioux might have moved down the river a few miles and camped again, I determined to pass on. The remainder of our night's ride led down the left bank of the stream, through a succession



of thickets and openings, and across the tributary of the Yellowstone called by the Crows "They-froze-to-death": some of their tribe having once perished there in that manner. The whites call it, in doubtful English, Froze-to-death Creek. Just as it was getting light we found more Sioux sign, where a party of them had crossed the river to the opposite bank. Desiring to take an observation before advancing further we turned off to a high point favorable for the purpose, about two miles from the river, within whose clefts and depressions we could conceal our horses and see without being seen. Here we unsaddled and fed the horses while the Crows looked out for smoke or other indications of a camp, but made no discoveries. Thousands of buffalo were grazing quietly in the valley and on the hills.

Satisfied that there was no party or camp within striking distance I saddled up after a few hours' stay and moved down into the valley, where again we found Sioux sign. Among the other tracks Bostwick recognized that of his lost mule, which he knew by the shoe marks. The tracks were about two days old, and kept down the left bank of the Yellowstone. Judging by the trails and other indications I should say that, after capturing the Crow ponies, the Sioux divided, about twenty pressing on rapidly with their plunder while the remainder, about thirty in number, remained behind to watch our movements, but have now, since their discovery by the Crows, gone off also. We continued down the valley for three or four miles, and finding a good place to graze, halted, posted lookouts, unsaddled, and rested from 10:30 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Here we found more Sioux sign—war lodges, horse and moccasin tracks, fresh ashes, and an elaborate arrangement of buffalo-chips and skulls for "making medicine". It was probably a stopping place of the Sioux on their way up to our camp, the sign appearing just about old enough. Resuming the march at 5 P. M., we passed down the valley about two miles to the Great Porcupine Creek, where we found a large band of buffalo, and before I knew what their intentions were the Crows were chasing them at full speed firing into the herd. They killed several and the meat was acceptable enough, but the firing might have brought the Sioux down upon us. The carelessness of these fellows at times is simply amazing. One would think that the Indian's life of constant exposure to danger would make caution and precaution so much his habit that he would never lay them aside, but it is quite otherwise. In my scouts with the Crows I was compelled to watch them constantly to prevent the doing of some foolish or foolhardy thing that might have betrayed us to an enemy and brought destruction on us all.

As there was nothing to be gained by a farther advance we turned up the valley of the Great Porcupine, homeward bound, followed it six miles, ascended one of its tributaries—a dry ravine—till it ran out in the prairie, and then crossed to Froze-to-death Creek, where we camped at 2 A. M.

Tuesday, 9. Saddled up and marched at 8 A. M., crossed the prairie for a distance of about twelve miles, struck the Yellowstone valley about six miles below camp, which we reached about noon, having seen no Sioux sign during the return trip. In the course of this scout we traveled about eighty-five miles.

Captains Freeman and Logan had arrived yesterday. After leaving

our camp on the twenty-third ult., Captain Freeman marched up the left bank of the Yellowstone, arriving at Captain Logan's camp above Clark's Fork at 9 A. M. on the twenty-eighth. The train was loaded the following day, and on the thirtieth both companies began their march to Fort Pease, Lieutenant Kendrick with an escort of ten men of Co. H, 7th Infantry, continuing on to Fort Ellis with the discharged contract wagons of Power's train.

At last after twenty days' delay we are under orders to move down the river to co-operate with the force that is about to leave Fort Abraham Lincoln under Custer. We march in the morning. Upon our arrival at Fort Pease we found several boats which had been abandoned by the garrison, the best of which have been put in repair and are to be taken with us. Captain Clifford's Company E, has been assigned to the duty of navigating them, and I am ordered to furnish him with two Indians to do the necessary scouting along shore. Two couriers left this evening bearing mail.

Wednesday, 10. Marched at 8:45 A. M., my detachment in advance, Captain Clifford's company in the boats. Marched seventeen miles, the last few through a drenching rain, and camped in the valley at 7:30 P. M. The train had a hard pull out of the valley; the latter half of the march was across the table-land. A mail arrived to-day. The Crows picked up a couple of poor horses—evidently lost or abandoned by Sioux.

Thursday, May 11. It was ascertained this morning that the Sioux are hanging around us again. The Crows found a place in the willows close to camp where four of them had lain last night. We remained in camp to-day.

Friday, 12. Marched at 7 A. M., following Stanley's trail of 1873, and camped in the Yellowstone Valley at 5:30 P. M., having marched nineteen miles. Our last camp was just below the point where I found the three war lodges on the night of the seventh; the present one is about three hundred yards from my nooning place of the eighth. The thousands of buffalo then in this vicinity are gone. Captain Clifford found some fresh Sioux sign along the banks of the river to-day. Toward evening Bravo and Little Face returned from their trip to the agency, and brought back with them the six Crow deserters. They have done well. This gives us eight more mounted scouts—ten in all.

Saturday, 13. We passed the day in camp. Lieutenant Jacobs with Taylor, Bostwick and Sergeant Wilson (who accompanied me on the seventh), crossed the river and scouted toward the Rosebud, intending to have gone to that stream, but, mistaking a small creek therefor, turned back without reaching it. They found no Sioux sign. Four of the Crows crossed the river in the evening, and have gone off on foot to look for a Sioux camp. They all carried lariats, and their object is to steal horses to provide themselves with a remount. I heartily wish they may be successful, for they are of little use to us on foot.

Two of the Crows got into a quarrel this morning over the ownership of one of the Sioux horses found on the tenth inst., and at last one of them in a rage drew his knife and settled the dispute by killing the horse. Instead of resenting the act the other, when he saw what his adversary was about to do, whipped out his knife also and assisted in the killing, a few amicable stabs upon the part of each in the poor beast's body, sufficing to restore good feeling between them.

Sunday, 14. Marched at 8 A. M., reached Great Porcupine Creek in two miles, and had considerable difficulty in crossing it. During the delay thus created I visited a notable rock which towers over the Yellowstone valley a couple of miles from the junction of the two streams. It has generally been called Castle Rock. The rock rises perpendicularly out of a conical clay peak, the whole towering between two and three hundred feet above the valley. Being desirous of the view, I made strenuous efforts to climb it, and at great risk to neck and limb finally attained the summit and left my name and the date inscribed thereon. The summit bore signs of Indian visitors, and it is said to be a favorite lookout for Sioux and Crows.

Marched seventeen miles, and camped at 4:30 P. M. in the Yellowstone valley. The road lay mainly down the valley, but once ascended to the high grounds and returned to the valley through a long, devious, deep ravine, affording unlimited facilities for an ambuscade. Soon after camp was formed, a terrific hail-storm suddenly burst upon us accompanied by a high wind and followed by a deluge of rain. The herd stampeded to the camp and into the timber, tents were blown down, pools formed all through the camp, drowning out the occupants of many tents which stood in some cases in nearly a foot of water, everybody got wet, and a good many lost their suppers.

Major Brisbin and Lieutenants English and Johnson were among the unfortunates that the wind left out of doors. It was a terrible storm, but soon subsided; and there was a busy time through the rest of the afternoon moving and repitching tents, fishing personal effects out of the water and mud, and reclaiming the stampeded animals. It continued to rain most of the night, the tents all leaked, bedding was drenched, and we had rather a cheerless time of it. This camp will long linger in the memory of its unfortunate occupants as Hail-stone or Drowned-out camp.

Monday, 15. We lay in camp to-day, the road being too muddy to admit of marching. A scouting party of Crows went down the river a few miles, but returned without having found any Sioux sign. The war party that left our camp on the thirteenth inst., returned to-day about 10 o'clock A. M. Yesterday they struck a trail indicating about thirty mounted Sioux leading up the river on the opposite side, and followed it in the hope of catching the party in camp in the evening and getting off with their horses. But the storm came on completely obliterating the trail, the night was intensely dark, and unable to accomplish anything they gave up the pursuit and returned disheartened to camp.

After gathering the story of the Crows, I reported with it to the General, and then requested permission to do a little village-hunting myself, stating my belief that the thirty Sioux whose trail had been found by the Crows had come from a village on Tongue River, and promising to find it if there was one there. After some hesitation, fearing the destruction of my detachment, he finally consented, leaving the details to me. I made up a party consisting of twelve men of my detachment, eight volunteers from the infantry companies, and Bravo with five Crows—twenty-seven including myself. I had hoped for some volunteers from the cavalry, having been promised some by Major Brisbin, but none came forward. During the day three days' rations were got ready and other preparations made, and toward evening the men left camp one by one so

as not to excite suspicion of a watchful enemy, and gathered upon the bank of the river covered by the timber. The river was very high and running like a mill-race, but aided by Captain Clifford with his boats we crossed in about twenty minutes without accident, swimming the horses, and just at dark all were assembled upon the opposite bank. The most of the command had gathered to see us off, and a good deal of apprehension was felt on our behalf, not a few feeling assured that we would never return.

Covered by the darkness we began our march, climbing the river bluffs and crossing the high ground toward the Rosebud. The route pursued was terrible—up hill and down, through muddy gullies, and along steep, slippery hill-sides, tiring out men and horses and wasting precious time. The Crows had said openly that we were going to certain destruction and it had been hard to get out of the whole band the requisite number for the scout, none volunteering, so that I had been obliged to make a detail of the five I took. Being aware of their reluctance and timidity I became convinced that they were purposely selecting a bad route to tire me out, waste time, and induce me to abandon the undertaking; and finally I halted the column and gave them a severe lecture. I was satisfied from their replies that I had not misjudged them, and assured them that we would go to Tongue River if it took a month, threatening to become my own guide if they did not do better, when we might run into dangers that we could avoid if they did as well as they might. Seeing they had nothing to gain by their subterfuge, they agreed to do the best they could, and pushing on we soon emerged into a better country. We passed the Rosebud some five miles out, and, traveling about nine miles further, halted soon after midnight in a grassy ravine which the Crows assured me was near the base of the Wolf Mountains. As it was not safe to pass these hills without first taking a view of the surrounding country I unsaddled, posted a guard, and let the men sleep and the horses graze till daylight.

Tuesday, 16. Found this morning, when it grew light, that the Crows had deceived me and that we were yet about five miles from the Wolf Mountains. Saddled up at 4 o'clock and moved on, reaching the hills about 6. The morning was slightly foggy, which conduced to our safety, but about the time we reached the hills it cleared off leaving the day beautifully bright. Finding a sheltered cove where the grass was good, and concealment perfect, I unsaddled and went with the Crows to the top of a promising peak, from which an excellent view was obtained. We had a fair view of the Rosebud from its mouth upward for over thirty miles, within which there was no smoke or other sign of a camp, nor was there any anywhere within our range of view. A ridge of considerable elevation interposed between us and Tongue River, so that we could not tell what might be there.

Spent about three hours in making these observations, then saddled up and moved on. We soon struck the trail of the thirty Sioux who passed up the river a day or two ago, and became satisfied it led from Tongue River at a point some fifteen or eighteen miles above its mouth. We were now pretty sure of finding a village, and it became necessary to travel with the utmost caution, keeping concealed as much as possible. We effected this by marching in ravines wherever they offered, under

cover of the knolls that were occasionally presented, and finally by ascending the summit of a wooded ridge, whose pine timber screened us completely for several miles. When necessary to pass over open ground we closed up in a solid mass and dashed across it as quickly as possible. Two of the Crows, mounted on gray horses (which show least from a distance), were kept two or three hundred yards in advance, and when we reached especially open ground they were sent to the summit of the next ridge in front before the main body showed itself. With all these precautions it would have required a very watchful enemy indeed to discover our advance.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the two Crows in front signalled that they had made a discovery. They were then on the summit of a ridge, and, placing the detachment in a basin-like depression near by where it was hidden from view on all sides but one, I joined them and found that our village was at hand. Tongue River lay between five and six miles in our front, the timber showing through one break in the bluffs, while up and down the stream the smoke was rising in different columns and uniting in a cloud which hung low over the valley. Nothing could be more certain than that it marked the presence of an Indian village, though we could not see a single teepee on account of the interposing bluffs. While we lay watching it, hundreds of buffalo which had been quietly feeding between us and the river became suddenly agitated, and the whole in bands of from ten to a hundred fled at full speed across our front to the right. Herd after herd that we had not seen before came into view over the hills on our left, some passing in our front, others in our rear, until I estimated that not less than five thousand had gone by. One of these bands, about twenty in number, came directly toward us, the wind not betraying our presence, and only swerved from their course when they reached the summit of the ridge and were within twenty yards of us.

For a time this stampede of the buffalo filled us with apprehension lest we had been discovered by the Sioux, whose sallying forth to meet us had occasioned it: but the Crows soon became satisfied it arose from the movements of the Sioux hunters lower down the stream, and their reasons appeared satisfactory. There was danger, however, that the hunters might continue their pursuit into our neighborhood; once we thought we detected a couple of mounted men skurrying over a ridge a couple of miles distant, but they did not reappear, and we might have been mistaken.

Becoming satisfied that we had not yet been discovered, I formed the plan of remaining where we were until dark, approaching then with the detachment as near as the conformation of the ground might render prudent, and going on myself with Bravo and one or two of the Indians, all on foot, sufficiently near to see the lodges and get an idea of their number. This scheme, however, the Crows with one accord violently opposed, arguing that it would be sure to result in our discovery and destruction; and it was evident that they sincerely believed that no white man had the address necessary to the successful management of such an enterprise. I would not let them go alone, as nothing was more certain than that their horse-stealing proclivities would get the better of them so that, in their effort to possess themselves of a few Sioux ponies, they

would be liable to bring the whole village down upon us. But they were not anxious to undertake it, and insisted that our best course was to get back as fast as possible. No Indian, they said, would think of asking better evidence of a village than we already had in the peculiar smoke which could only come from a number of such small fires as are built in Indian camps. To want actually to see the lodges they laughed at as a ridiculous idea, for even in respect to the number they could estimate sufficiently near from the smoke; and in this case they were satisfied that there were not less than two or three hundred.

Finding that I could not rely upon them to assist me in the execution of my night enterprise, I resolved to accept their advice and return. It had been the hope of my men that we would encounter a party or find a camp sufficiently weak for us to attack, and when they had learned that a village was before us they awaited impatiently my decision respecting it. When therefore I returned and calling them around me informed them that unfortunately for our hopes of a conquest we had struck a village of several hundred lodges, and that our only chance of life depended on getting away from it without being discovered, there were more that looked disappointed than showed anxiety. It afterward turned out that this camp contained about four hundred lodges, or from eight hundred to a thousand warriors, but for all that there were not wanting men among those bold rascals of mine that would have had me attack it with our twenty-seven. But they all lived to be thankful that we didn't. A sight of the Custer field, six weeks later, with its two hundred and six naked and bloody corpses, the victims in part of this very village, satisfied them that we had done well not to poke a stick into the hive.

At 6 o'clock we mounted and set out on our return, having been in the vicinity of the camp for two hours. We traveled briskly for about an hour, when finding water I halted, fed the animals the last of the grain we had brought, allowed the men to eat their supper, and then moved on. Being at a safe distance from the village and knowing that the country was clear we traveled with less regard to concealment, leaving to the right the difficult wooded heights we had been so glad of in the forenoon, and making good time. Continued the march till half-past nine, then halted, unsaddled, and rested two hours, allowing the men to sleep, and again pushed on. The night was very dark, but now that we were going in the direction of their desires the Crows showed an excellent knowledge of the country, and led us by an easy route. Knowing that we had somewhere in our front the thirty Sioux who passed up the river, we kept the best possible lookout and traveled silently.

Wednesday, 17. Traveled all night, crossed the Rosebud just at day-break (a little higher up than our first crossing) and about half an hour after sunrise arrived upon the bluffs overlooking the camp. I had feared the command might have moved, and was glad to find it still where we left it. A boat was soon sent over to me, and leaving my detachment on the margin of the stream I crossed and made my report to the General. The command was under orders to march and was then packing up preparatory to so doing; but, after an hour's deliberation, the General countermanded the order and issued another to get ready at once to cross the river for the purpose of moving on the Sioux village.

It was two months to a day since we had left Fort Shaw for the pur-

pose of cleaning out the Sioux nation, and during all that time we had done nothing but march, march, and rest in camp; but now the enemy had been found and we were going over to whip them. The accumulated satisfaction of the sixty blessed days that had preceded, if combined in a single lump, could not have equalled that with which this order was received. Not that there were no sore-heads who were personified gloom and despondency and whispered of dire overthrow and dreadful disaster; but the great majority were hopeful, jubilant and full of the fire of battle. Everybody fell to with a will, and there was more real good feeling and enthusiasm in the camp than I had witnessed in a body of men for a long time. But there came a sober, serious time to most of us, and that was when we sat down to pen to the far-off loved ones letters that might be the last they would ever receive from us. We did not then credit the Sioux with the prowess we have since learned to, but still we did not despise our foe, and felt that the fight would probably be well enough contested to make some vacancies among us.

Among the most enthusiastic were the Crows who had chafed under the disgrace they had suffered in the abstraction of their horses, and who now beamed with satisfaction at the prospect presented of recovering from their hated enemies their own with usury. They announced their determination to fight, and I have no doubt that to a degree they would have done so and some of them very bravely; but I feel sure that within the tawny hides of the greater number lurked the resolution to leave the bulk of the fighting to the *mahrstaksheedah*—as they call us—and devote their choicest energies to the gathering in of the stray ponies of the Sioux.

Captain Sanno's company (K) of the infantry was to remain in charge of the camp, the rest of the force constituting the column to advance against the Sioux. This column comprised five companies of infantry and four of cavalry, the mounted detachment and Crow scouts, numbering in the aggregate thirty-four officers and three hundred and fifty men, including the Crow scouts, to which are to be added about eight of our civilian camp followers, making our total effective force three hundred and ninety-two men. We were to carry one blanket and one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition per man, and seven days' rations, thirty pack mules being provided as transportation. Taking as a basis the time occupied by my detachment in crossing, it was estimated that the entire command would be over by dark, when we would have made a forced march and got as near the village as possible before daylight, being governed by circumstances as to the time and method of attack.

To render the camp as compact and defeasible as possible, the most of the tents were taken down, and Captain Sanno bestirred himself vigorously in the construction of rifle-pits and other preparations for defense. The cavalry were ordered to cross first, the infantry holding themselves in readiness to follow as soon as the cavalry were done with the boats. The crossing began about noon, perhaps a little earlier, at a point about a mile above the camp, and for four mortal hours it went on at a most tedious, discouraging rate, about ten animals being got over per hour, though the officers and men engaged in it seemed to have done their best. What the trouble was I did not then understand, and I don't now, and I have never seen anybody that did. Everything worked at cross purposes,

accident succeeded accident, and at last after many narrow escapes on the part of both men and horses four of the latter were drowned. The General had evidently chafed under the delay, but, where to all appearances everything was being done that men could do, saw no chance to accelerate matters. It had become evident that not even the cavalry would be over by dark, and when there came the catastrophe of the drowning of the four horses, it proved to be the last straw that broke the back of our warlike enterprise. Orders were given to recross the cavalry horses already over the river and my detachment, which had remained on the other side, and the expedition was abandoned. Before dark we were all together again in camp, tents were repitched, and everything had settled into its accustomed state.

And so we failed to march against the foe. There ever will be a difference of opinion as to the propriety of the course pursued, but as I am not writing a critical history I will not take this advantage of my fellow officers to record mine. \* \* \* \* \*

The Crows who, when the order to advance on the village was given, were the most jubilant, were now, on the other hand, the most crest-fallen and depressed. The crossing of a stream is such a simple matter for them that they do not understand how it should have proved an insuperable obstacle to our advance, and they are inclined to look upon it as a device to conceal our cowardice. I often talk with them and explain the mysteries and advantages of our prolonged movements and combined operations of different columns, which appear very perplexing compared to their simple methods of a dash in and out with a single force, but I fear it all avails little when they recall to mind a little passage that occurred in the course of our council with them in April. Said one of their speakers, Old Crow:

"If the Crows go with you, and they find a camp, they will bark like a dog. Will you then jump on the camp and fight right there?"

General Gibbon—"That is what we want."

Old Crow—"That is good."

One circumstance remains to be mentioned that had undoubtedly much to do with the General's decision not to march on the camp. Within an hour after my arrival from the village, the Sioux appeared in view on the prairie on the opposite side of the stream. My first impression was that it was the party of thirty returning from their bootless up-river trip; but those who saw the Indians estimated their number at not less than seventy-five, so that it must have been a party from the village on Tongue River. They had undoubtedly become in some way aware of our visit and followed us in; and had not the darkness favored us we should probably have had to fight before we got back. They remained in the vicinity all day, killed several buffalo in plain view of my men, and two or three times tried to creep upon them. In the afternoon, when I went over to recross my detachment, and sent the most of them over, they came down within two hundred yards of us. My guard gave the alarm, and seizing our guns we charged up the hill, but by the time we gained the summit they were far out of range. I counted seventeen still in sight, but there were undoubtedly men who were concealed from view by a swell of the prairie. Whether or not they knew we were trying to cross is uncertain, but it is fair to presume that they did. If so, it would of course have been impossible for us to surprise their camp.



During my absence from the camp only one incident occurred there that requires mention—a false alarm about 10 o'clock on the night of the sixteenth. The guard posted on the bank of the river over the boats imagined they saw in their front moving objects bearing a light, and, taking them for Indians signaling, fired three shots at them, soon followed by two more. The command turned out, but upon investigation was dismissed. This fright of the guard occasioned the following terse criticism by one of our men, an old warrior of thirty odd years' service in the army: "Well, by God, I've lived a good many years, and seen lots of Indians, and served a good deal in their country, but these are the first Indians I ever knew to go hunting a camp of soldiers with a lantern."

A similar alarm occurred this evening at the same place. Three of my horses were missing, and, thinking that the guard might fire on them as they grazed toward the camp, I asked permission to take my detachment and go after them lest they be shot before morning. The guard pointed out to me the place where they had seen the moving objects, when I deployed the detachment and with arms in readiness moved in that direction. About three hundred yards from camp we came suddenly upon a small light, and without waiting for orders some of the men began to fire at it and had fired several shots before I could stop them. We then moved up to the light and found it to proceed from a nearly consumed log, there being just fire enough left to flash up like a torch when fanned by a gust of wind. We scouted around for about half an hour without finding the horses, but later in the night they approached the camp and were secured.

Thursday, 18. Road still bad and a rainy day, so that the command remained in camp. About noon Thompson's and Wheelan's companies of the cavalry left with three days' rations, accompanied by two Crows, to scout down to the mouth of Tongue River. The object is presumed to be to discover promptly any disposition upon the part of the Sioux to leave the south side of the river, where it is desirable that they be kept until the forces converging upon them arrive within co-operating distance of each other. If they can be confined to the south bank, some one of our columns will be pretty sure to strike them, whereas if they escape into the vast, difficult country to the north they could more easily elude pursuit, if necessary crossing the line into the British Possessions.

In the afternoon four of the Crows crossed the river with the design of proceeding on foot to the Sioux village to steal horses.

Soon after the cavalry companies left the General ordered me to march at dark with my detachment on a three days' scout up the river, or until we meet a party of couriers now due. I started as soon as it was dark enough to leave unobserved, taking twelve of my detachment, Le Forgey and five Crows, traveled twelve miles and halted to rest and graze, bivouacking without fire at the foot of the river bluffs. Twice during the night the horses became restless, rearing and snorting with alarm: and once the sentinel reported a moving object in the valley. Took Le Forgey and one Indian and scouted around the camp, but could discover nothing, and concluded that there were buffalo about. A heavy dew fell and being without bedding we were chilled to the marrow of our bones.

Friday, 19. Daylight revealed an old buffalo bull grazing quietly some distance from our resting place, who was probably the innocent

cause of our night's alarm. Saddled up and moved on just after sunrise. Striking a small band of buffalo just before reaching the Great Porcupine I gave the Crows permission to kill one, which they effected after a lively run, dropping him in an excellent place for a halt. Stopped therefore to enable the men to butcher him and get breakfast. Having no fears that there were any considerable number of Sioux in the neighborhood, we built fires, made coffee and had a "square meal". While this was going on I discovered, with the aid of my glass, two men on the bluffs about five miles up the river who turned out to be the couriers we were looking for, arriving at our camp at about 9 o'clock. They had made a quick trip and seen no sign of Sioux; but had they happened along a couple of days earlier they would probably have fallen into the hands of the thirty who passed up on the fourteenth. Again I repeat, this is a dangerous service.

As my orders were to return upon meeting the couriers, I remained only long enough to give them a breakfast and feed the animals grain, and about 10 o'clock took the back track. The day was quite showery. Stopped half an hour to lunch at a splendid mineral (sulphur and iron) spring situated at the point where the road leaves the valley; a real gem of a fountain pouring out a considerable stream of clear cold water. Reached camp at half past three, bringing joy to the command, for the couriers bore an ample mail. We learn that General Terry has taken the field in person, and that we may look for the arrival of Custer at the head of the entire 7th Cavalry in about a month. In the meantime we are ordered to remain in this vicinity and hold the Indians, if possible, on the south bank. At least two steamboats have been secured for service on the Yellowstone in connection with the movement of the troops—the Josephine and Far West. There is plenty of water and we are liable any day to see the black chimneys creeping around the headlands below. How this method of carrying on an Indian war would astonish the shades of Miles Standish and Anthony Wayne!

Saturday, 20. Orders this morning to remain in camp as a brisk rain was falling. About 8 o'clock the Crow war party arrived from over the river with startling intelligence. About noon yesterday, while reconnoitering the country from the top of the Wolf Mountains, they discovered the Sioux to the number of several hundred warriors sweeping down toward them from Tongue River. It was too late for them to fly, so they lay close and watched this formidable host defile by within a few hundred yards—all mounted and apparently equipped for war. After passing the mountains, the Sioux pushed on toward our camp till they disappeared in the Rosebud valley, when the Crows quickly descended, made a wide detour to the left, struck the river several miles above camp, crossed on a log, and hastened to us with the news.

The General, fearing for the safety of Thompson's command, immediately ordered out the remaining mounted force and five companies of infantry to proceed down the river to his relief. Captain Kirtland's company (B) was left in charge of the camp; and to expedite the march of the infantry, ten wagons were supplied to them in which the men rode by turn. Got off in about an hour and a half, in a drenching rain. My detachment as usual took the advance, scouting two or three miles across the front, and observing particularly the margin of the river for indica-

tions of a crossing by the Sioux. Passed the mouth of the Rosebud several miles, but found no sign, and as the Sioux would most likely have crossed here if anywhere, owing to the favorable character of the banks, the General became satisfied that they were still on the other side, and halted the command about nine miles below camp.

Here they bivouacked while my detachment scouted on down the river, under orders to communicate if possible with Thompson's command. Thirteen miles lower down we discovered that there was a cavalry trail leading back up the river, which induced me to believe that the cavalry companies had returned and that by taking different routes we had passed each other. I therefore turned back on this trail, finding it to lead off to the right through ravines into a broken country a mile or so from the river, and finally approach the river again through another long, deep and devious ravine. It was surprising that the command should have taken such a course, but the mystery was soon increased by our debouching upon a cove in the bluffs where there were indications of a halt of some length having been made and several empty cartridge cases lying about on the ground. It savored somewhat of preparation for an Indian fight, but the rain had injured the sign so much that we could not form a very correct idea of its age. The approach of night put an end to our efforts to solve the puzzle, and, as the Crows confessed themselves completely at fault as to the direction the command had taken from this point, I returned to camp, arriving about an hour before midnight, without having found in the twenty-two miles we had followed the river any sign of the Sioux. The troops were in bivouack at the point they had stopped in the afternoon.

Sunday, May 21. Thompson's command arrived to-day, and the mystery I had fallen upon yesterday was cleared up. It appears that on the morning of the nineteenth, the day following their departure, as they were about to move out of the timber where they had passed the night, they discovered a party of between forty and fifty Indians approaching from the direction of Tongue River, apparently with the design of crossing the river at a point some three miles above. Captain Thompson thereupon moved rapidly back under cover of the ravines and hills to the cove where I had found the empty cartridge cases and other signs of a halt, so as to bring his command directly in front of the Indians, and prepared to give them a warm reception should they cross. The Indians came down to the margin of the stream and tried the depth of the water with poles, but apparently resolved not to cross at that place and withdrew into the timber. Mitch Bouyer and one of the Crows then solicited permission to go over and try to get some of their horses, which was granted, and stripping to their skins they swam the river, carrying no arms. In the timber they came on the Indians, unexpectedly, who discovered them at the same moment that they were themselves seen, and both parties fled; Bouyer and his companion recrossing the stream in all possible haste, fortunate to have escaped with their lives. Finding that the Indians would not cross, Capt. Thompson quietly withdrew his command and proceeded with his scout. He reached the mouth of Tongue River and returned without further incident and without meeting any Sioux sign, until he neared the vicinity of our camp. Here he encountered my yesterday's trail, and found that we had been followed for some distance

upon our return by a small party of Sioux whose trail approached from the river as if they had crossed a few miles below.

As the ground we bivouacked on last night appeared preferable for a permanent camp to that above, the General decided to remain and sent the wagons back this morning, accompanied by details from each company, to bring down the tents and other property. By 4 o'clock P. M. the transfer had been made, and an hour later the tents were pitched, the train corralled, and everything arranged for a lengthened stay.

I returned to the old camp with the train for the purpose of coming down the river with Captain Clifford in his boats, to enable me to land at the mouth of the Rosebud and investigate certain red-looking objects that I had discovered yesterday from the opposite shore but could not make out. They had appeared like quarters of freshly butchered meat hung upon a frame of poles, but we found them to be two Indian graves, the corpses being wrapped in red blankets and disposed in the customary manner on scaffolds which had partly fallen down, leaving the bodies in a state of semi-suspension favorable to the delusion I had experienced. To get a better insight into the methods of Sioux burial I perpetrated the vandalism of requesting LeForgey to tear down one of the scaffolds and pry into the arrangement and accompaniments of the corpse.

It proved to be the remains of a warrior of fifty odd years of age, who, I should judge, had been dead about two years. His effects had been buried with him, and among them was a small package of letters, a soldier's hymn book, and a picture-history of his life. The book had belonged to a soldier of some regiment of Iowa volunteers, whose name I do not remember, and among the letters were some from a wife to her absent soldier-husband, which were touching in their devotion and simplicity. Poor woman! her husband had undoubtedly never returned to her, for the possession of these souvenirs by the savages were *prima facie* evidence that the soldier had fallen in fight and been afterwards plundered of these treasured tokens of a wife's love.

There was also a paper signed "Fannie Kelly, captive white woman", whose reading touched us all to the heart and made us wish the savage was again alive that we might wreak upon him some of the indignation we felt. I cannot remember its entire contents, but it concluded by saying: "The Indians are kind to me, but I am compelled to do their bidding." "To do their bidding"! Alas, how many poor captive women have suffered this to them worse fate than death! May the end of such atrocities be near at hand! May the military operations that are now in progress result in so complete an overthrow of the hell-hounds called Sioux that never again shall poor woman be made the victims of such barbarity at their hands! The name "Fanny Kelly" somehow sounded familiar to me, and for a long time I puzzled over it trying to remember why. At last it occurred to me I had somewhere read an account of her ransom a few years ago, followed afterward by an announcement that she had written and published a book of her experiences.\*

Another object of my visit to the mouth of the Rosebud was to inspect the ruins of the old trading fort that once stood here. It bore the name of Fort Van Buren and was built by Tullock in 1839, to replace

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\* "My Captivity among the Sioux", by Fanny Kelly.—W. E. S.

Fort Cass situated just below the mouth of the Big Horn and abandoned the previous year. It was the second post maintained by the American Fur Co. on the Yellowstone, and enjoyed an existence of only three years when it gave way to Fort Alexander, built by Larpenteur, in 1842, on Adam's prairie, some twenty miles higher up the Yellowstone. The accounts of the fort represent it as having been a little over a hundred feet square, and I judge from the remains, though I made no measurement, that it was. Seven ruined stone chimneys and a slight ridge where the palisades stood are all that is left of it.

I recorded in my original journal of this visit: "The palisade must have been burned, as the ridge is marked with cinders and ashes;" and by an old manuscript that has fallen into my hands I find that it was, Larpenteur having set fire to it himself on the completion of his other fort. The fort stood on a plateau some eighteen or twenty feet above the present level of the water, a few yards from the bank of the Yellowstone and about seventy-five below the delta of the Rosebud.

I record these facts to assist as far as possible in lifting the early history of the fur-trading establishments on the Yellowstone from the obscurity into which it has fallen. Little Face, an old man about sixty-five years of age, and a member of my detachment of Crow scouts, has told me the story of the Yellowstone posts as it has come under his own observation, having no guide in his narration but his memory; and though I listened to it and wrote it down more as a curiosity than as historic data of consequence I have since learned to think better of it, and now deem it of value in the latter respect. \* \* \* \* \*

It seems necessary to make some allowances for errors of memory, possibly in the number of posts given and quite certainly in the period of their duration, but in other respects the story appears in the main entitled to full credit. I have recorded it as nearly as I could in Little Face's own manner, and perhaps some who would have no interest in it as a matter of history will enjoy the charm of that portion of its original simplicity I have been able to retain.

#### CROW ACCOUNT OF THE YELLOWSTONE FUR TRADE.

The first traders who came to the Crows brought their goods in boats pulled up the Yellowstone by men walking on shore and hauling on a long rope which rested on their shoulders. A small party of Crows scouting below the mouth of the Big Horn first discovered the boat and saw that the men were very tired and their clothes worn through on their shoulders where the rope rested. So they hastened to the village, which was then hunting near the mountains about the headwaters of the Rosebud and Stillwater (Stillwater fork and its branches), and informed their friends that traders were coming, and that they were very tired and needed horses to help them along. The Crows then took some of their best horses and mules and went to meet the boat, supposing that the traders would unload the boat and pack their goods on the animals; but instead of that they hitched the horses and mules to the boat and kept on in it nearly to the mouth of the Big Horn, where, on the right bank of the Yellowstone about two miles below the mouth of the Big Horn, they stopped to trade.

Here the trader made presents of looking-glasses to the Crows who had helped him, and sent word to the village that he had come a long way to trade with them for robes, of which he hoped they would dress a great many the next winter. The traders made a circular breastwork of logs to put their goods in, in which they were staying when the Crows left to go to their village. There were about forty of the traders, and the principal man was the Crane (Tullock.)

The Crows were glad to have a trader in their country, and resolved to make a good hunt and give him a big trade. Before this they had never dressed more robes than they needed for themselves, but this winter they went to Wind River, where the buffalo were plenty, and killed a good many, and dressed all the robes, so that every lodge had from sixteen to eighteen robes to sell to the trader. There were plenty of Crows in those days. The next spring they came down and found that the traders had put up buildings of logs and made a fort, and were all ready to trade.

The Crane told the Crows that he had come a long way with his goods, and that it had been very hard work for him to get there, and that he wanted the Crows to give him good prices for his goods. He asked seven robes for a flint-lock gun with a red stock, nine robes for a percussion-lock gun with a speckled stock, one robe for a powder-horn filled with powder, seven and nine robes for two kinds of striped blankets, six robes for a red blanket, five robes for a purple blanket, four robes for a blue blanket, three robes for a white or green blanket, and eight robes for a beautiful red coat trimmed with gold and silver lace on the breast and sleeves, the skirts of which reached below the knees. These coats were the finest things ever brought into the Crow country. These were the principal things the Crane had to trade, but he had also a great many small articles, as beads, knives, wire, looking-glasses, etc., which he gave as presents to those who sold him robes. Besides the robes, the Crane told them to bring him good sound elkhorns, which he bought of them to take away for knife handles. He bought a good many elkhorns.

The Crows kept on making robes to sell, and the Crane staid in their country for seven snows (years), when he said he must go back down the river, but would return some day. So he loaded all his robes in his boats, burned down his fort, and sailed off. The Crows kept a lookout for him, but he was gone three snows, and, when he came back, had horses to pull his boats, and stopped at the mouth of the Rosebud to build his fort. The Crows were camped on the Little Big Horn, but the Crane packed some things on horses and came to the camp. The things that he brought were for presents, and he did not trade any there. It was in the fall that the traders came to the Rosebud; and the next spring the Crows came over and found that they had built a fort.

The Crane did not stay long, but left another man, Big Nose, in his place. The Crane went away east, among the white people, and never came back. He had two wives among the Crows, whom he left when he went away, and several children, only one of whom he took away with him. He was a tall slender man with long sandy hair. The Crows did not like Big Nose because he was rude to them in trade, often throwing their robes back into their faces when they were not tanned soft enough to suit him. So they told him they did not want any such men to trade

with them, and that he must take his goods out of their country, and he did so after the fort had been at the Rosebud for three snows.

Three snows after the Rosebud fort was abandoned, Round Iron (Meldrum) came to trade with them. The Crows liked Round Iron. He was the best white man that ever came to the Crow country. He could speak Crow like one of themselves, and no one could tell from his talk that he was not a Crow. He had first come to their country when he was a boy, and had grown up among them. Round Iron had four posts among the Crows, the first was on the Big Horn just above the mouth of the Little Big Horn\* where he staid three snows; the second was on the right bank of the Yellowstone, nearly opposite but a little above the mouth of the Great Porcupine, where he staid two snows; the third was on the same side of the Yellowstone, a few miles lower down, where he staid five snows; and the last was on the left bank of the Yellowstone, between the Rosebud and Tongue Rivers, where he staid four snows.

While he was at the latter place an opposition fort was built on the same side of the river close to his own—in fact the two forts were almost together. The man who built the opposition fort was a Crow, but I do not remember his name. When the opposition fort had been there two snows, a great flood came on the Yellowstone that filled the whole valley full of water and made it look like one big river from one bluff to the other. The two trading forts were surrounded and filled with water, which wet the robes and goods and frightened the traders so much that they loaded everything on their boats and went away.

Round Iron went first, when the river began to threaten them, but the opposition trader staid until the water went down, and then left in the fall. These were the last posts on the Yellowstone.

Round Iron went down to the fort at the mouth of the Yellowstone, which had been there a long time: and the Crows have been told that he there got to drinking whiskey so much that he died. The fort built by the Crane at the mouth of the Big Horn is the first that I know of. It was built two snows before the stars fell. I was then a boy, but almost a man. I have heard there was another fort there a long time ago, but it was before my time, and I can tell nothing about it.

Monday, 22. Three cavalymen while hunting in the hills back of camp were fired upon by Indians and retreated to the camp. Wheelan's company and my detachment were ordered out to pursue the Indians, he going down stream and I up, the Crows who could get a mount taking a middle course. I turned into the hills to the right two miles up and made a wide detour around the camp, meeting the Crows, who had found the trail of eight or ten Sioux. We attempted to follow it but soon found that they had scattered, when we lost it completely. Traveled so

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[\* There is some doubt as to whether this fort was really built by Round Iron (Meldrum), and likewise as to the location of the fort said to have been built at the mouth of the Big Horn by Manuel Lisa. One map now in existence locates Lisa's or Manuel's fort at or near the mouth of Tongue River. As good an authority as the late A. M. Quivey declared he had found traces of a fort a number of miles above the mouth of the Big Horn, near where the Little Big Horn empties into that stream, and believed them to mark the site of Manuel Lisa's fort, supposed to have been built at the mouth of the Big Horn by him in 1807. He never could find any traces of a fort at or near the mouth of the Big Horn.—H. S. W.]

rapidly that two of my horses gave out. Described a circuit of about twenty-four miles, returning to the camp at 5:30 P. M. without seeing Indians or discovering any further sign. Wheelan was equally unsuccessful, and returned about the same time.

Tuesday, 23. Company I (Lieut. English) left at 7:30 A. M., as escort to the contract train of John W. Power, which has been discharged, E. G. Maclay & Co. having been awarded the contract for hauling in Montana this year. English takes one Gatling gun, and is accompanied by Lieut. Johnson. Bravo and two of the Crows go along for the purpose of visiting the Crow village to procure horses for the dismounted Crows, all but two having agreed to send for them. Lieutenant English will continue on with the discharged train until he meets the "Diamond R"\* supply train now en route from Fort Ellis under charge of Lieutenant Kendrick, when he will send Power's wagons on, returning in charge of the supply train to this camp where we will remain until rejoined by him. Company F, 2d Cavalry (Lieut. Roe) left with Lieutenant English and will travel with him for two days and will then return, as it is considered that the train will then be out of danger.

Citizen Herendeen, while out hunting this morning a couple of miles from camp, heard rapid firing in the hills and saw Indians at the point where it occurred, and as a small hunting party had gone in that direction he believed them attacked, and hurried in with the news. Companies G, H and L of the cavalry were ordered out at once in that direction, finding at the distance of three miles from camp the bodies of Privates Raymeyer and Stoker, Company H, 2d Cavalry, and Citizen-Teamster Quinn, riddled with balls, and Stoker scalped. The Sioux had ambuscaded them in a ravine and probably killed two of them instantly, but the other had evidently fired several shots in his defense, before he was entirely dispatched, and it is thought killed one Indian as they marked the body in the manner that they are said to do in such cases—by sticking their knives into the head. The Indians had decamped, carrying off an infantry rifle and two cavalry carbines and pistols, with which the men had been armed. Company L returned with the bodies, while Companies G and H pursued the trail of the Indians, who from the indications number about forty, but farther on traces were found of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men. As usual the Indians baffled pursuit by scattering so as to leave no trail and the companies returned towards evening. The bodies were interred with military honors at 7 P. M.

It should be added that these unfortunate men were absent from the camp without permission; though the same thing is liable to happen any day to parties absent with permission. The General gives hunting-passes freely, believing that the experience is good for the men and that it is as good a system of scouting as could be devised for the vicinity of the camp.

Little Face, in telling me the history of Tattooed Forehead, a celebrated Crow chief of early times, narrated the following incident:

Tattooed Forehead once approached a camp of Assiniboines, enemies of the Crows, feigning idiocy and so disguised that he appeared like one of their own tribe. It chanced that two young women had sought a secluded nook on the banks of an adjacent stream, and having laid aside

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\* The name of a famous freighting outfit of early times.



their clothes were disporting naked in the water. They discovered the approach of Tattooed Forehead, but, supposing him to be one of their own village, suffered only the alarm natural to modest maidens at the prospect of being discovered in such a state by one of the other sex, and sought shelter in the nearest bushes until he should go by. Pretending to pass on Tattooed Forehead drew near them from behind unperceived, and as they, believing themselves undiscovered, were softly laughing and joking over the adventure he suddenly protruded his arm through the bushes and seized one of them by the long hair which hung around her shoulders. Ere they could recover from their amazement the other hand followed, claspng a glittering knife, and in an instant the poor girl's head was severed from her body, her companion fleeing with screams of terror. Some of our Crows, and among them Little Face, shed tears to-day over the fate of our three unfortunate men, giving their blankets to bury them in: and in the course of my acquaintance with him Little Face has given many other proofs of a gentle disposition and kind heart. It is therefore an excellent illustration of the degree to which the hearts of even the best disposed Indians are hardened toward their enemies and their natures brutalized, that the fate of this poor, innocent maiden, under circumstances so revolting to civilized perceptions, actually appeared to Little Face a good joke and caused him in the telling of it to chuckle with delight.

Colonel Chestnut, a Bozeman gentleman, arrived to-day in a mackinaw boat, bringing a cargo of vegetables, butter, eggs, tobacco and other goods. He had a crew of four men, and had made the run from Bensen's Landing without seeing any Sioux or meeting with any misadventure. The luxuries he brought found ready sale and gave great satisfaction. Not the least acceptable article was a keg of beer, reserved for the officers and resulting in a convivial reunion in the evening at the tent of Lieutenants Hamilton and Schofield. It gave tongue to hitherto voiceless eloquence, inspired to polemical contests of racy sort, and put the voices of our singers once more in splendid tune. The time passed jolilly, Colonel Chestnut was voted the best fellow going, and the occasion will long be remembered as one of the greenest of the green spots in the campaign.

Several Indians rode into view on the opposite side of the river just before dark, one of them wearing an immense war-bonnet, which he shook at us defiantly. They were about a mile distant, and after surveying us for a few minutes rode away. It was thought that the camp might be fired on to-night from the opposite side of the river, and as a preparation therefor the twelve-pounder was after dark rolled up near the bank convenient to reply. Each company has been assigned a position to be taken in case of attack, and, as Indian attacks usually occur just before day, we are hereafter to form thereon about 2 o'clock, remaining until broad daylight.

Wednesday, 24.—Friday, 26. During these three days we have remained quietly in camp, occupied by day principally in trying to keep cool, the weather having been very hot. On the twenty-fourth a strange horse was seen below camp about a half mile distant, and Lieutenant Coolidge with ten soldiers and three Crows were sent down to investigate the cause of its presence. Upon their approach a Sioux appeared in view, mounted the horse and fled, making good his escape. These rascals have a good deal of a certain kind of boldness. Lieutenant Roe's company (F)

returned at 10 A.M. on the twenty-sixth, having accompanied Lieutenant English to within two miles of our camp of the tenth inst.—about twenty miles below Fort Pease. Had seen no Indian sign. About 11 A. M. on the twenty-sixth the planet Venus was discovered shining with a pale light, and continued visible through the remainder of the day. The day was intensely bright, the sun shining from a cloudless sky, and the appearance of the star excited general wonder. I identified it as Venus by observing later in the day that it was the evening star. The moon was between five and six degrees distant from it, nearer the western horizon, and served as a guide to finding the star.

Saturday, 27. I was sent with my detachment on a scout over the river this morning to see what had become of the Indians, none of whom have appeared in view during the last few days. Captain Clifford went over with his company soon after daylight to occupy the bluffs and support me in case I had to fall back, and as soon as he was through with the boats I crossed my command, swimming the horses. Made the crossing in about half an hour, all being over by 5 o'clock. I had with me thirteen men of my mounted detachment, Le Forgey and five Crows—twenty including myself. Passing up the river about a mile we entered a deep, dry ravine which we followed for several miles till it ran out some three or four miles from the base of the Little Wolf Mountains, and then crossed the plains to the mountains, heading for the point from which we had made our observations on the sixteenth inst. After leaving the ravine the country afforded no opportunity for concealment which made it rather ticklish business exposing ourselves in such small force.

As we pushed on we were forcibly reminded of the danger of such an excursion by the abundant Indian sign we found on every hand. The country was dotted thickly with the carcasses of freshly killed buffalo, the hides all having been removed in the manner it is done when they are designed for lodge-skins. The pony tracks were innumerable, showing that there must have been hundreds of mounted Indians here within a recent period. Near the mountains, where they had been compelled to travel close together to pass defiles, they left a beaten track like a traveled road. The tracks appeared to be generally about a week old, though there were some of much later date, and the carcasses had been exposed for about the same period. All this goes to show that the Crows did not report falsely when they claimed to have seen from the top of the mountains an army of Sioux warriors pass by toward the Rosebud on the nineteenth inst.

After a four hours' march, having traveled some fourteen miles, we reached the foot of the hills at the same place we struck them on the sixteenth, and leaving the detachment in the same sheltered cove I ascended with the Crows to our old point of lookout to take a survey of the country. We had no sooner reached the summit than we discovered smoke on the Rosebud River, and, bringing our glasses to bear upon it, found ourselves again in the vicinity of an immense Indian camp. In numerous places up and down the valley the smoke was rising in columns and blending in a cloud over the camp, the break in the bluffs revealing the tops of several lodges—in a few instances the entire lodge. The plain above the camp was dotted with hundreds of moving black specks that could only be horses, and while we gazed there came distinctly

to our ears from the broken ground at the base of the hills the sounds of several rifle shots showing that the Sioux hunters were at work.

Feeling sure that my line of retreat was open I made no haste to return, but passed about half an hour watching the camp and studying the probabilities. When I passed here on the sixteenth there was no sign of a camp on the Rosebud, and it therefore appeared probable that the village we had discovered on Tongue River had since moved over. Then they were about thirty-five miles from our command, but now they were only eighteen; and the fact that they had moved down within easy striking distance seemed to prove that they held us in no awe. This movement probably took place on the nineteenth inst., and the body of Sioux warriors seen by the four Crows were merely the advance guard of the camp designed to cover its march. As near as I could estimate the village was about eight, possibly ten, miles from our lookout, so that objects appeared indistinct, and I could not have felt sure that the animals in sight were not buffalo but for the attendant circumstances. But there was no doubt about the shots, the lodges, and the smoke, and to the Indians none about the animals, their better trained eyes distinguishing them readily as horses and enabling them to make out the most decided colors.

While we watched, a large band of horses were driven down into the valley apparently to water, and after awhile re-appeared and spread themselves over the plain. This movement was made so deliberately that it excited no apprehension on our part: but soon after another took place that looked like a hurried catching up of the horses, which made us think that possibly scouts had reported our presence, and a party was making up to look after us. The Crows felt sure that this was the case, and, as we were about as far from our camp as they were, there was a chance of their getting in behind us and cutting us off unless we made good time back. The Crows had been very cool up to this moment, but now they got terribly excited, and when I told them I wanted to bring my men up where they could see the camp too they protested against it most earnestly, insisting that we had not a moment to lose. I went back to the command, told them what we had seen, and offered them the opportunity to go up and take a look at the camp if they wanted to, but they all said it would please them better to get out as quickly as possible. I was rather anxious they should see it, because upon our return from our first scout there had been some parties ungenerous enough to deny that we had found a village, and I wanted to accumulate testimony.

Having got started upon our return I considered it best to make good time, and we were only two hours in going a distance we had been five in coming, getting back to the river at 11:30 A. M. Having crossed and reported to the General, I was ordered to bring back my detachment and effected the crossing in almost half an hour, Captain Clifford's company remaining over until dark.

Everybody wondered why we were not ordered over to attack the village; but the General probably had good reasons. The village was only eighteen miles distant, we had half a day to cross in, and by leaving the horses behind could have been over the river ready to begin the march at dark, when we would easily have reached the village before day. The absence of Lieutenant English's company left us with an available force of only about three hundred and fifty men, and whether that was

enough to have attacked successfully is uncertain. It was subsequently ascertained that the village contained about four hundred lodges, representing a fighting force of between eight hundred and a thousand warriors. It was pretty big odds, but I imagine the majority of our officers would not have hesitated to give them a trial, and there are some who assert confidently that we would have gained a rousing victory, dispersed the village, and prevented that tremendous aggregation of force a month later that made the massacre of Custer's command possible. On the other hand we might ourselves have been massacred.

As it is thought that General Terry will by this time have reached the vicinity of Glendive Creek or Powder River, General Gibbon has for a day or two been preparing to send despatches to him by way of the river. A skiff was put in good order, supplied with extra oars and with padded oar-locks, and this evening, just after dark, sailed on its venturesome voyage, the crew consisting of citizen Williamson and two soldiers of Captain Clifford's company, Bell and Stewart, who had volunteered for the service. They will keep a careful lookout for Custer's column, and if they fail to strike it continue on down the river to Fort Buford, or until they meet one of the steamers. About the same time that the boat put off, Ball's and Thompson's companies marched for Tongue River, to scout the country in that direction and look after the boat.

Sunday, 28. Mr. McCormick, accompanied by two men, arrived today in a mackinaw, bringing a cargo of vegetables, butter, tobacco, cigars, canned goods, etc., and a large mail. They saw no Sioux and met with no accident. It is understood that General Gibbon has received new orders from General Terry. The hostiles are reported concentrating in large numbers at Glendive Creek, and we are to march to that point to co-operate with the forces now en route from Fort Abraham Lincoln. It will be impossible to do so until we are joined by the supply train that Lieutenant English is bringing down; and to facilitate its arrival every available wagon here is to be sent back to-morrow to meet and lighten it. Captain Sanno will go in charge of them, taking as escort his own company and Lieutenant Roe's.

The day was passed in getting the train and escort ready for an early start in the morning. It is exceedingly unlikely that such a concentration is taking place for the village opposite us is apparently working the other way, having already crossed from Tongue River to the Rosebud.

Monday, 29. Captain Sanno's command got off this morning. The officers with him are Lieutenants Jacobs, Woodruff and Roe. He has twenty-four wagons and took two of the Crow scouts. About 2 P. M., Captain Ball's command arrived from Tongue River; they found no recent Sioux sign, and did not see the despatch boat. In McCormick's cargo was a limited quantity of whiskey and champagne cider, and convivial reunions are a natural consequence. Some of the gentlemen concocted a new drink that speedily won favor. In consideration of our near vicinity to the stream of that name it received the pleasant appellation of "Rosebud". It continued a favorite throughout the campaign, or as long as the ingredients lasted, and ever since the return of the expedition old memories are occasionally revived by a recurrence thereto.

Tuesday, 30. Two of the Crows this evening made another of those abortive attempts at horse stealing, for which they have distinguished

themselves since they have been with us. They were carried over the river just before dark, and passed out of view in the gathering gloom, but not long afterward were discovered on the bank of the river calling lustily for a boat, announcing that the Sioux were close at hand. A squad was drawn up under arms along the bank to cover the advance of the boat, which was hurried over with all possible speed, and the Crows were soon safe on this side. Their story was that when first set over they advanced toward the bluffs, fancying they saw moving objects in their front which induced them to proceed with the utmost caution. Entering a ravine they followed it up till they reached the top of the bluffs, but had no sooner done so than to their consternation they perceived about thirty mounted Sioux near at hand coming directly toward them. Discovery seemed inevitable but at that moment two others appeared from a different direction and, meeting the main party, all halted and conferred together for some time but a few yards distant from the crouching and trembling Crows. They then turned off and disappeared from view in a neighboring ravine, and, as soon as they could safely move, the Crows made all possible haste back to the river. It turns out that we have not wanted any Sioux villages, but had it been otherwise it seems likely that we would have continued to want them for all that the Crows would have found for us. They are mortally afraid of the Sioux, and, even when they pluck up courage and start, the slightest misadventure suffices to convince them that their "medicine" is bad, and then back they come.

Wednesday, 31. Wheelan's company, accompanied by LeForgey and five Crows, made a scout up the river to the distance of sixteen miles, starting soon after daybreak and returning about 5 P. M., without having seen any sign of Sioux.

The Yellowstone has been rising rapidly for many days and is now very high. A measurement of the channel at this point makes its breadth a little over three hundred yards.

To show how our gentlemen are amusing themselves I quote from the journal of one of them: "Up all night playing 'Pedro' for eggs." When the attack was made on Baker's command in 1872, it found several gentlemen wide awake and absorbed in the mysteries of "poker", from which circumstance the fight is sometimes jocularly called the "Battle of Poker Flat." Being already dressed they were quickly at their posts, and judging by this precedent there seems little objection to these egg-hungry disciples of "Pedro" giving, if they choose to, the benefit of their night vigils to those of us who prefer to sleep. We can slumber in greater security, knowing that an assemblage of grim-visaged and valiant warriors sit ready at the first alarm to throw themselves into the breach and give time to the rest of us to throw ourselves into our breeches.

Thursday, June 1—Saturday, 3. On the first instant it snowed most of the day, melting as it fell but accumulating to the depth of about one inch toward evening. It continued stormy through the following night, and upon the second inst. was so cold all day that fires were necessary to comfort. The cold had the effect of reducing the flow of water in the mountain tributaries of the Yellowstone and the river fell two and a half feet in three days.

An effort was made on the second inst. to induce the Crows to form a

war-party to go to the Sioux village after horses; but after deliberating awhile they decided that the moon is too bright—that is, the nights are not dark enough to conceal their movements.

On the third inst. Captain Ball's company marched up the river to the Great Porcupine to look out a good crossing for the train and bridge that and other streams wherever necessary.

Sunday, 4. Captain Logan's company bridged a dry creek about three miles below camp, putting up a substantial log bridge of two spans. At 2 P. M. the long looked for Diamond R supply train rolled into camp, and our command is all together again. Matt. Carroll, of the firm of E. G. Maclay & Co., comes in charge of the train and is an agreeable addition to our circle of associates. It will be remembered that, when in April the supply camp below Stillwater fork was abandoned, Lieutenant Kendrick went on to Fort Ellis in charge of certain discharged contract wagons. He arrived there on the fifth day of May, the fourteenth of May set out on his return in charge of the Diamond R contract train of ten wagons, carrying one hundred thousand pounds of freight, his original escort strengthened by a detail of fifteen infantrymen from the garrison of Fort Ellis. Six miles below Baker's battle ground, on the twenty-eighth of May, he met the train and escort commanded by Lieutenant English, who then sent the discharged train on to Fort Ellis escorted by the detail of fifteen men that had accompanied Lieutenant Kendrick from that post and turned about with his company. Being the senior officer, he relieved Lieutenant Kendrick of the charge of the Diamond R train and continued in command until the thirtieth of May, when, fifteen miles below Pompey's Pillar, he was met by the train which, under the command of Captain Sanno, was going up to his assistance. The Diamond R train was then lightened by loading a portion of the stores on the empty train brought by Captain Sanno, who assumed command of the whole and conducted it to our camp, meeting Ball's company, at the Great Porcupine yesterday, which returned with him.

The march of all these columns had been without special incident except the unfortunate killing of Sergeant Belicke of Company C, 7th Infantry. He was a member of the additional escort furnished at Fort Ellis to Lieutenant Kendrick upon the return trip, and while camped near Little Timber Creek seems in making the rounds of the sentinels after dark to have gotten unintentionally outside of the line. He was challenged by a sentinel in the abominable manner practiced in this command—by whistling, but failed to respond, when the sentinel, supposing him an enemy, fired, killing him instantly. He was buried near the place he fell—a victim to this wretched method of challenging. There could be but one thing worse: to fire on sight without challenging at all. By either method we would kill about a hundred of our men to one Indian, but, though it would be rather unpleasant to have murdered the hundred in this way, there would be a deal of satisfaction in having got away with that solitary red-skin.

Bravo and his two Crows returned with the train, having been successful in getting horses for the dismounted Crows, so that once more all are provided with a mount except the two who would not send for one. The sight of their comrades comfortably seated, in the saddle, curveting and prancing in high glee, makes these two obstreperous fellows feel very

crest-fallen. They might have had horses also, but for a fit of Indian obstinacy or ill-humor that induced them to throw away the opportunity to send for them. Bravo is entitled to great credit for this service, as it was attended with considerable risk. He left the command at Pompey's Pillar on its up trip, swam the Yellowstone where the water was almost icy cold, sought the Crow village at a venture—uncertain where to find it, luckily reached it, got his horses, and set out on his return, overtaking the command on its return trip about twenty miles below Fort Pease—all this in country where he was constantly liable to come in contact with the Sioux. We are under orders to march to-morrow.

Monday, 5. Since the twenty-fourth ult. we have turned out about 2 o'clock in the morning and lain on our arms in line until broad daylight, but this morning the practice was discontinued—much to the satisfaction of everybody. Reveille is appointed for 3:30. Marched at 8:55 A. M., keeping down the valley, and camped at 1:30 P. M., having advanced nine miles. Soon after we halted the General and his party routed a bear out of the thicket near camp and after a short chase the General killed it. He caused it to be butchered, and distributed the meat to several of the officer's messes, giving to many their first experience of such fare. It was quite palatable and strongly suggestive of fresh pork. Our camp is beautifully located near a chute of the river, groves of timber near at hand and long green grass beneath our feet. It was only half a mile from here that Captain Thompson's command lay in wait in the hills for the party of Sioux who attempted to cross on the nineteenth of May.

The afternoon was very warm, but by rolling up the sides of the tents and admitting the slight air stirring it was pleasant enough. It looked more like picnicking than going to war, to see officers and men comfortably reclining in the shade reading books and newspapers, writing letters, posting diaries, playing cards, talking or dozing "the happy hours away," according to their individual moods. And the picnic impression was heightened when, later in the afternoon, the supper was made ready on the grass and hungry groups gathered here and there over cups of steaming, savory coffee and other fare. Nor was coffee the only beverage. From the capacious recesses of secure mess-chests came forth at odd times nutmeg, lemon, sugar, Angostura bitters, champagne cider, and *spiritus frumenti*, from which were made tempting "Rosebuds," cocktails, toddies and other harmless compounds. When each member of the charmed circle had been duly supplied, the master of ceremonies would briefly announce, "Here's How!"; and, with a chorus of "Hows" from his collaborators, the exhilarating compounds were gently put where they would do the most good.

In the dusk of evening, when most of the officers were gathered in front of some of the tents, a chorus of cavalymen not far away burst forth with a round of merry camp songs, that came pleasantly to the ear and suspended for a time the conversation upon battles we haven't fought and victories we haven't won. And when "taps" imposed silence upon the enlisted men, the officers, who enjoyed larger liberties, took up the suspended harmony and woke the night air with many a song of sentiment and jollity. We have a number of very sweet singers in our command, and the music at times is of a delicious sort. But rest is needful

for the march of tomorrow and after a time the group of singers and listeners broke up with a mutual "good night", tents are sought, sleep settles upon the camp, and all is quiet upon the Yellowstone. Not even a sentinel is visible, for, disposed in groups of three around us for some distance from the camp, they are all lying flat upon the ground with nothing to mark their locality. It is hard to realize when about the camp that we are an invading army, liable at any moment to be engaged in deadly conflict with a cruel foe. I presume to few except myself has a sense of danger come home at all, and to me only when exposed with a handful of men miles from the command.

Tuesday, 6. I left camp with my detachment and the Indians at 8 A. M., getting a good start ahead of the command which followed an hour later. It took the train three hours to get up the hill at the foot of which our last night's camp was pitched. Finding myself several miles ahead of the command I halted, posted sentinels, and unsaddled, remaining several hours before the command appeared. At one time there occurred rapid firing on the river which excited a momentary apprehension that the boats had been attacked; but it proved to be Captain Clifford and men firing upon elk, one of which they killed and secured. After crossing the high grounds, for a distance of some three miles, the road entered the valley again. After a march of ten miles we turned off to the river and camped, at 4 P. M., in a beautiful cottonwood grove on splendid sod. In the evening we were treated to a high wind that roared grandly through the trees. It came up suddenly and for a time threatened a general conflagration, as it set troops of burning coals hopping through the camp from the cook fires and deluged the tents with sparks. While this display of fire-works was going on, the gloom was rent with lightning flashes, and the low rumble of distant thunder swelled on the air. There was a sublimity in the scene that produced a strong impression on many minds. There was a drawback to its enjoyment, however, in the tossing boughs that threatened destruction to the tents pitched beneath them and the necessity of manning the poles to keep the tents from going down before the blast.

Wednesday, 7. Marched at 7:45 A. M., continued down the valley a few miles, then ascended to the highlands which abut on the river for several miles above and below the mouth of Tongue River. Toward evening turned to the right and approaching the river descended to a small patch of valley where we pitched camp at 7 P. M., having marched twenty-two miles. The descent to the valley was by a difficult ravine, where the wagons lost half an hour. It was 9 o'clock before the camp was fairly in shape and half an hour later before suppers were ready, by which time there were four hundred very hungry men. Found a clear, cold spring in the bluffs about a mile from camp, but it furnished a very limited supply of water.

Thursday, 8. Took the advance as usual with my detachment and the Crows, the command following at 7 A. M. Had gained the valley of a nameless creek a few miles below camp, when from the hills in front came the wolf-cry that indicated a discovery by the Crows in advance. The Crows rapidly rallied on the detachment and we prepared for fight, but fortunately were not called upon to do so. The occasion of the signal was that one of the Crows had found a trail of two shod horses leading



down the river, and, following it a short distance, came upon a seamless sack lying on the ground, which he picked up and brought back without opening. I caused it to be opened and found the contents to be a quantity of sugar, tea, bacon, crackers, hard bread, butter and cartridges, several of the articles being wrapped in pieces of newspaper. They were such supplies as were likely to have belonged only to white men, and the fact that the horses were shod made it pretty evident that the owners were white men, the fresh character of the provisions indicated that they had only quite recently quitted a steamboat or large camp. It seemed probable that they were couriers from General Terry, who discovering our Indians supposed them to be Sioux and fled, either losing the sack or throwing it away because it impeded their flight. A further examination of the trail disclosed that it first came up the river valley and then, turning to the right into the hills, doubled on its former course.

Sent back a written report of the circumstance to General Gibbon and then moved on, took position on a high, flat, detached hill, standing near the river, from which we had a wide view of the surrounding country, unsaddled, and waited three hours for the command to come up. A couple of miles lower down the command halted for two hours in a grove on the river bank, then moved on for six miles, and camped near the river at 7:40 P. M., having marched sixteen miles. The valley is here quite extensive being some three miles wide and at least fifteen long, but is almost entirely destitute of timber. We had great difficulty in finding wood enough for cooking purposes, but a friendly drift in the river helped us out. The grass is heavy but provokingly matted with pricklypears, so that it was impossible to pitch tents in line. A considerable rapid spans the river a few rods below our camp.

As it was expected that we would have to camp tonight on the highlands at some distance from the river, Captain Clifford was directed to take two days' rations in his boats to be prepared for a separation from the main command. It was the General's intention that he should make only about the usual run and go into camp, so as to be as near the command as possible; but a mistake was made in the delivery of the order and Captain Clifford understood himself to be at liberty to make the two days' march in one run, and so passed on with the intention of fortifying at the mouth of Powder River, there awaiting our arrival. He is accompanied by Major Brisbin and Lieutenant Doane.

Friday, 9. About 2 A. M. citizen Hereendeen and a Crow Indian, who had accompanied Captain Clifford yesterday in the boats, arrived in camp with despatches from General Terry. At Powder River Captain Clifford had met the steamer *Far West* and soon afterward General Terry himself, who came in with two companies of the 7th Cavalry. Learning that our column was so near, the General at once sent back orders to General Gibbon to leave his command in camp and come down himself to meet the boat, which would continue on up the river till the meeting took place. About 7 A. M. the General started, preceded by my detachment and the Crows and accompanied by Ball's company as escort. About eight miles down we met the boat, it having on board General Terry and staff and Captain Clifford's company. General Gibbon went on board, and General Terry, finding that our camp was so near, passed on up the river with the boat, Captain Ball and myself returning by the way we

came. We reached the camp about noon, and soon afterward the boat arrived, landing opposite the camp. General Terry invited all the officers to meet him on board. After a stay of about two hours the boat was cleared and returned down the river.

The arrival of the 7th Cavalry at Glendive Creek disproved the reported gathering of the hostiles in that quarter, and our whole force is now to push up the river after the village we had first discovered on Tongue River and afterward on the Rosebud. The 7th Cavalry under Custer will scour the country south of the Yellowstone, while we return up the north bank to prevent the Indians from escaping to this side. As it is feared they may attempt to do so, the four companies of the 2nd Cavalry were placed under orders to move back at once, and would have got off to-day had not a heavy rain set in, accompanied by hail, which caused the movement to be suspended until to-morrow. The infantry will soon follow, and we will then go into camp near the mouth of the Rosebud to await further orders. Meantime the steamer returns to Glendive Creek, to bring up the stores left there to Powder River.

The trail we found yesterday had been made, as we surmised, by couriers from General Terry—Williamson and a companion, who had been promised two hundred dollars if they went through. They had been frightened back by the sight of our Crows, and so lost their two hundred dollars at the moment it was earned. Williamson made the run down from our camp near Rosebud without difficulty and safely delivered his despatches.

On our way back to camp to-day after meeting the boat, LeForgey, one of my interpreters, had a fall from his horse while chasing antelope, breaking his collar bone. I was compelled to leave him where he fell, in charge of two of my men, till an ambulance could be sent for him. He appeared to mind the fracture but little, and in the evening was walking around camp.

Saturday, 10. It rained all last night and continued through the forenoon. The road is exceedingly muddy; but the cavalry marched at 3 P. M., under command of Major Brisbin. Bravo and six Crows accompanied them. The infantry are under orders to march to-morrow, moving at 7 o'clock.

Sunday, June 11. Marched at 6:20 A. M., forty minutes ahead of time. Made rather slow progress, as the road was heavy from recent rains. About 10 o'clock reached the nameless creek that enters the Yellowstone six or seven miles below Tongue River, and found it swelled to the dimensions of a river. It took two hours to make one crossing, whereas on our way down we crossed it three times without difficulty. We here came in sight of the cavalry, whose train was toiling slowly up the steep hill on the opposite side of the creek, having been compelled to seek a new road, as the rise of the creek had rendered the regular road impassable. About noon we were all over and the train was corralled, and the mules turned out to graze, while a large working party fell to, to make a new road up the hill just below the point where the cavalry wagons made their difficult ascent. The work had scarcely begun when a heavy rain set in, suspending our labors and compelling us to form camp for the night.

The maps give no name to this creek and nobody in the command had ever heard a name for it, so our engineer officer, Lieutenant McCler-

naud, christened it quite appropriately Mud Creek. The water is horribly muddy and all attempts to settle it failed. It answered neither for cooking nor washing, and we might almost as well have been camped in a desert. Vinegar cleared it somewhat, and the addition of lemon-sugar made a fairly palatable lemonade that quenched thirst.

Monday, 12. Broke camp at 6 A. M., and consumed three and a half hours getting the train up the hill at a cost of one wagon overturned. It was righted and reloaded, the damage having been slight. Once up we made good time across the plateau opposite Tongue River where the road was level and dry. This plateau is between ten and twelve miles long and about three miles wide, crowding upon the Yellowstone on the one side and breaking into bad-lands on the other. The plateau itself is generally quite level and clothed with fine grass. Stanley's quadruple trail of 1873 is distinctly marked throughout its whole length. I rode over and took a look into Tongue River valley. It is heavily clothed with timber as far up as the eye could reach. The mouth of Tongue River was not in sight as the stream made a sharp curve to the right and entered the Yellowstone under a screen of timber. The latter stream here washes the base of the bluffs on the north side, the valley being wholly confined to the opposite shore.

As we reached the upper end of the plateau we caught a glimpse of the cavalry about eight miles in front. We descended into the valley and camped at 7 P. M. at the foot of the hill three miles from the river, having marched sixteen miles. We obtained water from stagnant pools and used sage-brush for fuel. The discovery of an occasional rattlesnake in camp enlivens our stay here.

Tuesday, 13. Marched at 7 A. M. The road was quite heavy, being largely a sticky clay, and we made slow progress. At 1 P. M. we halted at a creek and passed two hours making a crossing place for the wagons; but even with this precaution broke two wagons in crossing and tipped one of them over into a ditch. After a march of only thirteen miles camped at 4 P. M. at the upper extremity of the valley across which our road has been to-day.

Wednesday, 14. Broke camp at 7 A. M., entered the coulee opposite camp, crossed the three mile wide ridge, descended into the valley above and followed it up nearly to our old Rosebud camp, where after a march of twelve miles we pitched camp at 2 P. M., a few hundred yards above the cavalry, who arrived yesterday. We are about two miles below our last permanent camp, about four below the mouth of the Rosebud, and nearly opposite the point where our three men were killed in May, which, after one of the number, is now called by us Raymeyer Butte. As we are likely to remain here some time the camp was laid out with great care, and what with the level ground and its growth of fine grass, presents a very neat appearance. Just above is a dense thicket of willow and cottonwood, and scattered about the camp are a few cottonwood trees, which combine with the camp and the river to form a very pleasing and picturesque view. Many of our camps in the march down and up the Yellowstone have been of the same agreeable character, and have imparted quite a charm to this warlike jaunt of ours.

Thursday, 15. Thompson's and Wheelan's companies left to-day on a five days' scout up the Yellowstone to see whether the Indians are

keeping south of the river. Six Crows accompany them. The remainder of the cavalry moved up and joined on the lower side of our camp. A mail was sent with Thompson's command, and will be forwarded by couriers from the point where they turn back.

Friday, 16. To-day the Crows discovered a heavy smoke across and up the river, apparently on O'Fallon Creek. It suggested a world of speculation, one of the theories being that a Sioux village had been attacked and destroyed either by Custer or Crook. It means more likely that the Sioux are moving in that direction and accidentally set the grass on fire. Toward evening it died out. Some rain to-day.

Saturday, 17. Still lying in camp, waiting for the steamboat which is daily expected. Orders were to-day issued to company commanders to keep three days' cooked rations constantly on hand and to be prepared to cross the river at once upon the arrival of the boat. The cavalry pickets thought they saw two men on the bluffs across the river, but the Crows who were on the lookout saw nothing, and it is probable that the pickets were mistaken.

Sunday, 18. This afternoon Major Reno, with six companies of the 7th Cavalry, appeared at the mouth of the Rosebud and went into camp. General Gibbon went up opposite the camp and held a conversation with him by means of signal flags and afterwards communicated with him by letter through two Crows who swam the river for that purpose. Reno's command had scouted up Powder River, then crossed to the Rosebud, and scouted down the latter stream, meeting with no Sioux but finding recent traces of a large village at the place I discovered it on the twenty-seventh of May. Mitch Bouyer, our guide, who had been detached to accompany Reno, counted three hundred and sixty lodge fires, and estimated that there were enough beside to make the number of lodges about four hundred. The lodges had been arranged in nine circles within supporting distance of each other, within which the Indians evidently secured their horses at night, showing that they considered an attack not unlikely and were prepared for it. A well defined trail led from the site of the village across the plain toward the Little Big Horn, and it is now thought that the Indians will be found upon that stream.

Monday, 19. Major Reno's command broke camp this morning and moved down the river after supplies. Towards evening Thompson's and Wheelan's companies returned, having scouted up to the mouth of the Big Horn. They met no Sioux and saw no sign of them on this side, and but little on the other. The Crow village which some weeks ago was on the Big Horn seems to have disappeared from that country—another indication that the Sioux are heading in that direction. It is pretty well demonstrated that they have no intention of crossing to the north side of the Yellowstone, as they would not have passed so high up the stream for that purpose.

Tuesday, 20. Captain Freeman has been ordered to march up the river to-morrow with Companies E, H and K of the infantry battalion to bridge creeks and otherwise put the road in order. He will take ten days' rations and will be accompanied by six Crow scouts.

Wednesday, June 21. Captain Freeman's command got off about six A. M. Soon afterward the steamboat was reported in sight, whereupon orders were issued to prepare to move. At 8 A. M. the boat arrived, hav-

ing on board General Terry and staff and Captain Baker's company of the 6th Infantry. We were ordered to march at once to Fort Pease, and got off at 9:30 A. M., Captain Ball commanding, General Gibbon and Major Brisbin having gone on board the boat, intending to rejoin us at some point in advance.

Custer with the entire 7th Cavalry was reported near at hand, and soon after we started he appeared in view on the table-land across the river, marching toward the Rosebud. The steamboat met him at the mouth of that stream, when he drew rations for his command for sixteen days and struck out up the Rosebud with the design of following up the trail found by Major Reno. Prior to his departure a conference took place on the boat between Generals Terry, Gibbon and himself with reference to a combined movement between the two columns, and, though it is General Terry's expectation that we will arrive in the neighborhood of the Sioux village about the same time and assist each other in the attack, it is understood that if Custer arrives first he is at liberty to attack at once if he deems prudent. We have little hope of being in at the death, as Custer will undoubtedly exert himself to the utmost to get there first and win all the laurels for himself and his regiment. He is provided with Indian scouts, but from the superior knowledge possessed by the Crows of the country he is to traverse it was decided to furnish him with a part of ours, and I was directed to make a detail for that purpose. I selected my six best men, and they joined him at the mouth of the Rosebud. Our guide, Mitch Bouyer, accompanies him also. This leaves us wholly without a guide, while Custer has one of the very best that the country affords. Surely he is being afforded every facility to make a successful pursuit.

We marched eighteen miles and camped at 7:05 P. M. on the Yellowstone, a short distance below the mouth of the Great Porcupine, having passed Captain Freeman's command in camp at the spring a couple miles back. As we passed, Capt. Ball ordered him to move down and join us—a very unwelcome order to Captain Freeman's men who were comfortably settled for the night. The camp was barely formed when a terrible gale arose, followed by a storm of hailstones as large as walnuts. The herd showed a strong disposition to stampede, and it required great exertions to prevent them from doing so. The hailstones diminished in size as the storm continued, and soon turned to rain; but the shower was of short duration, and before dark the sky partially cleared and the sun treated us to a gorgeous display in the west.

Thursday, 22. During the night Lieutenant Low, 20th Infantry, joined us with his battery of three Gatling guns. They belong to Custer's column but were detached therefrom under the impression that they might impede his march.

It rained considerable during the night, and as a consequence the road in the valley was very muddy. The cavalry battalion separated from us this morning, under orders to push on to Fort Pease as rapidly as possible, the infantry following as fast as it can. Low's battery goes with the cavalry. The cavalry started at 6 A. M., and we followed at 7, soon passing the cavalry whose train got stuck in the mud. The two battalions crossed the Great Porcupine at different points, the infantry after crossing taking at once to the bench lands, while the cavalry con-

tinued on up the valley. As a consequence the order of things was getting rapidly inverted, the infantry going to Fort Pease first, and glorying in their ability to outmarch the D. P's.: but at this juncture Captain Freeman chivalrously halted his column and let the cavalry go by. We marched twenty-nine miles and made a pleasant camp on the bank of the Yellowstone at 5:30 P. M., the cavalry camping in sight above us, having been able to gain only a mile and a half. We expected the steamboat to pass us to-day, but it has not appeared.

Throughout the campaign the General has allowed neither drums nor bugles to sound, believing they might be the means of communicating information to the enemy. As a consequence strength of lung has been a very essential qualification in our battalion adjutants, who, when the time for roll-calls or beginning the day's march arrives, must post themselves in a conspicuous position and bawl out the command loud enough to be heard all over the camp: "Form your companies!" Fortunately the gentlemen officiating in this capacity in their respective battalions have not been wanting in this regard; but still the cheerful rattle and toot of the proscribed instruments has been greatly missed, so much so that one of our officers who met some of the companies of Custer's command was heard to declare that, favorable as was the general impression they produced on his mind, there was nothing that delighted him more than the refrain of their bugles. Our cavalry comrades have been particularly restless under this prohibition, and it was observed to-day that no sooner did they cut loose from us than they began to sound their bugles with hearty good will. So much did the buglers glory in their new found freedom and the mellow notes they poured forth that they exerted themselves fit to crack their throats, and repeated the calls far more freely than was necessary for the mere information of the command. And candor compels me to say that, notwithstanding its ducret capabilities, the voice of our adjutant shouting his old familiar cry of "Form your companies!" did not begin to produce as pleasant an effect upon the ear as the "sonorous metal" of the cavalry "braying martial sounds."

Friday, 23. The reveille of the cavalry bugles came sweetly to the ear this morning across the intervening space. Broke camp at 6:05 A. M., and soon came up with the cavalry, who were still in camp but saddling up. Their train had pulled out and had the road ahead of us, and our train was unable to overhaul it although our teamsters were stimulated to do their best by the promise of a considerable purse that some of our frolicsome infantrymen made up in the interests of a race. The day was excessively hot and there was a deal of dust; making the marching quite disagreeable. The cavalry kept well in advance of us all day, in fact passed quite out of sight. Lieutenant Doane and "Muggins" Taylor, who were scouting ahead, saw several Sioux on the bluffs across the river, and also about a thousand buffalo running at full speed. A considerable number of the latter crossed the river and were intercepted by Lieutenant Doane's party who killed several of them. The cavalry supplied themselves liberally with the meat and had the kindness to butcher some also for the infantry, Lieutenant Doane remaining in person to notify us of it and point it out as we came up. We were greatly in need of it, having had very little fresh meat for a considerable period, but Lieutenant Jacobs, our quartermaster, with unaccountable obstinacy

and disregard of the men's welfare objected to the train halting for the few minutes necessary to take it on, and Captain Freeman yielded the point and passed it by. So we marched into camp and supped on bacon, instead of the excellent buffalo steaks we might have had.

At 5:30 P. M. we camped on the bank of the Yellowstone about a mile below Fort Pease, having marched twenty-two miles. The cavalry had gone on and camped about two miles above the fort. The steamboat was sighted a few miles below this evening, and will probably be up early to-morrow.

Saturday, 24. The steamer passed our camp at 4:30 A. M., and moved on up to the camp of the cavalry. At 6 A. M. we broke camp and joined the cavalry, and soon afterward the whole command, except Captain Kirtland's Company (B), were ordered to prepare to march at once with eight days' rations and a pack train. The cavalry companies were assigned six and the infantry companies four pack-mules each, the train and camp equipage being left behind guarded by Company B.

About 11 A. M. twelve Crow scouts were carried over the river by the steamer to scout up Tullock's Fork, with orders to proceed until they found a Sioux village on a recent trail. About noon the boat began to ferry over the remainder of the command, the cavalry going first in three trips, the Gatling battery, my detachment, and part of the infantry on the fourth trip, and the remainder of the infantry on the fifth, all being over about 4 P. M. My detachment then passed to the front, and the march began up the Big Horn, just below the mouth of which our landing had been effected. Arriving at Tullock's Fork, a tributary of the Big Horn, we turned up its valley and at 6 P. M. camped about a mile above its mouth at the foot of a perpendicular wall of rock, having marched about five miles since leaving the boat. General Terry and staff came up and joined us about an hour later; they are provided with common tents—a small wedge shaped tent—while the command bivouacs in the open air. General Gibbon has been quite sick and is still on the boat, but is expected to join to-morrow.

Just before dark the twelve Crows came whooping down the valley behaving in such extravagant fashion that all expected some startling disclosure; but it turned out that they had merely seen, six miles up the valley, a buffalo that had been recently wounded with arrows. Their orders had been to go ahead until they found a village, and now after wasting eight hours in advancing ten miles they return with this paltry piece of news. It was amusing to listen to the comments of some of the "pilgrims"\* as to the importance to be attached to this momentous intelligence. It really amounted to nothing, as the buffalo might have been wounded by a small war or scouting party a hundred miles from any camp; but the "pilgrims" saw in it positive evidence of the near vicinity of the village we are after. The Crows know better than to attach any such importance to it, but were glad of any subterfuge to return to the protection of the command.

We are now fairly en route to the Indian village, which is supposed to be on the Little Big Horn. It is undoubtedly a large one, and should

\*A name given in the West to newcomers who are ignorant of the ways of the country and unused to its rough experiences.

Custer's command and ours unite we, too, will have a large force numbering all told about one thousand men, armed with the splendid breech-loading Springfield rifles and carbines, caliber forty-five, and strengthened by the presence of Low's battery of three Gatling guns. Should we come to blows it will be one of the biggest Indian battles ever fought on this continent, and the most decisive in its results, for such a force as we shall have if united will be invincible, and the utter destruction of the Indian village and overthrow of Sioux power will be the certain result. There is not much glory in Indian wars, but it will be worth while to have been present at such an affair as this.

The Far West will, if practicable, ascend the Big Horn as far as the mouth of the Little Big Horn, and there await tidings from us.

Sunday, 25. At 4 A. M. in compliance with orders I sent six Crows up Tullock's Fork, and half an hour later followed with the remainder of the Crows and my detachment. At 5:30 A. M. the command broke camp and marched two miles up Tullock's Fork and then turned off to the right into the hills expecting to find a comparatively level table-land leading to the Little Big Horn. Meantime I had ascended the stream nine miles, when I halted to await some indication that I was being followed by the command, and after a long delay was overtaken by a squad of cavalry sent to notify me of the change of route. I soon rejoined, taking a short cut across the hills, and found the command involved in a labyrinth of bald hills and deep, precipitous ravines completely destitute of water. The men had emptied their canteens of the wretched alkali water they started with and were parched with thirst as well as greatly fatigued with clambering over such ground. A worse route could not have been chosen, but destitute of a guide as we are it is not to be wondered that we entangled ourselves in such a mesh of physical obstacles.

While the command struggled on toward the Big Horn as the nearest point of escape, I executed an order given me by General Terry to scout to a distant ridge on the left of our line of march, from which it was thought the Little Big Horn might be seen and possibly an Indian camp. Reaching the ridge after an exceedingly toilsome march of eight miles over a very rough country, I found myself confronted by another ridge a few miles farther on that completely obstructed the view. Having been ordered not to pass the first ridge, I turned back and overtook the infantry battalion at 6:50 P. M., just as they were going into camp in the valley of the Big Horn. There I learned that some of the Crows who had gone up Tullock's Fork in the morning had discovered a smoke in the direction of the Little Big Horn, which was thought to indicate the presence of the Sioux village, and the cavalry and Gatling battery, accompanied by General Terry, were pushing on with a view of getting as near it as possible to-night. The infantry, which had already marched twenty-three miles, were to remain in camp for the night and follow in the morning.

I joined the cavalry with my detachment, orders having been left for me to that effect. A brisk rain set in toward evening, and continued to fall in successive showers through the first half of the night. Darkness overtook us still pushing on up the Big Horn, and though the march had been difficult by day it was doubly so in the darkness of the night. The cavalry officers who scouted up the Big Horn last April were acting as



guides, for want of better, and, as their knowledge of the country was far from profound, we were continually encountering serious obstacles to our march—now a precipitous hillside, now a deep ravine. Occasionally as the head of the column was checked we would find ourselves closed up in a dense mass, and again where the path grew narrow we would stretch out in an attenuated thread, the men in the rear racing desperately after those in front not to lose sight of them in the gloom and be left without a clue to the direction they had taken. Every now and then a long halt was made, as an avenue of escape was sought from some topographical net in which we had become involved.

There was great danger at times, when the column stretched out to unusual length, that it would become broken and leave us scattered over the country in a dozen bewildered fragments, and once the cry did go up: "The battery is missing!" A halt was made, and after some racing and hallooing the missing guns were set right again, having lost the human thread and so wandered a mile or so out of the way. At another time some of the cavalry went astray, and lost half an hour getting back to us.

At length after hours of such toil, getting out of one difficulty only to plunge at once into another, the head of the column came plump on the brink of a precipice at whose foot swept the roaring waters of the Big Horn. The water gleamed in front a hundred and fifty feet below, and to the right hand and to the left the ground broke off into a steep declivity down which nothing could be seen but forbidding gloom. Our cavalry guides were wholly bewildered, and everybody was tired out, and dripping with wet, and impatient to get somewhere and rest. When General Terry saw the walls of Fort Fisher before him he knew what to do. He threw his battalions against them, carried them by storm, and gained a glorious victory and won a star; but when he saw to what a pass we had now come and reflected that every step we took seemed only to render our situation more perplexing, he appeared uncertain and irresolute. For several minutes we sat our horses looking by turn at the water and into the black ravines, when I ventured to suggest to the General that we trust ourselves to the guidance of Little Face, one of my Crow scouts who had roamed this country as a boy fifty years ago and had previously assured me that he knew every foot of it. Little Face was called up, said he could guide us to a good camping ground, was accepted as a guide, and led off in the dark with as much confidence as though he was in the full light of day. The aimless, profitless scrambling was over; he conducted us by an easy route a mile or two to the left, where we found ourselves in a commodious valley with water enough in its little channel to suffice for drinking purposes. There was not much grass for the animals, but it was the best we could do without going several miles farther and so about midnight we halted, unsaddled, and threw our weary forms down on the ground for a little rest, the cavalry having marched about thirty-five miles and my detachment, in consequence of its diversions from the main column, about fifty-five.

Monday, 26. Major Brisbin, who in General Gibbon's absence commands the column, roused me up this morning at daylight and ordered me out on a scout at once, not allowing my men to get breakfast. As I had traveled some twenty miles farther yesterday than anybody else, so that my horses were tired and my men hungry, it struck me as rather

rough treatment. I was too much vexed to hurry much, and did not get off till 4 A. M., having sent six Crows ahead half an hour earlier. My orders were to scout to the Little Big Horn, looking out for Sioux sign and sending back word of any important discoveries. Having advanced about three miles we entered a valley cut by a dry creek, and here came upon the fresh tracks of four ponies. As we entered the ravine we had seen a heavy smoke rising in our front, apparently fifteen or twenty miles away, and I at once concluded we were approaching the Sioux village and that the trail had been made by a party of scouts therefrom.

Sending back a written report of the discovery, I took the trail of the four supposed Sioux in the hope of catching them in the Big Horn valley, toward which the trail led and where we thought they might have camped, as there was no convenient way of leaving the valley into which they had gone except that by which they had entered it.

At the distance of less than two miles the trail struck the river, and we found that they had there crossed leaving behind a horse and several articles of personal equipment, indicating that they had fled in great haste. An examination of the articles disclosed to our great surprise that they belonged to some of the Crows whom I had furnished to General Custer at the mouth of the Rosebud, which rendered it probable that the supposed Sioux were some of our own scouts who had for some reason left Custer's command and were returning to the Crow agency. While speculating upon the circumstance three men were discovered on the opposite side of the Big Horn about two miles away, apparently watching our movements. We at once signaled to them with blankets that we were friends, for a long time to no purpose, but when we were about to give up and seek some other method of communicating with them, they responded by kindling a fire that sent up a small column of smoke indicating that they had seen signals and trusted our assurances. We gathered wet sagebrush and assured them with a similar smoke, and soon afterwards they came down to the river and talked across the stream with Little Face and one or two more of the scouts who went down to meet them. While the interview went on I kept the remainder of the detachment on the bluffs. Presently our Indians turned back and, as they came, shouted out at the top of their voices a doleful series of cries and wails that the interpreter, Bravo, explained was a song of mourning for the dead. That it boded some misfortune there was no doubt; and when they came up, shedding copious tears and appearing pictures of misery, it was evident that the occasion was of no common sort. Little Face in particular wept with a bitterness of anguish such as I have rarely seen. For awhile he could not speak, but at last composed himself and told his story in a choking voice, broken with frequent sobs. As he proceeded, the Crows one by one broke off from the group of listeners and going aside a little distance sat down alone, weeping and chanting that dreadful mourning song, and rocking their bodies to and fro. They were the first listeners to the horrid story of the Custer massacre, and, outside of the relatives and personal friends of the fallen, there were none in this whole horrified nation of forty millions of people to whom the tidings brought greater grief. The three men over the river were in truth a portion of the six scouts furnished to General Custer from my detachment; and this is the story they had told to Little Face:

After Custer left the mouth of the Rosebud he had followed the Indian trail and yesterday struck the village on the Little Big Horn, the Sioux warriors letting him get close to the village and then sallying forth in overwhelming numbers to meet him, defeating his command, and destroying all but a small portion who had been driven into the hills and surrounded by the Sioux, where the Crows had left them fighting desperately. The corpses of Custer's men were strewn all over the country, and it was probable before this that the last one was killed as it was impossible for the party who had taken refuge in the hills to hold out long, for the Sioux immensely outnumbered them and were attacking them in dense masses on all sides. Of the six Crows who had gone with Custer, two—White Swan and Half Yellow Face—were killed, and another—Curly—was missing and probably also killed. The fighting had occurred at the point where the smoke was then rising in our front. It was a terrible, terrible story, so different from the outcome we had hoped for this campaign, and I no longer wondered at the demonstrative sorrow of the Crows. My men listened to it with eager interest, betraying none of the emotion of the Crows, but looking at each other with white faces in pained silence too full of the dreadful recital to utter a word. Did we doubt the tale? I could not: there was an undefined vague something about it, unlooked for though it was, that commanded assent, and the most I could do was to hope that in the terror of the three fugitives from the fatal field their account of the disaster was somewhat overdrawn. But that there had been a disaster—a terrible disaster, I felt assured.

It was my duty to report it to General Terry, and being a matter of such importance I resolved to make the report in person, as I now saw the head of the column appearing over the ridge a couple of miles away. I therefore rode back until I met the command, which was halted just before I came up, and narrated to the General the ghastly details as I had received them from Little Face. He was surrounded by his staff and accompanied by General Gibbon, who had that morning joined, and for a moment there were blank faces and silent tongues and no doubt heavy hearts in that group, just as there had been among the auditors of Little Face at its rehearsal by him. But presently the voice of doubt and scorning was raised, the story was sneered at, such a catastrophe it was asserted was wholly improbable, nay impossible; if a battle had been fought, which was condescendingly admitted might have happened, then Custer was victorious, and these three Crows were dastards who had fled without awaiting the result and told this story to excuse their cowardice. General Terry took no part in these criticisms, but sat on his horse silent and thoughtful, biting his lower lip and looking to me as though he by no means shared in the wholesale skepticism of the flippant members of his staff. My imagination was busy supplying to my mind his train of thought, and it ran like this: "The story may not be true, when we have only to push on according to the original plan. It may be true, and it then becomes our duty to hasten to the rescue of the miserable remnant of Custer's command surrounded on the hills. If the savages have been able to destroy Custer's noble six hundred, what can we hope to accomplish with our paltry four? But we will do the best we can and rescue the wretched survivors or ourselves perish in the attempt." And as though it were the seal of authenticity to this bold attempt to divine

the workings of his mind, he cried "Forward!" and once more the column was in motion toward the foe. My duty there was done and taking a rapid gait I soon gained my proper distance in front as advance guard.

The infantry had remained in camp last night twelve miles back and at 5 A. M. resumed the march, coming up with the cavalry toward noon, having been greatly delayed by the pack-train. The whole column then advanced together and having crossed the dry creek, where I now found the trail, and the rugged divide separating it from the Little Big Horn, entered the valley of that stream. The heavy smoke was now continually in view, and notwithstanding the stiffened limbs of the infantry, in consequence of their hard march yesterday, the prospect of an early arrival at the village and a brush with the Indians imparted a wonderful animation to their movements and urged them on at a rapid gait. After passing up the valley a few miles the column crossed to the left bank and soon afterward halted to allow the men to rest and make coffee.

The three Crows who had escaped from Custer's battle-field promised to recross the Big Horn and rejoin the command, provided some of their comrades waited for them, and partly on this account and partly to allow them time to recover from their grief I permitted all the Crows to remain behind when the column passed the point where we had received news of Custer's overthrow. Bravo, the interpreter, staid with them, and as he was frightened nearly out of his wits by the unfortunate tidings, and anxious to avoid going on, he no sooner saw us fairly out of the way than he exerted himself to induce the Crows to abandon the expedition; representing to them that some of our officers had said we no longer wanted their services. Several of the best Crows were opposed to such a measure, but Bravo aided by some of the malcontents among them carried the point against such, and the whole body were seen by some of the officers at the rear of the column to mount and gallop away together. They recrossed the river and proceeded straight to the Crow agency.

During our afternoon rest, citizens Bostwick and Taylor were sent forward by different routes toward the village to reconnoiter and communicate with Custer should he prove to be in possession. While they were still absent and after we had rested about two hours, the column was again, at 5 P. M., put in march up the valley, my detachment in advance. After advancing about two miles I discovered several ponies on my left front, toward the river, and taking Corporal Abbott with me moved over to investigate. They proved to be five in number, evidently estrays from the village, and taking possession of them, I sent them back to the column. Not long afterward I discovered three or four mounted men about two miles in advance, and at once deployed my detachment as skirmishers; and soon afterward Bostwick came into view down the valley galloping at full speed. As he came up he paused long enough to say that he had proceeded cautiously up the valley for several miles until all at once he came plump on a considerable body of Indians. Not caring to cultivate their acquaintance nearer he turned short about and retreated at the best speed of his horse.

It was now sufficiently evident that we had Indians in our front, and the column advanced slowly in fighting order, the Gatling battery and three companies of cavalry in column on the right, four companies of infantry in column on the left, and one company of infantry and the pack-

mules in the centre—a part of the infantry company at the head and part at the rear of the packs. Generals Terry and Gibbon with their staffs rode at the head of the column, Lieutenant Roe with his company of cavalry being advanced half a mile or so on the bluffs to the right while I moved abreast of him on the left up the valley, passing through the timber that grew in occasional clumps along the stream.

As we advanced I continually saw Indians up the valley and on the bluffs to the right, riding about singly and in groups of two, three, half a dozen, and more. Once they appeared to the number of seventy-five or a hundred on a distant hill, and not long afterwards several rifle shots rang out from the bluffs where Roe was advancing, and a few shots were exchanged by the Indians and a few of our eager men who pushed to the front. One circumstance caused me a good deal of disquietude, and that was that the Indians were evidently massing in the timber at a narrow place in the valley, with the apparent intention of resisting at that point our further advance. Squad after squad of mounted savages galloped down the slope of the hills into this grove until I estimated that not less than a hundred had entered it after we came into view, and how many other hundreds might already have been there or entered by some other way could only be conjectured. As I had this timber to go through with my detachment, it was not pleasant to think of the storm of bullets that would undoubtedly be hurled into our faces as we rode up to its dark border or of the painted hundreds that would rise suddenly on all sides of us, as we got fairly entangled within its recesses, and cut off the whole of us in a moment. I have been in several engagements and participated in several charges upon intrenched positions, but in my whole career as a soldier never did anything call for so much nerve as the riding slowly up with eleven men, half a mile from the rest of the column, on this body of ambushed warriors. My men sat their saddles with pale faces but closed lips with stern determination, expecting in a few minutes more to be shot down, but resolved not to flinch though the cost were death.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Roe was advancing on the bluffs and from his elevated position could see a long line of moving dark objects defiling across the prairie from the Little Big Horn toward the Big Horn, as if the village were in motion, retreating before us. But between him and them was a numerous body of warriors estimated by some observers as high as three hundred men. Those nearest him appeared to be clothed in blue uniforms, and carried guidons, forming in line, breaking into column and otherwise maneuvering like a body of cavalry. Under the impression that they might be members of Custer's command a sergeant and three men were sent forward several hundred yards, and when well advanced the sergeant left his men and approached them alone to within hailing distance; but upon calling out to them was quickly undeceived as to their character by receiving a volley in response that caused him to retire hastily. About this time Taylor returned from his attempt to reach the village (beleaguered cavalymen), having, like Bostwick, encountered Indians but not escaping without being fired upon.

My detachment was now drawing near the timber in which the Indians were ambushed, and we were nerving ourselves for the expected annihilation when the column halted, and I too halted, something like a quarter of a mile from the timber. At this moment several horses

emerged from the timber and came directly toward us, some of the men asserting that they bore riders, but it was now twilight and I could not tell with certainty. Bostwick and Will Logan saw these horses from the bluffs and resolved to attempt their capture. The horses had stopped about half way between my line and the timber, but Bostwick and Will boldly passed in the rear and drove them toward my line, having been close under the guns of the ambushed Sioux who could easily have picked them off had they chosen to fire. But probably expecting soon to get my detachment in range they forebore to do so, and the venturesome fellows got off safe and conducted their booty to the camp—four good Indian ponies.

Lieutenant Burnett soon rode up to inform me that camp was forming, and that I was to remain where I was until the cavalry companies ceased watering and then join the command. This was very welcome intelligence, indeed, as it saved us from riding into the dreaded ambush and seemed like a gift to us of our lives. The cavalry companies were watering a few hundred yards in our rear and finished soon after dark, and we then returned, finding the command bivouacked in the valley midway between the stream and the bluffs and about half a mile from each. No fires were allowed and we lay upon our arms, arranged in a square, but with a very weak face indeed down the river, that side, I believe, being occupied by only a guard of twenty-odd men. The animals were secured within the square. The halt was made at 9 P. M., the infantry having marched thirty miles, the remainder of the command about eighteen. The steamboat is working its way up the Big Horn, having touched this morning at the point where the infantry camped last night. General Gibbon remained with it up to that time and then came on and joined the command early in the day.

Before retiring the officers assembled in groups and talked over the events of the day. I found that a majority of the infantry officers placed confidence in the report brought by the Crows of Custer's overthrow, and were prepared for unpleasant disclosures upon the morrow. Some of the cavalry officers also shared in this conviction, but the majority of them and about all of the staff were wholly skeptical and still had faith that Custer had been victorious if he had fought at all. So obstinate is human nature in some of its manifestations that there were actually men in the command who lay down to sleep that night in the firm conviction, notwithstanding all the disclosures of the day, that there was not an Indian in our front and that the men seen were members of Custer's command. They could explain ingeniously every circumstance that had a contrary look, and to argue with them was worse than useless. Some of the cavalry officers had a theory that a great mistake was committed in not sending them forward with a dash when the Indians were first discovered to hack the enemy in infinitesimal mince-meat. They still, months later, adhere to this position, and I therefore take this occasion to give my testimony that such a proceeding would have been in the highest degree absurd. Had they been sent they had the spirit to go forward gallantly, but there were Indians enough in the timber and on the hills before them, in chosen positions of great strength, to have cut them all to pieces and driven them back in ruinous disorder. From subsequent examination of the ground I am convinced that there were

not less than a thousand of these ambushed savages, with plenty more to co-operate with them, and not only would they have easily defeated the cavalry, but they would have given our whole command a desperate fight had we advanced that evening another mile. Their village was retreating, and they were there to cover it, and it was only for lack of an hour or two more of daylight that we did not come upon them in force and prove once more the terrific gallantry with which they can fight under such an incitement as the salvation of their all.

Tuesday, June 27.\*

FORCE PARTICIPATING IN THE LITTLE BIG HORN BATTLE, TOGETHER WITH THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Mr. Will. Logan, son of Captain Wm. Logan who was killed at the battle of the Big Hole, August, 1877, has in his possession a piece of Indian parchment found on Custer's battle-field shortly after the fight. Captain Logan's company clerk made out on this piece of parchment a list of killed and wounded in this engagement together with a brief statement relative thereto, and it is through the kindness of Mr. Logan, now living at Elkhorn, Montana, that an exact copy is here given. It is to be regretted that no date is given when the list was made out, but it must have been soon after the battle.

"SEVENTH CAVALRY.

"True account of killed and wounded in fight with Sioux Indians on the 25th and 26th June, 1876, on Little Big Horn River, Montana T'y.

"Present before action, as follows:

Field and Staff, Commissioned.....	6
Line, Commissioned.....	25
Total Commissioned.....	31
Enlisted men.....	585
Citizens.....	8
Scouts, Indians Rees†.....	6
Crow Indians.....	25
	624

\* At the time of the commencement of his final campaign (that under Colonel John Gibbon against the Nez Perce Indians in 1877) Lieutenant Bradley was engaged, during such leisure moments as were at his command, in the preparation of manuscript for a book which he intended to publish. He had gathered to that end a considerable amount of valuable historical, military and other matter, of which not the least interesting is the above record of the Sioux campaign of 1876. During the interval between these two campaigns, his original notes that had been taken in camp and upon the march were enlarged upon and the manuscript of military operations against the Sioux in which he had been a participant was prepared to this point, when the memoir stops thus abruptly at the very outskirts of Little Big Horn's fatal field. This is much to be regretted, as it is certain that Mr. Bradley's account of the scenes and incidents of Custer's last brave fight and Reno's defensive rally would have been of considerable interest and of historical and military value.

It is evident that at this point in his work of compilation, the soldier was called to enter upon the expedition against the hostile Nez Percés, from which he was destined never to return, and that he laid down his pen with the expectation of taking it up once again at some future and more peaceful period.—W. E. S.

† Rees.

Total Com., enlisted etc., etc .....	655	
Missing after action .....	332	
Total remaining after action.....	323	
"Killed and wounded as follows:		
Killed with General Custer, as follows:		
Officers.....	13	
Enlisted men .....	191	
Citizens .....	4	
Total killed with General Custer.....		208
Killed with Major Reno, as follows:		
Officers .....	3	
Enlisted men .....	48	
Citizens, scouts, etc .....	5	
Total.....		56
Wounded with Major Reno.....	59	
Died of wounds since .....	8	
Total killed.....		260 **
Total remaining wounded.....		51

"General Terry and Colonel Gibbon with six companies, 7th Infantry, and four companies, 2nd Cavalry, crossed Yellowstone River, June 24, 1876, with intention to assist General Custer in attacking a large Sioux village on Little Big Horn River, M. T., but General Custer did not wait for said command and attacked the village, five companies charging, one company with pack-train and six companies with Major Reno on the opposite end of the village. General Custer with his five companies was cut down entirely: the company with packs joined Reno, who with the seven companies was obliged to retreat to the hills, where the Indians held him and cut him off from water for thirty-six hours until their scouts (Sioux) discovered the approach of General Terry's command, when they abandoned their village and left during the night, leaving considerable plunder after them, also some ponies. General Terry's command arrived on the battle-ground, June 27th, at about 6 A. M.; remained there and buried all dead and took care of wounded; started for steamer "Far West" June 29th, and met near mouth of Little Big Horn, June 30th; put wounded on board and started back for old camp on Yellowstone near mouth of Big Horn where the command arrived July 2, 1876."

According to Captain E. S. Godfrey, 7th Cavalry, the killed and wounded of the entire command was respectively 255 and 52. (See Century Magazine, January, 1892.)—H. S. W.

NOTE: SEE "AN INDIAN MASSACRE," PAGE 154.

FORT ATKINSON, July 3, 1823.

"Dear Sir:—How painful for me to tell, and you to hear, of the barbarity of the Indians. \* \* \* \* \*

"The defeat of General Ashley by the A'Ricarees, and departure of the troops to his relief, had scarcely gone to you when an express arrived

\*\* Wrong; 261, not counting those who died of wounds afterward.



announcing the defeat by the Blackfoot Indians, near the Yellowstone River, of the Missouri Fur-Company's Yellowstone or mountain expedition, commanded by Messrs. Jones & Immell, both of whom, with five of the men, are among the slain. All of their property, to the amount of \$15,000, fell into the hands of the enemy. \* \* \*

"The express goes on to state, 'that many circumstances (of which I will be apprised in a few days) have transpired to induce the belief that the British traders (Hudson's Bay Company) are exciting the Indians against us, either to drive us from that quarter, or reap, with the Indians, the fruits of our labor.' \* \* \*"

"They furnish them with the instruments of hell and a passport to heaven—the instruments of death and a passport to our bosoms.

"Immell had great experience of the Indian character, but, poor fellow, with a British passport, at last they deceived him, and he fell a victim to his own credulity, and his scalp, with those of his murdered comrades, is now bleeding on its way to some of the Hudson establishments. \* \* \*"

"I am at this moment interrupted by the arrival of an express from the military expedition, with a letter from Dr. Pilcher, whom you know is at the head of the Missouri Fur-Company on this river, in which he says, 'I have but a moment to write. I met an express from the Mandans, bringing me the very unpleasant news—the flower of my business is gone. My mountaineers have been defeated, and the chiefs of the party both slain; the party were attacked by three or four hundred Blackfoot Indians, in a position on the Yellowstone River, where nothing but defeat could be expected. Jones and Immell and five men were killed. The former, it is said, fought most desperately. Jones killed two Indians, and in drawing his pistol to kill a third, he received two spears in his breast. Immell was in front; he killed one Indian and was cut to pieces. I think we lose at least \$15,000. I will write you more fully between this and the Sioux.

"Jones was a gentleman of cleverness. He was for several years a resident of St. Louis, where he has numerous friends to deplore his loss. Immell has been a long time on this river, first an officer in the United States army, since an Indian trader of some distinction; in some respects he was an extraordinary man; he was brave, uncommonly large, and of great muscular strength; when timely apprised of his danger, a host within himself. The express left the military expedition on the first instant, when all was well. With great respect, your most obedient servant,

BEN. O'FALLON,\*

U. S. Agent for Indian Affairs.

GENERAL WILLIAM CLARK,  
Supt. Indian Affairs, St. Louis."

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\* Benjamin O'Fallon was for many years an Indian Agent of the United States. He was an honest, courageous, and careful officer, who possessed great influence over the various tribes with whom he came in contact and was of great service in aiding the government in many treaties. His memory is perpetuated in the West by O'Fallon's Bluff, on the Platte River in Nebraska, and O'Fallon's Creek in Montana, near Glendive.—W. E. S.

NOTE: MANUEL LISA; SEE "THE MISSOURI FUR COMPANY", PAGE 146.

Manuel Lisa was a Spaniard by birth who had moved to St. Louis from New Orleans only a few years before the transfer of the "Louisiana Purchase" to the United States. He was a man of kind and upright character, of undoubted business ability and indomitable energy, who possessed a thorough knowledge of the aboriginal peculiarities and characteristics and who had great influence with the Indians with whom he was thrown, being liberal and just in his dealings with them. Furthermore, he was of that venturesome and independent spirit which found its chiefest delight in overcoming the dangers and enduring the hardships incident to the venturesome life of the trader within that *terra incognita* of ninety years ago that then stretched over all the vast water-shed of the Missouri River.

Together with Captain William Clark and ten others, in 1808, he helped to inaugurate and establish the Missouri Fur Company, and was thereafter its head and front for a number of years. His methods of trade with the Indians may best be explained by an abstract from one of his letters, which will also serve to explain the man:

"First, I put into my operations great activity. I go a great distance while some are considering whether they will go to-day or to-morrow. I impose upon myself great privations. Ten months of the year I am buried in the depths of a forest at a great distance from my own house. I appear as a benefactor, not as a pillager of the Indian. \* \* \* \*  
Beside, my blacksmiths work incessantly for them, charging nothing. I lend them traps, only demanding a preference in their trade. My establishments are the refuge of the weak, and of the old men no longer able to follow their lodges; and by these means I have acquired the confidence and friendship of the natives and the consequent choice of their trade."

He was twice married; his first wife having, with her daughter, been a prisoner among the Indians until rescued by General William Henry Harrison. A widow, her husband having been killed at the time of her capture, Manuel Lisa in pity of her friendless condition married her, placed the mother and daughter in affluence in a comfortable home and treated them with the greatest affection and consideration.

He left no children, and, at his death which occurred near St. Louis, his property passed to the children of his brother.—W. E. S.

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## DIARY OF MATTHEW CARROLL.

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MASTER IN CHARGE OF TRANSPORTATION FOR  
COLONEL JOHN GIBBON'S EXPEDITION  
AGAINST THE SIOUX INDIANS, 1876.

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May 15, 1876. E. G. Maclay & Co's train consisting of fourteen teams and twenty-eight wagons, viz: "Diamond R"—twelve teams: twenty-four wagons, ninety-seven mules and five horses; sub-train—two teams, four wagons and twenty mules, with freight, as per bill of lading, left Fort Ellis to-day. Number of men employed, eighteen. Escort under Lieutenant Kendricks of the 7th Infantry. Rain and snow, and train had a rough time, making little headway.

16 and 17. Same weather; same results.

18. Joined train to-day, while breaking camp on Hunter's bottom on Yellowstone River (Hunter's Hot Springs). Lieutenant Jerome joined the evening previous. Rained during the night, making wheeling difficult. Camped at 5 P. M., making only one drive.

On the second day after leaving Fort Ellis, my wagon-master, under orders from Lieutenant Kendricks, had to take from Government wagon ten sacks of oats and other stores, weight fifteen hundred lbs., and to-morrow must leave of same three hundred and fifty lbs. for Lieutenant Jerome, all of which we have no requisition for, but expect pay when properly reported to General Gibbon. Rainy and cloudy this evening, and fearful we will have a rough day to-morrow. All teamsters were armed by Major Benham. We have no guide, and no one in train who knows the country below Baker's battle-ground.

19. Rain and snow last night, continuing during the day until 6 o'clock P. M., making it impossible to move. Cold and disagreeable in camp; a long, long day to every one; wind west; plenty of snow on the hills. Will have heavy roads to-morrow, but must roll.

20. Left early. Nooned on Yellowstone two hours, and camped for the night on Little Timber. Roads heavy but drying; wind east. Think we will have pleasant weather to-morrow. Passed Story's train in the morning at Deer Creek.

May 21, Sunday. We were all startled at a quarter of twelve in the night by the discharge of a gun in the vicinity of camp, and, on going around to posts, found one of the guards had shot the Sergeant of the Guard in the head, he only living a few moments. Rather a sad affair to so lose one of our men. The Sergeant was near-sighted and wore specks (spectacles). We buried him early.

This Sunday morning all the men seemed impressed, little said, in-

deed. Understand orders were to shoot anyone outside the picket lines without challenging, two whistles being the challenge. Broke camp at 6 A. M. after the usual twenty-four rounds were fired. Nooned on Big Timber and camped in evening at 6 o'clock on Sweet Grass, distance twenty-one miles. Roads good; weather cool and cloudy; wind east. Tried to cross but came too late. Crossing bad and will detain us in the morning; feed good as usual. K— rides all day in wagon, Lieutenant Jerome and self ahead all day.

22. Had to repair the road in crossing Sweet Grass; took three hours to get over. Train left river at 9 A. M. on up grade. Nooned at mouth of canon below the forks, where we found a good spring, being the only water in the creek. Distance made, about four miles. Got through canon after a hard time; it is only about two miles long. Camped at point of hill. In all, traveled ten miles; no water for the mules, but enough to cook with.

23. Kept the mules in corral from 11 P. M. until 3 A. M. this morning. Pulled out at 6 A. M. and struck White Beaver Creek at 9, where we stopped until 11. Water, grass, etc., good. Crossed Middle Beaver and East Beaver and got to the Yellowstone at 7 P. M., finding a good camping ground. With the exception of crossing creeks above, the roads are good. Had to double teams at all crossings. Soldiers killed an antelope.

Quinton and Countryman overtook us at East Beaver, bringing news that Lieutenant Jerome had to go back to Fort Ellis in the morning. This leaves me alone now, as to going ahead in day time. He has been valuable help to me. Look for some bad roads to the supply camp.

24. Got over grade by 2 P. M. Had to repair road. Started at noon, taking Henry Countryman to help find road over hills into Camp Supply. Out till dark and met with poor success. Train camped in bottom. Made only seven miles.

25. Started out again this morning and found a rough, but good road. Reached river at 11 A. M. Pulled out at 2:06 P. M. and camped four miles below Supply. Very warm.

26. Pulled out early in the morning. McCormick passed down in his boat. Nooned where road leaves the river to cross a big prairie for eight miles. Left at 12 and made fifteen miles by 6 P. M.—a big day's travel. Passed the mouth of Clark's Fork. Had a good camp about half a mile from river. Weather warm and dry.

27. Rolled out as usual. Nooned at leaving of river. Made twelve miles, having been six hours in harness. Left at 3 P. M., crossed a small creek and camped below Baker's battle ground at 7:45 P. M., having made ten miles to-day. O'Connor killed an antelope. Good grass. Kept mules out until 11:30 P. M. Now comes our bad roads. We have made good time from Camp Supply to here, having traveled forty-one miles in two days.

May 28, Sunday. Just as we were drawing in for our evening's drive, Lieutenants English\* and Johnson, with thirty-seven men, one Gatling gun and Power's mule train, met us, the latter returning to Ellis where it will be discharged. Lieutenant English requested us to remain

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\* Mortally wounded in the Big Hole Battle, August 9, 1877.—See "The Battle of the Big Hole", by G. O. Shields ("Coquina").

in camp as his two teams had come from Pompey's Pillar, twenty-five miles, and were too tired to go back, consequently we remained. Only made ten miles. To-morrow we must make Pompey's Pillar. There is no water here. Issued a few rations to Lieutenant English's command. Ten men of Company C, who came with us from Fort Ellis, returned with Power's train. General Gibbon is camped sixty miles below Fort Pease.

29. Rolled out at 5 A. M.: cloudy and raining; cleared up at 8:30 A. M., making weather cool and agreeable for our long march. Wind blew almost a hurricane last night. Am hauling some tents and bedding for English and his men. Will have a hilly road all day. Nooned at 11, making a dry camp. Pulled out at 1 o'clock and got to Pompey's Pillar at 7 P. M., making twenty-five miles. Another long march to-morrow for a new camp.

30. Left camp at 6 A. M.; heavy hill. Nooned on a small creek, after making nine miles. Camped on Sunset Creek; plenty of water in holes; wood and grass scarce; made eighteen miles. Rained in the afternoon just enough to make it pleasant and cool.

31. Left camp at 6 A. M. and got to the river at 9:30. In about an hour Jacobs, Woodruff and Roe came in. Loaded four hundred and fifty-nine sacks of grain on their train. Remained over all the afternoon. After taking freight off, shall claim per-diem in accordance with contract. Kept mules in all night and did not allow them to be turned out in the morning before starting.

June 1. After much ado and ceremony, started this morning at 5 o'clock. Roads heavy, but as we are loaded light moved at a good rate and kept on the heels of the government wagons. Had to double all teams to-day, just as we left the river. A very unpleasant day—snowing and cold, the severity of which was sensibly felt by the entire command. Camped for the night below Fort Pease at a distance of about four miles; water, grass and wood good. Had several little rows to-day, but finally joined my friends.

2. Mules turned out at 4 A. M. Left camp at 6. Had to double across the creek. At 7:30 took table-land, and had to double up a short, steep pitch; thence across bench to where Devil Froze Creek empties into the Yellowstone; thence down bottom, which was very wet and sluggish, camping on the bank of the Yellowstone at 2:30 P. M. Wood, grass and water good; elk, antelope and beef plenty.

3. Pulled out at 5 A. M. After going two miles, got on bench and struck Big Porcupine at 12:30 o'clock, crossed over and then watered teams in harness. Pulled out and camped on bottom, sixteen miles from Gibbon's main camp. Broke a reach on freight wagon, but it only detained us half an hour. Met Captain Ball with his company close to evening camp. Made twenty-three miles to-day; roads heavy and hard on the mules; plenty of meat in camp to-night.

June 4, Sunday. Left camp at 6 A. M. Traveled through a canon. Broke White Calfee's wagon tongue, "toggled up", crossed the Porcupine all right, and reached general headquarters at 2 P. M., where we were cheerfully received. Took dinner with General Gibbon. Delivered a few stores and will roll out in the morning. Loaded wagons with grain for our return trip. Day warm and dry.

5. Loaded train to about eighty-two hundred pounds per team.

Pulled out at 9 A. M., crossing a creek, which the General had bridged, at a distance of two and one-half miles from camp. Had one tire come off. Made ten miles, camping at 2 P. M. at foot of a big hill. It will take us the greater part of to-morrow to get over this hill in any way. We are now on Stanley's road of 1873. Water, wood and grass excellent.

6. Left at 8 A. M. Took three hours to pull up the big hill, our course then took us to the river and we camped at 4:30 P. M. Good camp; slight rain.

7. Left camp at 8 A. M. Crossed three small ravines and then left bottom, going up a good grade on the Stanley road, but, owing to a spring in the coulee, the wagons sank deep in the mud, and we lost much time in doubling, and, upon reaching the bench, made a detour to a beautiful prairie with the best grass I ever saw. Had much difficulty in reaching the river, and finally succeeded in making camp at 8 P. M., two miles below the mouth of Tongue River, which, as far as could be seen, is heavily timbered. Made twenty-one and one-half miles. The bottoms are most all on opposite side of river, and we will have bad roads to Powder River, distant from Tongue River forty miles.

8. Made sixteen miles to-day. Roads bad; camped again on the Yellowstone.

9. Harrington came in last night with despatches from General Terry. Gibbon went down and met boat, which arrived at 1 P. M.; it only remained an hour, and then returned to Powder River. Issued rations and did some repairing. It is raining hard. We are going back in the morning to the Rosebud River. Cavalry goes ahead.

10. Cavalry marched in the afternoon. Roads very muddy; we go in the morning. Loads are now light and hope to travel with ease.

June 11, Sunday. Had very bad roads. The nameless dry creek, which we had so much difficulty in crossing going down, was a good sized river. To-day could make only one crossing. Rained at 1 P. M., when we camped for the day. The General made a road up to the ridge, and we will try it in the morning. He gave us six sacks of oats, so we can start early. Made ten miles.

12. Pulled out without grass or water at 5 A. M. Were three and a half hours in getting up the hill, and then for three miles had to follow a gravelly backbone and after awhile came into Stanley's road. Found two springs, one on each side of road, where some ash grew. The men cleaned them out quickly. Camped on the river bottom; not on the bank of the river, however, but in a ravine where we found water. Used sage-brush for fuel. Made sixteen miles and are now twenty-six miles from Rosebud. White Calfee's team gave out and could not keep up. Had to take off some two thousand lbs., when he got along all right. Broke a boxing in John Hare's trail wagon, which is likely to give us trouble. Mules out till 11:30 o'clock.

13. Left at 7 A. M. Had soft and muddy roads all day. Watered teams in harness. An hour later we turned out to fix the crossing of a deep ravine, and camped at night at the foot of a long gulch on the Yellowstone, having made fifteen miles. Good camp; hottest day of the season thus far.

14. Left at 7 A. M. Lost some two hours getting down big hill; roads heavy. Arrived at cavalry camp at 2 P. M., making thirteen miles.

Here we will lie over for some time, or until steamboat arrives: day cool and cloudy.

15. Thompson's and Wheelan's companies with pack-mules started out on a scout to Fort Pease. to be absent five days. Laid over.

16. Laid over all day and will remain in camp until boat arrives; the command is then to cross the river for a scout up the Rosebud, unless different orders are received in the mean time.

17. Laid over again. Stock feeling and looking well.

June 18, Sunday. Major Reno, with six companies of the 7th Cavalry, arrived on the opposite side of the river. This evening the scouts report a large camp, supposed to be on the Big Horn. He went down to Tongue River. Look for boat to-day. Think we will then move up forty miles or more.

19. Laid over all day. Animals are doing well. Am getting stores from train for issue to-morrow. Cavalry returned; they report roads very bad.

20. Laid over all day. Issued rations. Took inventory of all stores in wagons, showing some forty-eight thousand lbs. Grain issue, however, will lighten the wagons very rapidly. Warmest day yet.

21. Boat arrived. We started for Fort Pease at 10 A. M. Boat went up to Rosebud where it carried Custer's command over. Detained two and a half hours waiting for orders. Made seventeen miles. Reached camp at 7 P. M., and as we turned mules out had a heavy hail-storm,—some hail-stones being larger than pigeon's eggs. Had to keep mules in corral and they had no opportunity to graze until morning. Lieutenants Low and Kenzie arrived in camp at 12 o'clock at night with a lot of sore-backed mules and two pieces of artillery.

22. Roads bad; lost some two hours in crossing Big Porcupine: camped on river at 5 P. M.; made twenty-two miles. The cavalry are camped above us. The programme is now to go to Fort Pease, when the boats will join us and cross the cavalry over. Indians supposed to be on the Big Horn, or one of its many tributaries.

23. Left camp at 6 A. M. Had much trouble in crossing creeks on account of heavy rains. Camped one-half mile below Fort Pease. Day warm; made twenty-two miles; plenty of fresh meat in camp: cavalry camped two miles above Fort Pease. No boats yet. Indians seen across the river; think they are Crow scouts from boat.

24. Arrived at Captain Ball's camp at 7:30 A. M., two miles above Fort Pease. Boat arrived. Left one company in charge of camp, with teamsters Kirtland and Booth. Good grass, etc. Crossed over and made four miles, camping on Tullock's Fork. General Gibbon, I am sorry to say, is very sick. General Terry and staff are now here. Scouts came in late last night, and report seeing buffalo about six miles from here with arrows sticking in them, so we can't be very far from Sioux camp. To-morrow will surely clear up this uncertainty.

June 25, Sunday. Left camp at 5 A. M. Went up to Tullock's Fork four miles, thence to backbone between it and Big Horn. Arrived at Big Horn River after making twenty miles. Watered, and made three miles down the river and then nooned. Roads bad and our battery of three Gatling guns had much trouble. Infantry came to camp at 5 P. M.

We left as they arrived, and made camp at midnight. No wood or water. Rained all the afternoon and everyone tired. Will certainly see Indians to-morrow. They are without doubt watching us. We are one or two miles from the mouth of the Little Big Horn. Hope it will not rain to-morrow.

26. Broke camp at 9 A. M., and, after going two miles, discovered some of our Crow scouts who were with Custer. They reported a big fight on the Little Big Horn and Custer badly whipped. Our Crow scouts left us. General Gibbon joined the command, leaving boat where we nooned yesterday. Conjectures are rife as to the truth of Custer's defeat. He was to meet Terry at the mouth of the Little Big Horn to-day, but no news from him. Nooned on Little Big Horn, a nice stream; has ash growing on it. Left at 5 P. M., marching abreast with cavalry and infantry. Bostwick and Taylor were each sent with a note to Custer, going by different routes, and if successful are to get \$200.00 each. Both returned reporting plenty of Indians. In the evening Roe's company went out on the hills and a few shots were fired at a couple of his men, in advance. We have a good camp in a wide bottom with plenty of grass. Camp made in battle order. Found some ten head of horses to-day. Plenty of Indians seen and think we may hear from them before morning.

27. Passed a very quiet night, all sleeping soundly. Broke camp early and, after traveling four miles, struck the battle-ground where the big camp had been, but the Indians had all left the night before, leaving lodge poles and any amount of camp utensils. We saw at once that General Custer had been badly whipped. Found Reno some two or three miles higher up, fortified on a hill east of the river. He was glad to see us. Reno attacked the upper camp with three companies of Benteen's and four companies protecting pack-train. Custer, with five companies, attacked the lower camp, but he never crossed the river or got to the camp, as he and all his men were found killed. It must have been a horrible massacre. Reno lost heavily in killed and wounded. The Seventh is entirely used up. Had it not been for our command coming up, Reno would have been cleaned out. Crossed the wounded over to our camp, which is on Reno's battle ground. To-morrow will be devoted to burying the dead, and destroying property. It is my opinion a goodly number of Indians were killed. We found twenty-five bodies and presume we will find plenty more to-morrow. Soldiers were horribly mutilated. The entire affair is fearful to contemplate.

28. Went and saw the dead buried. It was fearful. Nearly three hundred and fifty\* killed and wounded, fifty of whom come under the head of wounded. Spent entire day making litters to carry the wounded. Left camp at sun-down. It took us until 12 o'clock to make five miles, when we camped. We are now going down the Little Big Horn to take the wounded to the boat. Taylor left with mail, via the train and Kirtland's camp. What we will do after leaving the sick on the boat, I can't say. What next? Of course, I have my own opinion.

29. Worked all day making litters for wounded, when we started. After going four miles met Bostwick, who said boat was at the mouth of the Little Big Horn, when we pushed on and got to the boat at 2 in the

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\* Approximately.



morning. All Indian property that was found was destroyed—principally lodge poles and cooking utensils. Wounded doing well. Had much trouble in finding road to boat, hence our lateness. Distance traveled, seventeen miles.

30. Laid in camp until 4 P. M., when we moved across the creek half a mile. Boat left for Fort Pease, where it will arrive this P. M.—distance fifty-three miles. Showery all day; grass excellent. Terry and staff and Brisbin went on boat. Gibbon in command of the 7th, and also our M. T. (U. S. Regular) troops.

July 1. Struck back on our up trail and camped on Big Horn, at the point where we nooned going up. Made seventeen miles. Hope to get to train to-morrow. A large smoke was seen at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains. Some are of the opinion that General Crook has struck the Sioux camp. Think Terry will organize and start after Sioux again. Very warm all day.

July 2, Sunday. Returned to boat and crossed over. Nooned on Tullock's Fork. Letters, etc., from above. Hayes, of Ohio, got the nomination for President on the Republican ticket. Heavy floods in Montana. Boat will go down in the morning.

3. Boat left. Remained in camp.

4. Still in camp. All quiet.

5. Still in camp. Windy and warm.

6. In camp. Steamer Josephine arrived with one hundred and ninety thousand pounds of rations, of which one hundred and sixty thousand are forage. One company of the 6th Infantry came on the boat and will remain here (Sanger's company). Cloudy and cool. River falling fast. Boats will have trouble in navigating stream if the fall continues. Mail in from Fort Ellis.

7. In camp; slight rain; weather warm and cloudy. Sandy's horse, whose owner went to hunt Crook, was found across the river.

8. Rained a little last night. Windy all day and cloudy. Four beef cattle, all we have on hand, are missing, having strayed off last night. Sandy returned, having made a failure of his trip.

July 9, Sunday. Mail in from Fort Ellis; none for me. Account of Crook's fight in which he seems to have been whipped. Three men from Clifford's company started for Crook's command with despatches. Lieutenant Roe and company, with Dr. Paulding and self, went up Tullock's Fork some twelve miles and sent the couriers on their (way) at 8:15 P. M. We got across at 10 o'clock after a hard ride. Killed a buffalo.

10. In camp. Was very sick all day. Captain Ball returned. Saw no Indians.

11. In camp. Cool day. River falling rapidly. Sick again. Have eaten nothing since yesterday morning.

12. In camp. Stock on an island. Good feed.

13. A nice thunder shower in the evening. Old Rambler, one of my mules, had his leg broken; presume I will lose him.

14. In camp. Had to shoot the mule. George Hereudeen arrived with company of Crows on opposite side of river. Will cross over in the morning. Think we will have a bad storm to-night.

15. In camp. Another heavy storm, causing river to rise. Indians crossed over. "Muggins" Taylor arrived by boat from Fort Ellis with

mail. Loaded on train seven hundred and fifty boxes and one hundred and seven barrels hard bread, but we still remain in corral (in camp). Boat is to go below to-morrow. More troops and stores coming up. Crook ordered to report to Terry, who takes entire command.

July 16. Sunday. Boat left this morning. Terry and a part of the staff went along. Major Cou's (Coulson's) company of the 7th Cavalry and Sanger's company of infantry also went on boat. Coulson did not know his destination. Rained in the evening. May remain here until about August tenth and then go for the Sioux, but hunting Indians on foot is played out. Should Crook connect with us no doubt the entire cavalry force would be ample to harass the Indians.

17. In camp. Smith writes from Bismarek, saying: "Far West will leave on the ninth with sixty horses, men and stores", so we look for her any moment. Mail will go out to-morrow for Fort Ellis. Days warm, nights cool.

18. In camp. Paul McCormick arrived from Ellis by boat at dark. Mail party started above, also Chestnut; young (William) Logan and "Big Andy". Major Thompson is very sick.

19. About 4 o'clock this morning Major L. Thompson, L Co., 2nd Cavalry, committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart with a pistol, causing death in about ten minutes. This has cast a gloom over the whole camp. He was buried at 6:30 P. M. of this day. Can only say he was talented and noble. Taylor and Williamson left for Crow camp, and I sent letters to Agent Clapp to send some of our mules in the Crow camp down by them. General Gibbon kindly ordered some ten Crows to scout on the opposite side of the river. McCormick busy selling his stock of goods. Alas! poor Thompson; good, generous, noble soul.

20. The 7th Cavalry shot at some Indians supposed to be trying to steal horses out of camp last night. Crows report having seen some fresh Indian tracks and found a blanket on the trail. Day warm. Rations issued.

21. Went to Fort Pease, following down through the islands. Plenty of good, coarse grass on them. Very warm; looks as if it was going to rain. Am getting tired of this camp, and hope we will move below some three miles where grass is good and fresh.

22. Our scouts report having seen trail of Indians going south, some twenty miles below here. Moved camp one mile below Pease and did not get through until 7 o'clock P. M., having made three trips. Day windy and cloudy, indicating rain. Good grass and a wide bottom; also large islands with good feed.

July 23, Sunday. In camp; mosquitoes bad; very warm: no whiskey. Look for the boat every day. Lieutenants Wheelan and Hamilton went to Tongue River.

24. In camp; grass good; rained plenty this evening. Courier reports that boat and train will be here to-morrow.

25. One man was drowned this morning in crossing a ravine which was dry yesterday. Cool day. Our three men have returned. They say Crook is camped eight miles this side of (Fort) P. Kearney, and that Indians are firing on his pickets every night.

26. Boat came in early. Am hauling down freight and loading up wagons, as we are all to move down in the morning to mouth of Rosebud.

My teams are all heavily loaded, and I presume they will have a rough time. Expect a permanent depot will be built.

27. Moved six miles and camped at the foot of a hill. Boat lit out for Rosebud. Slight rain. "Old Madam" (a mule) was played out.

28. Left camp at 5 A. M., and at 3 P. M. camped below Camp Woodruff, having made twenty-one miles. Roads are heavy. Reno loaned me two mules to-day. Old Madam was left behind at Dry Creek and shot by the rear guard. Fact is, she could not travel. Big Horn River high and very muddy; cause—recent rain storms. Grass very fine in camp. One man from the cavalry is missing. His horse came in. Party went in search, but was unsuccessful in finding him. He was last seen at Dry Creek. Our teams are having much trouble from the fact that they are compelled to go around by the 7th Cavalry to load in the morning and to unload in the evening, making two hours longer in harness. Am feeding heavy. Work, hard.

29. Left as usual; camping opposite spring thirteen miles from Rosebud. Fearful hot to-day: all oppressed with heat. Made twenty-two miles. Broke a trail tongue. The 7th Cavalry transported some one hundred and thirty wagons. Came as far as this, but went back to Rosebud a day or two ago. As usual the crossing of Porcupine occupied two and a half hours, when, with ten minutes of work, only half an hour would be consumed.

July 30, Sunday. In camp opposite Rosebud with the entire command, twelve companies of infantry and one of cavalry. Weather very warm and all suffering. Paymaster is paying off troops, etc., to-day. Will lie here some ten days.

31. Nothing new going on. Unloaded train.

August 1. Discharged Berry for his inattention. Steamer Carroll arrived and Far West left for Powder River. Very warm. Six companies of infantry under Colonel Otis arrived. The entire country seemingly on fire. Indians fired on the Carroll at Powder River. The boat landed and, upon the infantry forming, the Indians left.

2. Crossed Yellowstone River. Can't say what orders will be. Steamer Carroll left and the Durfee and Josephine arrived. Think Gibbon's command will be the only one that crosses.

3. Spent all of the day in crossing. Warm and unpleasant.

4. Far West came in from Powder River. Still crossing teams.

5. Loaded train with oats—fifty-six hundred lbs. to the team.

August 6, Sunday. In camp. Weather hot.

7. Teams have all crossed. Will start to-morrow.

8. Pulled out. Made ten miles. Warmest day of the season. Followed up Rosebud, having to cross the same several times.

9. A falling temperature with a change of eighty degrees since yesterday. Road good, but made only nine miles, having had much trouble in making crossings. Sioux reported ahead.

10. Scouts came in at noon singing war-songs. Sioux are coming. Formed line of battle when it was discovered it was Crook, whom we met with two thousand men. Broke one wagon and had to leave it behind. Made nine miles.

11. Sent back for wagon so that it can be repaired, as we are to lie here all day. Train will return to the Rosebud. Consolidated both

forces, Colonel Miles going back with wagons and six companies. Took pack mules and at noon pulled out and crossed over to Tongue River, fourteen miles. We have fifteen days' rations and some thirty-six hundred men. Are on our old trail. Do not think we will see any Indians. Powder River seems to be our destination. Colonel Miles, with the Far West, is to go. Meets us, taking the battery along to prevent the Indians from crossing. I have my own opinion of the result.

12. Left at noon. Made twelve miles. Still going down Tongue River. Water and grass good. Rained all day. No tents and everything looking wet.

August 13, Sunday. A fine day, the weather having cleared up this morning. Crossed Tongue River after the infantry. Made twenty-four miles to-day and am very tired. Will send two men to mouth of river to-night to look for steamboat. One or two men who were left on the road did not come into camp and cannot be found. We are on a large Indian trail several days old.

14. Rained again last night. Everybody wet. Left at 7 A. M. Traveled to within eighteen miles of Tongue River. Water muddy from recent rains. Men came from steamboat, having found her at mouth. She had gone to Wolf Rapids, with scouts on north side who reported no Indians crossing. As the trail turned up Porcupine we followed it, camping on same at 2 P. M., distance twelve miles. Will start in morning for Powder River, the trail going that way. One man was sent to communicate with boat. My idea is, Indians will be found at head of Powder River or Little Missouri.

15. Pulled out at 6 A. M., leaving Pumpkin Creek and going over the hills easterly,—a very broken country. Struck Mispa Creek four miles above its junction with Powder River, camping on latter stream. Good camp with fair water. Several horses left to-day. The missing men came in to-night, a detachment having been sent out for them. Taylor came in from mouth of Tongue River. Rosebud depot evacuated, and one established north side of Yellowstone below Tongue River. Trains were to leave for Powder River, distant twenty miles. Few trails here and commanders somewhat mixed. Thunder storm this evening.

16. Left at 6 A. M. All calls are stopped. Had to cross the river, which is rough on the infantry; any number of them gave out and had to be carried by the cavalry. A big thunder shower at noon. At the same time, Captain Goodlow was suddenly struck with paralysis. As the roads were too wet to keep on we camped, having made eighteen miles. Powder River is similar to the lower Missouri,—sandy bottom and shifting. Grass very good and water muddy.

17. Last night very beautiful. A number of horses and mules played out, so were left behind and shot. Camped about the mouth of Powder River, finding good grass and nice camp. Boat came down at 6 P. M., and reports that train probably left this morning for this place with some officers and recruits from Fort Ellis. Procured some vegetables and eggs. No sutler here, hence everything very dry. Boat will leave in morning for Glendive. Cody and Rich went down to scout the lower country, so think we will remain until we find out which way the Indians have gone. The general idea is we will have to go to the agencies to find them, while others think they have gone to the Little Missouri.

18—19. In camp.

August 20, Sunday. Two boats with sutler's goods arrived.

21. Steamer Carroll is coming with sixty tons of freight, but is unable to get over Wolf Rapids two miles below. Many Indians reported.

22. Train arrived from Rosebud, and camped on opposite side. Went over; our outfit all right. Called on General Terry, who told me we will leave to-morrow as soon as the forty government teams can be crossed. This transportation is for the purpose of hauling rations, and, should we be disbanded on the Little Missouri, General Crook is to be supplied and we are to meet our train at Fort Buford, thence go home. He told me no troops will be left behind and, unless he received peremptory orders, no post would be established at Tongue River.

Graham, Whiting's partner, is selling a few goods of the Steamer Carroll. Smith had a few goods, but sold out to Graham. Whiting is reported to be the sutler. A heavy rain this afternoon, ceasing at 9 P. M. Hope we will get off to-morrow on the old trail, and meet the General on the Little Missouri.

23. In camp. Powder River cannot be crossed.

24. Drew rations in camp.

25. Started up Powder River, crossing to east side eight miles above mouth. Made an early camp in a coulee.

26. A courier in from Glendive reports that Indians were there. Turned back and went down to the mouth of O'Fallon Creek, camping for the night. Crook has gone to the Little Missouri. Colonel Moore, with fifty-two wagons containing supplies, is going to the mouth of Powder and will cross over and go down north side of Yellowstone to meet General Terry's command.

August 27, Sunday. Steamers Yellowstone and Carroll crossed us over, when we moved at 7 P. M. and made a dry camp at 9 P. M. Our command consists of the 7th and 2nd Cavalry and the 7th, 22nd and 5th Infantry.

28. Left early, taking battery on to Bad Route Creek, thence up said creek, making twenty-one miles, camping at 4 P. M. Sent H Company, 2nd Cavalry, out at 9 P. M. to hunt for water, which was found.

29. Left at 6 A. M., going in a direction west of north. At 10 o'clock the entire command meeting with buffalo commenced firing at them, thereby wasting a large quantity of ammunition and losing some horses that went away with the buffalo and cannot be recovered. Dr. Paulding shot an antelope from his horse. My train has orders to stay at Powder River until the Montana troops return. At 11 A. M. Captain Ball with his four companies went on a scout to see if the Indians had passed, traveling easterly and coming back on the Yellowstone side and making camp at 8 P. M. Good water and a beautiful country with grass the best I ever saw. Wood is scarce.

30. Started at daylight, found Terry's command and camped at 2 P. M. on a dry creek with water in holes. No wood here, but plenty below. Traveled with one battalion eighty miles.

31. Followed the creek to its mouth where we camped on the Yellowstone. Found Silver Lake at Rice's camp, opposite the mouth of Glendive.

September 1. In camp all day. Moore got in with train. He says it is sixty miles from Powder River here—Silver Lake. Unloaded about

seventy-five tons from wagons, and went down for the steamer Benton's cargo, she having burst one of her steam-chests some twenty-five miles below. She will go back.

The programme now is: General Terry wishes me to go up with Colonel Miles and put train to hauling stores from Beef Rapids to mouth of Tongue River, twelve miles, until such time as General Gibbon returns; and he may want part of train to stay behind until later, to which I have agreed. Colonel Miles leaves here as soon as his two companies on the Benton arrive. Remainder of troops go on below; where, is not known.

Terry is a noble, kind gentleman. Miles gave me permission to bring up goods and trade at his post. No trader will be appointed until the end of the month. Think I stand a good show. Am anxious for mail to go to Helena by any route. Weather dry and cold.

2. In camp. Far West came down at 6 P. M. Our train reported to have gone to Tongue River. Wrote to Helena for goods, etc.

September 3, Sunday. Left with Colonel Miles this morning for Powder and Tongue Rivers. Couriers report the steamers Carroll and Yellowstone twenty miles below. Made fourteen miles, camping on a creek at the foot of a bluff on Yellowstone bottom.

4. Made seventeen miles, camping on Bad Route Creek at noon. Wood and water good.

5. Cloudy all day with some rain. Road crooked on account of bad-lands. Camped on Cherry Creek. Calfee sick to-day. Left my pack horse with Lieutenant Roe. A Mr. Keeling is coming to see if he can get Post Tradership. He is a brother to Keeling of the 13th, now at Leavenworth as sutler, and is footing it along. Think our train will go to Glendive.

6. Left as usual. Followed down Custer Creek and camped at 2 P. M. Three miles from Yellowstone at 6 P. M. Started down the river and found my train and all teams in camp. Unloaded wagons.

7. My train and the citizens' outfits pulled out this morning for Glendive, Sanger with two companies escorting. Major Casey with his company is here as well as the Montana wagons from Ellis and Shaw. Colonel Miles went on to Tongue River. Rained heavily all the afternoon until late at night. John W. Smith was up to Tongue River and left his application for the Tradership. Has gone with train to Glendive. He goes to Buford for teams and may bring goods. Train turned over to Colonel Miles this seventh day of September.

8. Laid over at mouth of Custer Creek. Raining.

9. Came up to Tongue River. Slept on north side. Whistler, Grannis and C— came over in the morning when I crossed.

September 10, Sunday. Grannis has a lot of vegetables for sale, but there is not much demand for them. Received some letters from above. Colonel Miles came down.

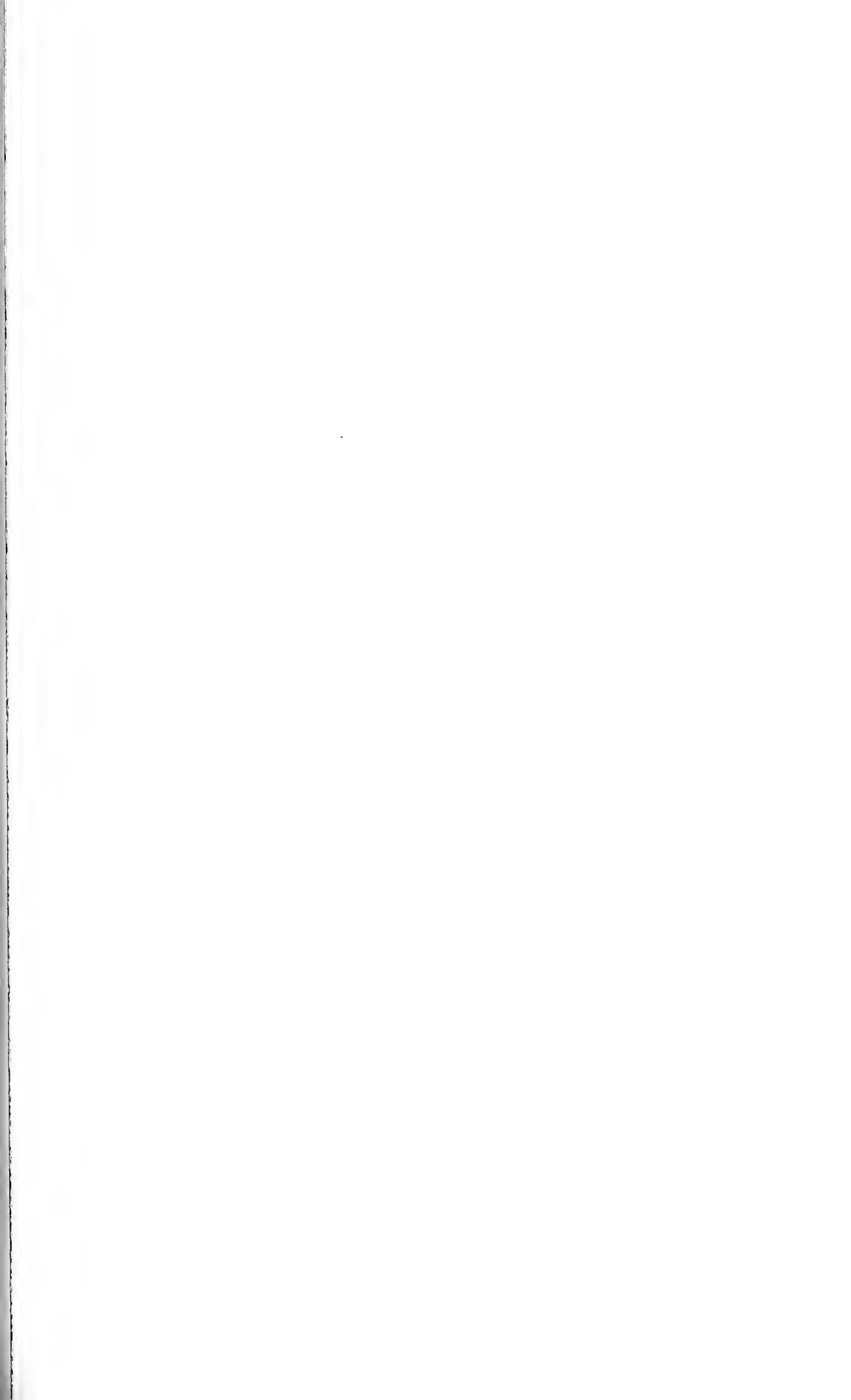
11. Took a ride with the Colonel. Wood plenty. A reservation could be made ten miles each way from the Post. (Now Fort Keogh Military Reserve.)

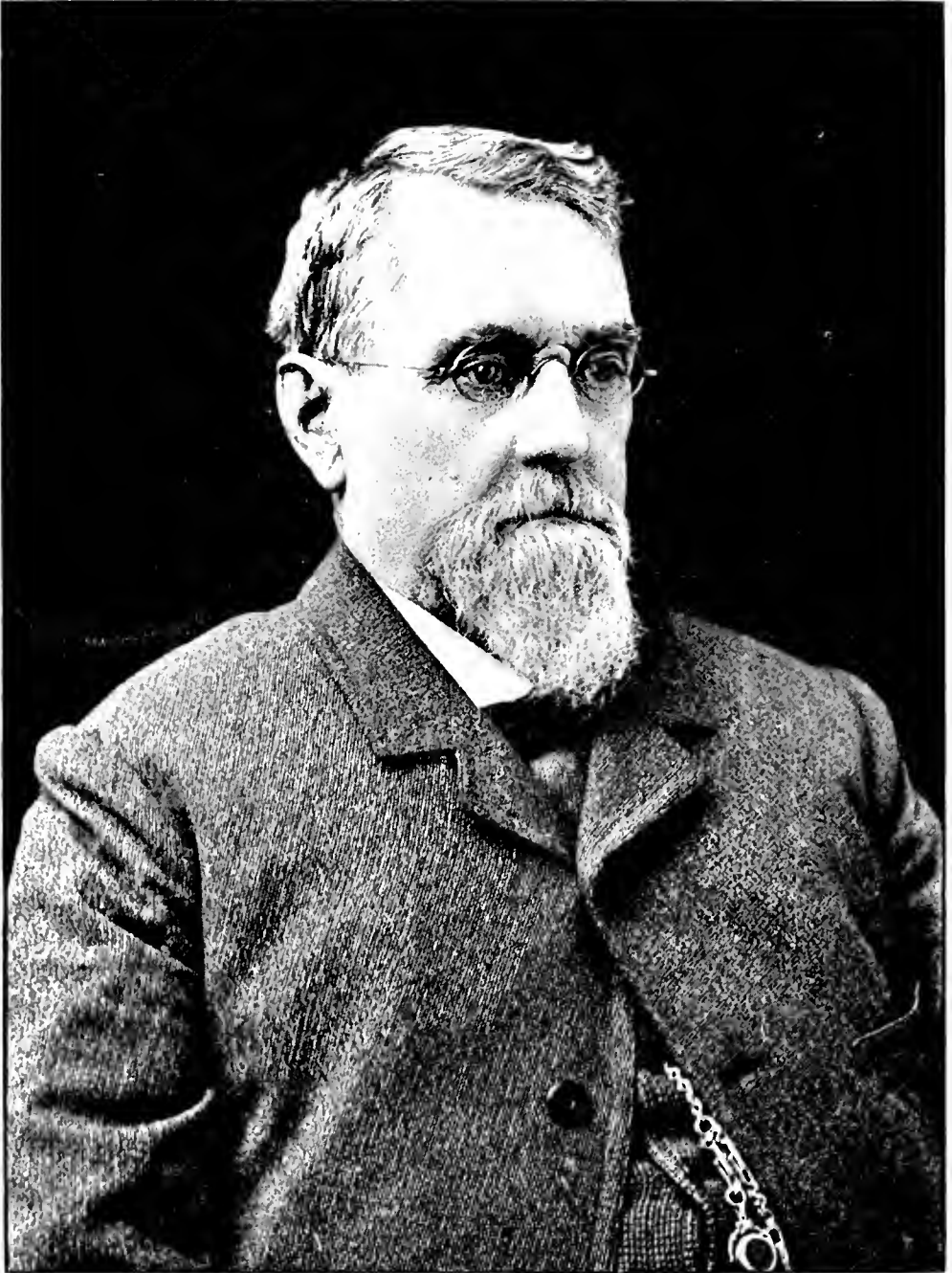
12. Tuesday. General Gibbon's command is to be here to-morrow on the way home. He took Calfee's two teams along.

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This diary here ends with the following postscript: "During the entire campaign, I was treated by Generals Terry, Gibbon, Miles and Brisbin in the most courteous manner, and also by Captain Jacobs, Q. M. of the M. T. forces."

Mr. Carroll remained at Fort Keogh as trader until the spring of 1878, when he returned to Helena where he has since resided. He and his partners retained the post-tradership for some years.—H. S. W.





WALTER W. DE LACY



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## WALTER WASHINGTON DE LACY.

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A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY AS GIVEN BY HIM IN SEVERAL  
CONVERSATIONS AND FROM OTHER SOURCES.

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BY WILLIAM F. WHEELER.

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Colonel de Lacy was the son of William and Eliza de Lacy, of Norfolk, Va., and was born at Petersburg, Va., on February twenty-second, 1819, while his parents were on a visit there. Soon after this event they returned to Norfolk, where the son was brought up.

His father died when he was six years old and his mother when he was thirteen. He was adopted by a bachelor uncle and two maiden aunts, who raised and educated him. His paternal grandfather was a native of Wexford, Ireland, and was a descendant of a celebrated Norman knight, Hugh de Lacy, who was the first Norman Governor of Ireland under Henry II, in 1172. His grandfather was a very prominent man among the Catholics in his county of Wexford, and when the insurrection of 1798 broke out he had a command among the insurgents, and especially distinguished himself by his humanity in saving the lives of many Protestants who otherwise would have been massacred. He had two brothers who were killed in the insurrection. At the end he managed to make his escape and came to this country, landing at Philadelphia. His family came afterwards, being brought over by his brother, Michael, a priest. The grandfather died in 1803, of yellow fever, when the family moved to Norfolk, Va., with his brother Michael, who was put in charge of the parish by the Bishop. Here he erected the first Catholic church that was ever erected in the State of Virginia, and died in 1815. He was put in charge of this parish particularly because it contained a great number of French people who were immigrants there. He and his brothers had been educated in France and spoke the language perfectly. One of the brothers had served in the Irish Brigade, in the French army, which had recently been disbanded by the Republican government of France, whereupon he returned to Ireland. He was killed in the insurrection of 1798.

Colonel de Lacy's maternal grandfather was an Englishman, by the name of William Charles Lee, who for many years was English Vice-Consul at Oporto, Portugal, and in the West Indies. He came to Norfolk about one hundred years ago, where his house and garden remain, still inhabited by his descendents, cousins of Colonel de Lacy, the property never having been out of the possession of the family. He was a man

of great wealth at one time, but, being very profuse in his hospitality, became impoverished. While at Oporto he married a lady who was a lineal descendant of the celebrated Portuguese General and Explorer, Vasco de Gama, the first man to sail the whole length of Africa, who rounded the Cape of Good Hope in 1479, and conquered a part of India.

Colonel de Lacy received his elementary education at home from one of his aunts (Mary), a remarkably accomplished lady. In 1834 he went with his uncle (Walter) to Mount Saint Mary's Catholic College, situated at the foot of the Blue Mountains, in Maryland, and near the town of Emmetsburg, four miles south of the Pennsylvania line. Here he remained four happy years, progressing well in his studies,—mathematics and languages. He could already speak French and Portuguese and here learned to talk Spanish with great fluency, there being a number of Spanish boys at the College from the West Indies and South America. His uncle had meanwhile been trying to get him an appointment at West Point, his claims being based upon his father's services in the war of 1812, and succeeded finally in obtaining one only to have it revoked a few days afterwards on the ground that the appointing clerk had made a mistake in names. The fact was, it was subsequently ascertained, no mistake had been made but a nephew of General Scott was put in in his place, there being an identity in the initials of both names and a similarity in their spelling. The young man's name was W. W. Lacy; with help he displaced W. W. de Lacy.

Colonel de Lacy remained at College four years perfectly absorbed in his studies, returning home for the first time after the commencement in June, 1838, and there remained about three months. At this time, as he was determined to become a civil engineer, his uncle wrote to Prof. Mahan, at West Point, for advice as to where it would be best to send him to study his chosen profession and received the following reply: "If you will send your nephew to West Point, I myself will instruct him, privately and without charge." Professor Mahan was then in the zenith of his fame, the ruling spirit at West Point, and regarded as being at the head of his profession in the United States. The reason for his kindness to young de Lacy was that he was indebted entirely for his position in life to William de Lacy's uncle, Walter's grand-uncle (Michael). In addition to his duties as priest, this relative of young de Lacy had taught a school solely for the benefit of the children of the poorer members of his congregation, there being at that date no public schools in Virginia. Among his scholars had been young Mahan, the son of a poor Irish carpenter at Norfolk, Va.; a boy whom he found to be remarkably bright, particularly in mathematics. Being well acquainted with the Hon. Thomas Newton—father of General John Newton, retired, late Chief Engineer of the U. S. A. Engineer Corps—who then and for thirty years afterwards was a member of Congress from that (Norfolk) District, he called Mr. Newton's attention to the boy, spoke of his talents, and took Mahan to see the gentleman. Mr. Newton was very much interested, and promised to give the lad an appointment at West Point as soon as he was old enough. This was done, and young Mahan graduated No. 1, showing such extraordinary talent that the U. S. Government sent him to France, to the Polytechnic Institute, where he graduated No. 2. He then returned to the United States, and after a short service as Military

Engineer in the Corps was appointed Chief Professor of Civil and Military Engineering at West Point, where he remained ever afterwards during his life.

Young de Lacy went to West Point, and there recited to Prof. Mahan every day in his class room immediately after that gentleman had finished with his sections of Cadets. He also recited in the higher mathematics and in the use of instruments to Captain Bliss, who afterwards married the daughter of General Zach. Taylor and was his Adjutant General in the Mexican War, and studied topographical and mathematical drawing under Lieutenant Eastman, Assistant Professor of Drawing.

Mr. de Lacy remained at West Point until he had completed the courses in mathematics, civil engineering and topography. At the end of that time, in 1839, a gentleman in the West offered him a position on the Illinois Central Railroad, then building, which he accepted. Going first to Baltimore, he then went as far as Frederick by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, thence by stage to Wheeling and from there down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to a place called Jonesboro where he met his friend, like himself a native of Norfolk, Va., and was employed by him as rodman and leveller on the railroad for several months. For some reason the work was stopped and the engineers were discharged, when he and his friend went to St. Louis and obtained positions on the Iron Mountain Railroad. While engaged in this work an order was received from the War Department for him to present himself at a given date and stand examination for a commission in the regular army as a civilian. He was then running a line through the plantations of Colonel Dent, one of whose negroes had just told him that his master's son, "Fred.", afterwards General Fred. Dent a brother of Mrs. U. S. Grant, had just gone to West Point. As the work on the railroad would soon stop, he left for home, returning over the same route he had taken in going west. Where the city of Cairo now stands there was not a single building of any kind while the whole country back of the Ohio River was a dismal swamp.

At the appointed time Mr. de Lacy went to Washington and found, when the candidates were assembled in the examining room, about twenty civilians who had been ordered before the Board, none of whom had been told what they were to be examined in. The examination was very superficial; consisting of a few questions, a sum or two in arithmetic, reading a few lines out of a book and writing a few lines from dictation, all of which he believed he answered satisfactorily. He did not show, however, as he should have done, his certificates from Prof. Mahan and Colonel Bliss and the topographical maps he had made at school, which would probably have given him better rank. Only about six of the young men were commissioned, de Lacy's vacancy coming just before the first of January, 1840, from which time all vacancies were reserved for the graduating class at West Point. An assistant teacher of French was wanted at West Point and this position Mr. de Lacy filled, remaining there about twelve years, when he was promoted Captain. Having then, under the regulations, to quit the Point and join his regiment, he preferred to resign and did so. These were the last civilians admitted and given commissions until the Mexican War.

During the succeeding year Mr. de Lacy accepted the position of teacher of languages in the United States Navy, which position was en-

tirely unsought by him. On acceptance he was ordered to the training school on board the line-of-battle-ship, "Pennsylvania", where his business was the teaching of midshipmen in French and Spanish and occasionally assisting the Professor of Mathematics. He remained in this situation about a year.

At that time Captain Armstrong of the Navy, living at Norfolk, was ordered to the command of the sloop-of-war, "Marion", and desired the subject of this sketch to go with him on the vessel to teach his midshipmen, and his son who accompanied the father, languages and mathematics. Mr. de Lacy might have been appointed Professor of Mathematics with much higher pay than he was getting, had it not been that, with his usual luck, Congress had just passed a law forbidding any new appointments or promotions in the Navy until the officers had been reduced to certain limited numbers. He could not, therefore, be promoted.

The ship sailed sometime in 1841 or 1842 for the West Indies and visited most of the large islands; Cuba, Porto Rico, Jamaica, Hayti, St. Thomas and St. Croix; also the mainland of Venezuela, Laguyra, the Dutch island of Trinidad at the mouth of the Orinoco, and the Guadeloupe and Martinique islands. The Marion was very near Guadeloupe at the time of the terrible tornado of 1842, of which great storm Colonel de Lacy said:

"Our captain, however, who had been in the West Indies before, detected the signs of the coming tornado and earthquake and worked clear of the south end of the island, getting out of the Gulf into the open sea. We had a hard struggle with the storm for three days, Fortunately we were on its outer edge, and received but little damage in our spars, rigging or sails. We returned in a week or ten days, worked our way up to the island again and found the town of Point a Pitre almost levelled to the ground and numbers of the inhabitants crushed to death. All the ships in the roadstead had been forced on shore and wrecked and the crews drowned by a tidal wave. We learned afterwards that in the different islands where the tornado had struck some 40,000 people had lost their lives. Thence the Captain sent all the available men and officers ashore to assist the French citizens and soldiers in rescuing the dead and wounded people from the ruins. This duty they performed with great skill and efficiency and the Captain received a very warm letter of thanks for these services from the Governor of the island.

"From this on our chief business seemed to be the inspection of consulates, and to look up and settle, as far as could be done, differences with foreign governments. In this our Captain was quite efficient and procured the liberation of quite a number of American sailors, who had been confined in the dungeons of Porto Rico, Havana, Martinique and Hayti." (In all these negotiations, Mr. de Lacy accompanied him and acted as interpreter.) Continuing, Colonel de Lacy said:

"On one occasion the Captain took two American sailors, who were prisoners on board of a Danish brig-of-war in the Harbor of St. Thomas. These men had committed no crime but had been drunk on shore and committed some breach of the peace towards some Danish officer. They were taken aboard the brig, put in double-irons and kept so for about three months. No attention was paid to the remonstrances of the

American Consul. On learning the facts, the Captain sent the First Lieutenant, Mr. Brent, with me as interpreter, with a written demand for the men. The Danish Captain at first refused to give them up. Mr. Brent returned with a written answer to that effect. Our Captain then sent us back again with another letter that, if the men were not delivered up immediately he would range his ship alongside the brig and take them by force. The Danish Captain thereupon gave them up and we took them back in the boat with us. This was afterwards the subject of a great deal of diplomatic correspondence between the two Governments. Our Government was rather disposed to censure our Captain for unnecessary harshness towards the Danish officer. But our old fellow said: that he meant every word of it, and he'd be d-- if he would not make the infernal 'dagos' (a sailor name for foreigners) respect the American name.

"On another occasion when we anchored at St. Thomas, we were informed that a man-of-war, the brig Somers, had run in there for a few hours, and, after procuring some stores, left for the United States about two days before. It seemed that there was something queer about everybody's actions in this connection. None of the officers or crew went ashore, except the Captain and the Purser and as soon as they had landed the boat shoved off about a hundred yards from the wharf in the open bay, remaining there until their return. The Midshipman would not allow any of the boat's crew to speak to, or be spoken to by, anyone. All this was inexplicable at the time, but the first newspapers from the United States solved the mystery. Only a few days before, in mid-ocean, the Captain, Slidell McKenzie, had hung Midshipman Spencer for alleged mutiny. Spencer's father was then Secretary of War at Washington.

"From Guadaloupe we sailed south to Rio Janeiro, where I was employed as interpreter, my knowledge of Portuguese standing me in good service, and from there the ship stretched down the coast as far as the mouth of Rio La Plata. The towns of Montevideo and Buenos Ayres were at the time having their periodical revolutions, each being besieged by the opposite party.

"At Montevideo they had a little navy consisting of merchant vessels purchased from the English. Their officers and crews, nearly all runaway American or English sailors, used to come out of the harbor once in a while and give each other battle. They generally fired at a pretty long distance and seemed to aim mostly at the rigging and spars. We saw one or two of the fights, and every now and then could see on one side or the other a topmast or a yard with the attached sails come down. Amongst the celebrated characters then in Montevideo was Garibaldi, there being a large Italian colony in the place. In the garrison was a corps of runaway English and American sailors, commanded by one of their own number who was known by the name of "Cockney Bill". His real name was not known. He made his men all dress in red shirts. As they were mostly old men-of-war's men, very courageous and utterly reckless, he had performed some astonishing feats of courage with them, had made sorties with his mere handful of followers, captured the besiegers' batteries and spiked their guns, had also assisted in repelling assaults, and as he always fought hand to hand he and his men generally killed a large number of his assailants and invariably repulsed them.

The consequence was that wherever his red shirts were seen, there the besiegers would not go.

“Garibaldi raised a corps of his countrymen, Italians, and, seeing the success of the red shirts, dressed his corps in red shirts also. This was the origin of the Garibaldian red shirt, with which he afterwards uniformed his corps in Europe.

“In a few days we returned along the coast, then stood over for the shore of Africa and ran southward along this coast from about Cape Coast Castle, an English possession, down to Saint Paul de Loando, a city in the African Portuguese settlements. Among other places we visited the American settlement of Liberia, consisting of emancipated slaves. Our Captain was very particular about letting officers or men go on shore, for the reason that the weather was excessively hot and there was great liability of catching the fever. If any white man slept on shore he was certain to catch it. The inhabitants received us very warmly. Several of the officers, myself among the number, found there men and women who had been slaves in their families and who took us to their houses, making no end of enquiries as to the old friends they had left in America. They generally seemed to be doing very well but were handicapped for the want of beasts of burden, it being impossible for a horse or ox to live there on account of a very venomous fly. This fly, whilst attacking and killing domestic animals, did not in the least degree disturb or molest the wild animals of the forest or the people. I was surprised to see the large number of wild negroes that were in the settlement and was told there were upwards of 600,000 of them within the boundaries of Liberia. These negroes presented a curious spectacle. They put mud on their heads to protect them from the sun, kept their skins constantly covered with palm oil to keep off insects of the mosquito kind which were very numerous and venomous, and wore a white cloth around their loins for the sake of decency. They filed their teeth to resemble those of a saw, and cut three gashes in each cheek which gave them a very ferocious appearance.

“At the English settlements of Cape Coast Castle and Sierra Leon, the garrisons were composed of black soldiers of the 2nd West India regiment with white officers, and were a remarkably fine looking corps. There was also part of a white regiment called the Royal African corps. This was what was called a condemned regiment. It was entirely recruited from men of other regiments in the British army who had committed some crime and had been condemned either to jail or to receive one of those terrible floggings, then inflicted, of five or six hundred lashes by the sentence of a court-martial. On the day of punishment the culprit's regiment was paraded, the triangles were rigged and the drummers who were to execute the punishment got their cat-o'-nine-tails ready. The culprit was then brought out and was asked whether he would volunteer for the Royal African regiment or take his punishment then and there. In nine cases out of ten they volunteered, and were then put in confinement until they could be shipped to the coast of Africa. They seldom lived there more than three or four years and generally acted very well after they got there, which was chiefly owing to the constant fevers which toned them down considerably. The officers likewise had some offense entered against themselves and were allowed to take refuge

on the coast of Africa in preference to being broke at home. It is the same way with the Portuguese troops, whose nation has large possessions on that coast of Africa. The presence of fever kept them down. The government of Liberia is that of a Republic and their constitution is modelled on that of the United States. One of its provisions is that no white person shall ever become a citizen.

“When we first went to the coast of Africa it was in order to obtain the services of a race of maritime negroes, called Kroomen: who are remarkably skillful in handling boats through the surf that is always very heavy and rough along the whole western coast of Africa as well as over bars at the mouth of all great rivers. All ships enlist crews of these Kroomen to handle their boats through the surf during their stay on the coast, at the end of which time the negroes are discharged and paid off. They are paid the same wages as sailors and receive the same kind of clothing so as to be uniformed like them. Every one of them has a nickname given him by the sailors, by which he is enrolled on the ship's books, as for instance, Tin Pot, Monkey Jim, etc.

“When our cruise was up, a year and a month after we sailed from Norfolk, Va., we returned to that place, where the Captain was relieved from duty and a part of the crew transferred to the receiving ship. The First Lieutenant and the sailors remaining on board worked the ship around to Boston, where it was laid up in ordinary during the winter of 1841-'42—for the purpose of giving the cockroaches, centipedes and scorpions a ‘freeze-out.’ ”

Mr. de Lacy was then transferred to the line-of-battle-ship, Ohio, which was lying in the harbor as a receiving ship. Here he continued for a time to give instruction in languages and mathematics to the midshipmen quartered on board.

After doing much engineering work for the government after the close of the Mexican War, through which he served and in which he was a brave soldier, he came to Washington Territory in 1855 and there practised his chosen profession. At that time an Indian war was raging, and Governor Isaac I. Stevens, himself an officer in the Mexican War, recognizing Captain de Lacy's experience and ability, commissioned him a Captain of Volunteers. He led his company in the fierce fight which General Wright waged against the Indians, which resulted in a signal victory for the whites and secured peace for the Territory.

Captain C. P. Higgins, a resident of Missoula since 1860, once informed the writer that the first time he ever saw Colonel de Lacy was when the latter was leading his company in the above mentioned battle, in which he attracted the attention of everyone by the splendid manner in which he handled his command during the action. Upon inquiry Captain Higgins found the gentleman to be Captain de Lacy who had served through the Mexican War, and said that he soon formed his acquaintance and had known and appreciated him for his high qualities ever since. At the same battle Captain Higgins first saw Frank L. Worden, who came to Montana with him, in 1860, and was his business partner up to the time of the latter's death.

In 1858 Colonel de Lacy joined Captain John Mullan at Fort Benton, whose acquaintance he had made in Walla Walla in 1854 or 1855, while engaged by Governor Stevens in exploring a route for a railroad between

that place and the Bitter Root valley. Captain Mullan had been appointed by the United States Government to survey and lay out a road from Fort Benton to Walla Walla, which since its construction has been known as the Mullan road. Captain de Lacy, as he was then called, became the engineer of this enterprise and laid out the work for the graders. He remained with Captain Mullan until the road was completed, in the spring of 1862, and then went to Bannack, where gold had been discovered, and from there to Virginia City when the riches of Alder Gulch were made known.

On the third day of August, 1863, he joined a party of twenty-seven men, organized to prospect up the South Snake River, and, on the seventh, was elected Captain of the company. During this trip he discovered De Lacy's Lake, on the head of South Snake River, which name it always bore on the United States maps until changed by a blundering clerk of Dr. Hayden's exploring party to Shoshonne Lake. The party also discovered the Lower Geysers Basin, of the Yellowstone Park and returned to Virginia City at the expiration of fifty-one days.

Colonel de Lacy's account of this expedition was written by him, from his notes kept on the trip, and published in Volume I of the "Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana", 1876.

At the First Session of the Legislative Assembly of Montana Territory, held at Bannack during the winter of 1864-'65, he was employed by that body to make a map of Montana for the purpose of laying off counties. In this he embodied all the information acquired by him while making surveys and explorations within the Territory. In outline the map was correct, and in detail as perfect as could be expected. It was afterwards lithographed and sold in New York, was revised by him in 1870, and several editions of it have been published in Colton's Atlas.

Colonel de Lacy has engraved his name indelibly on the map of Montana, and has made known many of its physical characteristics. Hereafter, when the State Legislature commences the work of establishing new counties, the first one should be named "De Lacy County", in his honor and to perpetuate his name among us.

To make this sketch of his life more complete, the following, written by A. M. Williams, Esq., then the able editor of the Montana Mining Review (and now, 1895, of the Lump City Miner), which was published in the Minneapolis Tribune, January eighth, 1887, might be added:

"Among the many famous characters in Helena perhaps there is none who has had a more checkered career than Colonel Walter W. de Lacy. Having spent more than fifty years on the frontier, and being one of the first to set foot in the Yellowstone Park, as well as being the discoverer of "De Lacy's Lake", erroneously renamed by a clerk of Dr. Hayden's Shoshonne Lake, and the leader of several expeditions of more or less consequence, his life deserves more than a passing notice.

"Colonel de Lacy completed his education at West Point, and for five years subsequently was Professor of Languages and Acting Professor of Mathematics in the United States Navy. During this time he served at sea on the men-of-war Ohio, Marion, and Pennsylvania. After this, he entered the service of the government as surveyor. In 1846 he was engaged by a party of wealthy men to search for old abandoned Spanish silver mines in the far south-west. The Mexican war broke out about this time, and



he entered the army and continued there until peace was declared. After the war, taking a fancy to frontier life, he staid in Texas and Mexico for some time, going through more hairbreadth experiences than fall to the lot of most people in a life time. The following is related as a single instance in point: One evening while journeying to Presidio del Norte, where there was a Mexican garrison, he heard a clatter of hoofs behind, and a moment later discovered a band of ten or twelve Indians close at hand approaching on the charge. They were led by the chief, a huge savage, and evidently expected an easy prey. At that time few Indians in those regions were possessed of fire-arms, and these had only bows, arrows and lances. The Mexicans fled and a moment later the chief raised his lance to strike. Colonel de Lacy was armed with a double barreled gun, one barrel being rifled and the other of the fowling-piece pattern. On the success of a snap-shot his life depended. Turning in his saddle, he discharged the rifle barrel and the chief with a loud yell fell dead to the ground. The rest of the band, panic stricken, beat a hasty retreat.

“After hunting up his escort and mules, the party resumed the journey and the following day arrived at their destination. The fame of the exploit quickly spread through the neighborhood, and the Colonel at once became the hero of the hour. At this place he resided for some time, taking part in the scouting expeditions of the 7th Mexican Infantry and the Chihuahua Lancers that were stationed there.

“One afternoon the Indians made a dash into the town and captured a woman. The alarm was given, but the troops were absent. Quickly mounting, the Colonel started in pursuit, accompanied by a squad of Mexicans, four in number. The woman had been placed on a mule, and the party were taking a direct course for the mountains. A skirmish ensued in which one Indian was killed and the whole band so tightly pressed that their prize was abandoned. On reaching the woman she was found lying on the ground, pierced by a dozen arrows. At the last moment, the savages, according to their custom, killed the prisoner rather than allow her to be retaken.

“Becoming weary of life at the Presidio, Colonel de Lacy returned to San Francisco, and soon after joined a party of United States Engineers who were about to undertake an expedition across the “staked plains” (Llano Estacado) of Texas.\*

“On this trip they fell in with a band of three hundred Apaches and it was only by the utmost strategy that the party escaped with their lives.

“In 1850 he was appointed Hydrographic Engineer to serve on a party that was to survey a railroad route across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec,

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\*The object of the expedition was to discover a feasible route for the Third United States Infantry, to locate places where water could be obtained and select sites for military posts along the Texas frontier and into New Mexico, the final destination of the expedition being El Paso. All for a time went well, but, being an unexplored country, they missed the Pecos River, which was to have been a stopping place, and for five days wandered over the prairies without water. After the first forty-eight hours of the experience, they remained in camp by day, traveling only at night. Words cannot describe the suffering endured: the men became partially insane, and only through strict military discipline could Lieutenant Whiting control them. When they were almost hopeless and the last point of endurance was reached, on the night of the fifth day the mules scented water and led by the keen instinct of these animals, a fine stream was discovered. Both men and animals rushed into the water and appeased their fiery thirst.—Extract from Memoir of Colonel Walter W. de Lacy, Montana Society of Civil Engineers.

and also to make a careful survey of a seaport at each end of the line. After the completion of this work he, in 1854, was appointed one of a party to survey the thirty-second parallel of latitude, from San Diego, Cal., to San Antonio, in Texas. After this he made surveys on Puget Sound. Here he got into the army again, and fought Indians in Washington Territory till 1856, and again soon after he was found in a hot fight with them in Grand Ronde valley, in which eighty savages were killed.\* Soon after he engaged to lay out a trail over the mountains, and lived for four days on the inner bark of pine trees. Later on he worked for the Government in locating and constructing military roads on Puget Sound.

"In 1859 he made the survey of the Columbia and Snake Rivers. In 1863 he discovered (Shoshonne) De Lacy's Lake, and the same season passed through the Yellowstone Park. In 1864 he laid out the town of Fort Benton, and the same year completed the first map of Montana. In 1867, when the Sioux war occurred, he was appointed Colonel of Engineers, by Governor Meagher, and took charge of a train of supplies for the relief of Fort C. F. Smith. The undertaking was one of great danger, and many believed the command would be destroyed. The enterprise was, however, successfully accomplished. On returning to Helena, he was consulted by the Surveyor General of Montana concerning the location of the initial point for public surveys in the Territory, who, acting upon the Colonel's advice, selected a point on Willow Creek in Madison County. He assisted in fixing this initial point and in running the first base line.

"During the three years following, he occupied a position in the Surveyor General's office, during which time he completed a map of the country for the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, which completely revolutionized their plans. In 1871 he made the public land survey of Smith's River valley, and in 1872 surveyed the Salmon River for the Union Pacific Railroad Company. This was one of the most hazardous surveys ever made in the United States, and was accomplished in boats, with chain, compass and lead. He was elected City Engineer of Helena in 1883, and re-elected in 1884."

He visited the Cotton Exposition at New Orleans in 1885, Norfolk, Washington, Chicago and other eastern and southern cities; his first visit in many long years.

In politics Colonel de Lacy was always a democrat from education and principle, but never an offensive partisan. He never aspired to political office and never had but one disappointment in connection therewith, which was when his friends of all parties in Montana recommended him to President Cleveland for the office of Surveyor General of Montana, on account of his high character and ability, and his long and

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\* Five soldiers were killed, and many wounded on both sides. \* \* \* \* While camped upon the site of the present town of Walla Walla for the purpose of effecting a treaty, Colonel Steptoe, with three hundred regulars, arrived, looking up a location for a military post. The Indians showing no disposition to treat, Governor Stevens, with his men and wagons and wagon train, started for the Dalles. When three miles distant from the camp they were attacked by the Indians in large force, and were obliged to call on Colonel Steptoe for assistance. He promptly came to the rescue and the whole party returned to their original camping-ground, soon after which the Indians disappeared, and Governor Stevens and the volunteers returned to the Dalles. This completed the Colonel's active service in the war.—Extract from Memoir of Colonel Walter W. de Lacy, Montana Society of Civil Engineers.

distinguished services as an engineer and surveyor in Montana. He merely said to me, when another was appointed to fill that office, that he did feel disappointed; for he thought his knowledge, gained by many years of experience here entitled him to the place when his party came into power, and that he could make it very useful to the government. But it was not to be. However, he was appointed Chief Clerk by the Surveyor General and in that position worked as faithfully as though he had held the office, much to the advantage of the government.

The following, obtained from the records of the United States Surveyor General's office (Montana), is the record of his last years of service:

Mineral Clerk from March twenty-second, 1886, to July twenty-fifth, 1886.

Chief Draughtsman from July twenty-sixth, 1886, to August twenty-second, 1887.

Chief Clerk from August twenty-third, 1887, to September twenty-fifth, 1889.

Chief Draughtsman from September twenty-sixth, 1889, to March fifteenth, 1892.

The Colonel at the advanced age of more than three score and ten was a hale and hearty man and regularly performed his duties in the Surveyor General's office up to within a few weeks of his death, which occurred May thirteenth, 1892, at St. Peter's Hospital, Helena, Montana. He was well known throughout the length and breadth of the Northwest and universally esteemed for his sterling worth.

Colonel de Lacy was a Charter Member of the Montana Society of Civil Engineers, and a Corporate Member of the Historical Society of Montana.

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The only relative of Colonel de Lacy in Montana is a cousin, William de Lacy, a well known citizen of Helena. Distant relatives still live at his old home at Norfolk, Va. His two maiden aunts, Mary and Alicia de Lacy, to whom he was so much indebted for his early care and education, died there in November, 1862, of the yellow fever then raging with fearful mortality. His uncle died at New Orleans during the Civil War.—Extract from Memoir of Colonel de Lacy, Montana Society of Civil Engineers.

## A LEAF FROM THE DIARY

OF

JAMES FERGUS

RELATIVE TO THE FISK EMIGRATION PARTY OF 1862,  
AND EARLY MINING LIFE AT BANNACK, 1863.

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The wild fever of speculation that passed over Minnesota in 1855 and 1856 was followed by a reaction in 1857 and 1858 that broke up many of her business men. Added to this reaction, all the northern portion of the state was visited in those last years by myriads of grasshoppers, while floods in the Mississippi carried away the timber booms and millions of feet of logs went down the river. Business of course came to a standstill: some of those whose business was broken up or who could not find profitable employment went in 1860, to Colorado. Later, some of the loyal portion entered the army but the majority, belonging to what was called the "Moccasin" or pro-slavery democracy, remained behind. In the spring of 1862 a private party was organized to go to the Salmon River gold mines, then lately discovered. In that party were John Potter and Mark Leadbeater—now of Gallatin valley. Later James L. Fisk, then a private in a Minnesota regiment, received a Captain's commission and the command of an Emigrant Escort from Fort Abercrombie, on the Red River of the North, to Fort Benton: their ultimate destination being the Salmon River gold mines. It being late in the season before this party was organized, little time was given for preparation, and some of the party from Little Falls and neighborhood started off with but one or two days' notice, some after it had reached Abercrombie, and David Bently and William Sturgis overtaking it on the plains. It left Abercrombie in July, and it may be remarked here that, while there were some good men in the party, it contained as many broken, reckless men as ever crossed the plains together. The trip was pleasant, nothing unusual occurred other than one wedding and one birth. At Fort Union, near the mouth of the Yellowstone, we were joined by Mr. Meldrum, of the American Fur Company, and near the mouth of Milk River by large bands of Gros Ventres and River Crow Indians. On our arrival at Fort Benton we learned that the Salmon River mines were overrun with men, and that gold had been found on the Prickly Pear, at Gold Creek, on the Boulder, at Big Hole, and at Bannack. A party went ahead to Prickly Pear, and on their return a consultation was held near what is called the Three Mile House, three miles south from Silver City. All the emigrants (ex-

cept Rockwell, Ault, Ells, Wright, Sturgis, Cardwell, and some few that went on to Oregon and Washington Territory and myself went into Prickly Pear and commenced building houses for the winter. In a short time N. P. Langford and — — were commissioned to proceed to Bannack, where Rockwell and party had already gone, and report the condition of the mines, etc., at that point. The result was that nearly the whole of the Minnesota party moved to Bannack. Fisk had gone west by way of San Francisco to report at Washington. John Potter & Co., who preceded us across the plains, were operating in Pike's Peak gulch, but afterwards also came to Bannack, as did all outsiders, to winter, also a number of "Roughs" from the "West Side" who soon set to work to get their living otherwise than by hard work. Rows soon commenced in the whiskey shops, murders were of daily occurrence, and finally a crisis was reached, which I can better describe by a leaf from a memorandum kept by me at that time. David Bently and I were then working at joiner's work. It is headed:

#### A DAY IN A MINING CAMP.

Bannack City Gold Mines, Idaho Territory, January 21st, 1863.

"Morning bright and pleasant: another coffin to make—three in a few days. The first man died of apoplexy induced by drinking too long and too freely of his own bad whiskey: the second was shot in cold blood in mid-day and the murderer Plummer is still at large, untried, unpunished and no one molests him: the third, a young man in the prime of life, lately married, died of fever—at 4 o'clock coffin was finished. Went across the river to hang a door, was detained until dark, when suddenly six or eight shots were heard in rapid succession across the river which were instantly followed by the most unearthly screaming and wailing from some Indian lodges situated on Yankee Flat, occupied by a few helpless squaws and papooses of the lower class, inoffensive, doing no one any harm, and living among us by virtue of an understanding or treaty made with the Indians last fall. I hastened over and found that some fiends had crawled up unperceived and fired into the lodges and killed one or two old Indians and squaws and several children. Of course consternation ensued, and interpreters were sent for to ascertain from the Indians who had committed this horrible deed, and to assure them that the whites generally were not going to massacre them. Still more horrible to relate, while this investigation was going on in the Indian lodges the murderers returned reinforced, and, regardless of the presence of the whites and the wailings and anguish of the bereaved savages, fired the contents of their guns and revolvers into the lodges, wounding four white men—one mortally—and more Indian women and children. What an atrocious deed! What a savage murder! Here is work for the morrow. The miners are aroused at last, murderers are to be caught and punished, and the Indians to be appeased or a thousand armed savages may pounce on us at an unlooked for moment." I omit the remainder. Suffice it to say that the miners were fairly aroused, a meeting was held and men appointed, or rather volunteered, to follow and bring back the murderers who were known to have left town on the Deer Lodge road.

And here I will say that Bannack was settled principally from three points, viz: Disappointed Colorado miners who had started for Salmon

River, and were generally known as Pike's Peakers, the Fisk and other Minnesota emigrants, sometimes known as "Tenderfeet", and prospectors and roughs from the west side; and consequently there was little harmony, and good men from those three parties took longer to find each other out, to know who were roughs and who were their friends, than if they all had been from one place or longer acquainted. Again, every man had left his home to better his condition. Bannack was not supposed to be a settlement, but simply a mining camp where every one was trying to get what he could, and then go home. Consequently the majority were simply trying to attend to their own business and to let that of others alone; but these murders finally roused their better natures, the murderers were caught, a meeting held for their trial, and while there was no lack of courage or brave men, or men of good sense, there was a wonderful lack of men who could or would speak in public—men who understanding the principles of law had the gift to state them and the courage to do it then and there. Judge Smith was employed by the prisoners, Colonel McClean would have nothing to do with it, and we were just like a mob without a leader. Had these cases been prosecuted like that of George Ives, then Plummer, Moore, Reeves and Mitchell would have been hanged, no road-agent band would have been organized, and no necessity would have existed for a vigilance committee.

I have written all this to show that at the trial of Plummer, etc., at Bannack, the miners had no head, no leader, and no one who could instil confidence in the masses. Had this thing been nipped in the bud, had the leader been hanged, it would have saved many a dollar in money to the miners, and many a weary mile's travel to the vigilantees. As it was, Plummer, on the motion of Judge Smith, was allowed to tell his own pitiful story, with a tear in his eye, and was acquitted by a majority of the meeting to become the leader of highwaymen. Moore, Reeves and Mitchell were tried by a jury, had Judge Smith to plead for them, the prosecution amounted to nothing, and they were banished—to return in a few weeks.

## SKETCH OF MALCOLM CLARKE.

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A CORPORATE MEMBER OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
OF MONTANA.

BY HELEN P. CLARKE.

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Some years ago my aunt, Mrs. C. O. Van Cleve, of Minneapolis, gave the Historical Society of Montana a brief sketch of the early life of Malcolm Clarke. She leaves him just as he is entering the Far West. I am now to pick up that thread, which has been resting quietly these years, and to lead you, Ariadne-like, through his somewhat singular and certainly eventful career to its close.

In 1841 Malcolm Clarke came to the great North West, and was for many, many years connected with the American Fur Company. He gained such a reputation as an Indian trader that even the British company on Hudson's Bay recognized his ability, and offered him a position as its main factor. This he declined. He continued, however, in the business until somewhere in the sixties, when he decided to leave the trade and the Indians, and to devote the remainder of his life to horse and cattle raising.

In the meantime, he had married and had had two wives. My mother, his first wife, was a daughter of a chief, a descendant of a line of warriors, and a woman who possessed fine, noble characteristics and was generous to a fault. His second wife was of mixed blood. He settled in the Little Prickly Pear Valley in 1864. Before the tragedy of 1869 he gathered his family together. The older children had been sent to the States for school privileges, and we scarcely knew our father. His visits, once a year, flashed on us like meteors, bright, beautiful and brilliant.

It is a custom with Indians to give every white person connected with them an Indian name. My father's first was the "White Lodge Pole". There was in every tribe, long years ago, a lodge set aside in which the councils of the mighty ones were held. As you enter the sacred tepee, your eye will fasten itself on one particular pole. It is straighter, whiter and more symmetrical than any of its neighbors. It sometimes took the nation days, weeks and even months to find the one suitable and desirable. The medicine men, the braves and the great alone dare touch it. At any rate, whatever may be the original superstition attached to it, it is a beautiful pole. And when Malcolm Clarke came upon the Blackfeet in the glory of his young manhood, crowned with white, they said among themselves: "This man shall be called the White Lodge Pole."

Some years after the name was changed to one which the Indians thought would add greater lustre to his fame. It seems that on a certain trip up the Missouri, my father killed thirty grizzly bears in thirty days, and on one day slew four in an incredibly short time. Only an experienced hunter can realize the wonderful feat achieved. The red men's enthusiasm for the deed, and their admiration of it knew no limits. They called him Ne-so-ke-i-o, or Four Bears, in honor of the exploit, and by this name he was known throughout this western country. He was the first, and I think the only white man who earned a name for himself among the Blackfeet Indians; and I know he was the first man, be he white or red, who was called Ne-so-ke-i-o.

Let us enter an Indian village, date somewhere in the fifties. There is a commotion in the camp; the dogs are barking, the women yelling, the wigwams deserted, and most of the inhabitants collected before a lodge on the edge of the village. The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. Conversation is carried on in highly excited tones; the name Ne-so-ke-i-o is frequently repeated. We learn that he has knocked down an Indian. Strange, that he should imperil his life. There must be a good reason. Ah! here it is. The Indian had taken liberties with him, and was attempting to steal the goods of the American Fur Company. We draw a little nearer. We see him at the opening of the lodge, his eyes flashing, keeping his enemies at bay, two derringers in his hands ready to fire. And he did. Yells! Cries! The Calf Shirt, great chief of the Bloods, then spoke in tones that could be distinguished above the noise and excitement: "This man shall live; he has a big heart." Quiet and order is once more restored. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the great Rockies, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter passionless stars.

Soon after this Calf Shirt sent an invitation to my father to attend a Council. On entering the lodge he was given the seat of honor. The pipe of peace was handed around and smoked. Silence then reigned for a while, but finally the oldest man arose, and opened the meeting with a speech. Each warrior in his turn followed and did likewise. The substance of all can be summed up in the closing remarks of Calf Shirt: "My friend," said he, turning and addressing himself to my father, "you are continually acting in a manner displeasing to the Nation. We think you wicked; that is nothing; but this touches us; you give us less for our robes than the other traders. With that silvery tongue of yours you make my young men come and go at your beck, and we cannot understand it. There is my brother-in-law, Little Beaver (Alexander Culbertson), who gives me, gives us all magnificent presents; pays us richly for our robes; treats me in a way that is gratifying to the great chief. But what is most singular your very smile will make my men take their robes from the others and give them to you. There is something about you which steals away our hearts against our inclinations. What power do you possess? Has the spirit of the Manitou fallen on you? I say to you I hate the white man, but I hate you less than any white man I ever knew." The pipe was then handed to my father. After smoking a few puffs, he quietly said: "I thank you for the good advice. There is wisdom in it. In the future the Four Bears will take heed. But, as to that power which belongs to me, I reply to you, in the words of the great ones of the Nation:



'It is my medicine.' " And the grave warriors bowed their heads, and as each man left the lodge, he shook hands with the Four Bears, and held for him ever afterwards great respect.

On one occasion while he was in charge of Fort Benton, a half dozen or more Blackfeet came riding into the fort and asked for protection.

"They rode for their lives,  
For their lives did they ride."

For the Arickarees were after them. The banks of the Marias had been the scene of a fearfully bloody action, and the stream bore away on its breast many dead and dying. The Blackfeet were the greater sufferers, and were ingloriously defeated, their numbers amounting to about one-third of that of the enemy. They were compelled to flee. In the melee that followed, these young men were separated from their friends, and so situated that the enemy was between, and their only chance for life was the fort. They had scarcely told their story, and the great gates of the post were no more than closed, when the 'Rees, three hundred strong, came and fiercely demanded that these men should be delivered unto them.

On the arrival of the Blackfeet, father, at once realizing the danger ahead, sent out Robierre, one of his men, to find a young blind girl, Isadore, an Indian boy, and the writer, who was a mere baby. We were on the banks of the Missouri, Isadore acting in the capacity of nurse. Unfortunately help came too late for some of us. The girl was shot, Isadore was caught by the blood-thirsty redskins. His face, head and ears were cut and mutilated, and his body received many gashes. He finally managed to slip away from his tormentors, swam the Missouri up to the point known as the Island, and there he remained until my brave father on horseback rode, Comanche-like, to his assistance, and brought him back without further injury amid a shower of darts and arrows. The writer even did not escape the wrath of the savages. A spanking was given her. Robierre tore her from the arms of one, carried her home and placed her safe in her mother's arms unharmed.

Let it be said here in behalf of the Arickarees that it always had been and was their policy to keep on friendly terms with the traders, but in this instance they allowed their anger to overcome other sentiments. And when my father refused to give up the Indians to them, they felt they had been denied rightful spoils. A consultation was held among them, and soon after they opened war upon Malcolm Clarke and his handful of men. Bullets and arrows went whistling and whizzing through the air, interspersed now and then with demoniacal yells, and this continued for several hours. The Arickarees at last tired of the siege, and, finding their ammunition nearly gone, their arrows broken, turned their heads homeward, sad, gloomy and despondent because of the scalps lost to them at the fort. Not a man was fatally wounded at the post. An arrow grazed the cheek of my father, but he seemed to wear a charmed life. He was here, there and everywhere. Bullets and hundreds of arrows\* had passed him by as the idle wind, which he respected not.

It would be somewhat singular if a man with as strong characteristics

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\*The Arickarees used poisoned arrows.

as Malcolm Clarke should pass through life without making enemies. To one it proved fatally disastrous—a man named McKenzie. Perhaps the less said of him the better. The origin of the quarrel, a mere nothing. Both were probably to blame. Matters might have been amicably settled, but poor McKenzie's anger was fed and encouraged by his friends, and whiskey only added fuel to the flame. At any rate, one summer in 1862 or 1863, at Fort Union, or near there, on the American Fur Company's boat, McKenzie, blinded with anger and drink, entered the cabin where my father was, and when within two feet of him levelled his pistol. It is needless to say that the fatal charge was quickly turned, and McKenzie fell its victim. And there he lay pulseless and cold with a bullet in his heart, calmer by far than the man that shot him, although the latter knew it was done in self defence, and was afterwards fully exonerated.

After the deed the excitement became truly alarming; my father's life was in jeopardy. McKenzie's friends determined to have blood for blood, and the only friend Malcolm Clarke had on the boat was Mr. Frank Worden, of Missoula. He advised him to leave, take horses and ride to Benton. My brother Horace, a small boy at the time, was with him. Child as he was, he realized the fearful situation and followed our father, keeping keen watch, for he thought some of McKenzie's friends would shoot him in the back. It was then that the boy Horace learned his first lesson, how to act in times of danger, of peril and of need. Father and son started on that lonely ride, as

"Night dropped her sable curtain down";

and it was made hideous by the howling of wolves. In a few days they reached their haven. Their late experiences drew them nearer together, and as long as life lasted there was a peculiar bond of sympathy between the two.

The hairbreadth, wonderful escapes, the marvelous experiences through which this man passed are innumerable. He was loved, feared and admired by the Blackfeet, and at one time he was earnestly entreated by them to accept the chieftainship. When difficulties arose among the Nation, Ne-so-ke-i-o was the one man to whom they turned for advice and counsel; and mothers would quiet the cries of their children by saying: "The Four Bears shall hear of this."

As soon as the rumor reached the camp of his coming, the young braves, mounting their finest steeds, would sally forth to meet and escort him to the village. His entrance and his march was that of a monarch. All vied to do him honor along the line. It was:

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances."

Malcolm Clarke has been accused of being tyrannical; this I deny. He was, however, a stern disciplinarian. His military education, his early life in the army, taught him how necessary it was to be firm. He never required of his men that which he was not willing to do himself. Unfortunately for them, they lived in iron days and their sufferings and hardships are without a parallel. His quick temper very often led him into difficulties. His life was not faultless, but "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone."

His treatment of the Indians was just; he shared with them whatever he had; he was the soul of generosity and truth itself.

As I sit here thinking, I can see the shadowy forms of the traders. They pass by me, one and all, and I find that this man whose life I am writing is one of the exceptional few who was not addicted to alcohol. I also find that he was the very first to think of educating his children, and putting it into execution. And

“\* \* \* It seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good.”

One sunshiny morning, in the spring of 1867, a party of Indians rode up to Malcolm Clarke's house on the Prickly Pear, alighted and made preparations to stop. They were Pi-kan-i\* relatives. The party consisted of Ne-tus-che-o (a cousin of my mother) and wife, mother, sister and brother. We were glad to see them, but they had not been with us more than a week when their horses, as well as ours, were found missing—stolen from the corral. Immediate search was made, and after hunting for some time the trail was found. The tracks said white men. We could scarcely believe this, but were compelled to admit the fact, when ours, that were branded, came straggling home towards “dewy eve.” This placed my father in a very disagreeable light. These horses had been taken from his hearthstone. He was indignant, and he felt in honor bound to make every effort to recover them. The whereabouts of some were discovered: but unfortunately they were never restored to the owner. What law is there in Montana, or anywhere, for upholding an Indian's rights? If such there be, it is perverted when the red man is in question, and sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander in his case. Had these white men gone into the Pi-kan-i village, “bearded the lion in his den,” and stolen this man's horses, it would have presented a very different phase of the matter and, according to the Indian's standpoint and code of honor, would have been right, proper and just. They were, however, stolen while he was enjoying a white man's hospitality. Stolen in a white man's country; therefore it could never be forgiven. This was the *primary* cause of the great tragedy enacted two years later. Ne-tus-che-o was an Indian, a Pi-kan-i. His horses were dearer to him than life. Dark, evil thoughts became his, and they were encouraged by those near him in affection. Destiny favored him. My father was called away from home. Nature even sided with him. The night was dark, gloomy and stormy. The rain pattered on the roof in torrents and in the hush of early morning he silently stole away, and with him his family, our spy glass and our horses. We had no sooner learned of our loss than my brothers, Horace and Nathan, started out to look for the trail. They found it. The weather, unfortunately, was unfavorable to the pedestrians, but they caught one horse that was unable to keep up with the band, and brought it back in triumph. In the meantime my father had returned. The boys then mounted the two remaining horses, the one just found and the one that only a few moments before had arrived from a twenty-five mile trip. Thus equipped they galloped off on the Benton road, hoping to intercept the fugitives, whom we had every reason to believe were in the neighborhood of the “Bear's Tooth” and would no doubt travel that night. They, however, evaded them and my brothers came back discouraged.

\*Pi-kan-ies. One of the tribes belonging to the Blackfeet Nation. Piegan, a corruption of Pi-kan-i.

Ne-tus-che-o's flight had not been an easy one. Freighters encamped on one of the crossings of the Little Prickly Pear, were awakened one night by the tramping and neighing of horses and the snapping of lariats. No one they knew could be out at that unseemly time, but an Indian or a horse-thief, and acting upon this supposition they fired, and were answered by a woman's scream. Ne-tus-che-o and wife, and about one-half the horses had already forded the stream. His mother and sister were so much frightened that in their hurry to escape they left the other half. In gathering them together on the following morning, the campers at once recognized Malcolm Clarke's brand, and sent them to him. Soon after this we heard of the others, and my father then made arrangements to leave home, taking with him Horace. They struck out for the Pi-kan-i village and had scarcely entered the camp when Ne-tus-che-o made his appearance, seated on my brother's favorite horse. Before any one could speak, Horace had taken the animal from him, and had given him a sharp cut with his riding whip, at the same time calling him a dog.

Twenty young men, stripped to the waist, surrounded this rash boy, and had about commenced that diabolical dance which is the fore-runner of death when the old men of the village rushed out. They, as well as my father, realized the situation at a glance, the latter not daring to fire for fear of hastening Horace's end, which would have been inevitable had any blood been spilled. It was most fortunate that the veterans appeared at this critical moment. The youths were harshly reprimanded and my brother's life was his own again.

Father eyed Ne-tus-che-o, then, in words clean-cut so that all might hear, called him "an old woman," told him that the loss of his horses he could have forgiven, but his spy glass never. Sneers such as these must have satisfaction. Yet Ne-tus-che-o had golden opportunities for wreaking his vengeance the second winter following, as my father was in the Indian camp for the season. Overtures of peace had been made and everything had been amicably arranged between the two. The former acknowledged his wrong, and said that whatever the Four Bears had done was right and just. "As for my young brother Ne-ti-na-muc-kaw (meaning Horace), he has hurt me and my heart feels sore." He, however, sent kind and friendly messages to him, and we had confidence in him once more.

My father was in the Indian village that winter for the purpose of feeling the Red Men and to learn what his chances would be for renewing his former relations with and of trading among them again. The Mountain Chief then at the head of the Piegans, or Pi-kan-ies, was his tried friend, and during his stay that season, the two had many confidential chats. A something expressed one day in low, measured tones, showed how the great chief and his people felt towards their Caucasian neighbors. He said, "I despise the whites; they have encroached on our territory; they are killing our buffalo, which will soon pass away; they have treated my nation like dogs; and hereafter I shall no longer be responsible for the depredations which may be committed by my young men; for we, the Pi-kan-ies, have been made to suffer for the bad deeds of the other tribes. We do not wish these pale faces to come to our villages. If we desire to trade, we will go into their forts, dispose of our robes and leave. There is nothing in common between us. With you,

my friend, it is far different; you have identified yourself with us by marrying into the nation and have children. Therefore we suffer you among us."

In the summer of 1869, near the middle of July, about fifteen miles from Benton, four or five wagons were attacked by Indians who proved afterwards to be Crows, and one or more white men killed. The news came into Benton. The citizens were highly excited, and while laboring under this high pressure, chance threw in their way the Mountain Chief's brother and a young Blood Indian of fourteen years, sent by Alexander Culbertson\* to the town with special instructions. Some of the residents shot these Indians down with as little mercy as they would take the life of a wolf. Both were harmless. This, remember, was done in the name of self-protection.

My father, on learning of these two murders perpetrated in a civilized community and in the nineteenth century, prophesied trouble and was most anxious to reach the Indian camp before the uprising of the nation, hoping that his presence might exert so great an influence over the Mountain Chief as to make him forget his words and even forgive, for he feared that this man would do as he said. Within two weeks our horses were stolen, and in a month's time eight hundred had been taken from the settlers and the Pend d'Oreille's. These are the links in the concatenation of events that resulted in the death of Malcolm Clarke.

The saddest part of my narrative is now approaching. Return with me to that summer day, the beauty of which will ever linger in my remembrance. The sun shone, the flowers bloomed, the stream gurgled on, mocking me with its gentle ripple of

"Men may come, and men may go,  
But I go on forever."

The cattle had not shown themselves for a day or two, so that my father on that beautiful morning in August sent the Indian boy after them. Noon came, but no boy in sight, no cattle; 4 P. M. and still no boy. This was strange, unaccountably so. The only explanation for the delay was this; the herd had strayed off farther than had ever dawned on us to think they could or would. Nevertheless we were anxious. About 7 P. M. our ears were gladdened by the tinkling of bells, the lowing of cattle. Our surmises were correct. After inspecting them, my father re-entered the house, and challenged me to a game of backgammon. It was accepted. We had finished one or more and were in the midst of another when we were startled by the barking of dogs. It was also an unusual occurrence. Who would come at this time of night, at 9 P. M.? Not our nearest neighbors surely, for they lived some distance away. What could it be? An Indian, probably. We stopped a moment, looked at one another and continued with the game. Another bark—still another—hurrying of feet—strange voices—exclamations of delight greeted our ears. It was impossible to sit still any longer. I threw down my box and ran to the back part of the house from whence these sounds arose. And this met my astonished gaze; four stalwart Indians saluting my mother and sisters. I went forward and on recognizing Ne-tus-che-o, laughingly said: "Our horses are again stolen." He smiled.

\* Mr. Culbertson was Government Interpreter; was a very able man, and had been, at one time, head trader for the American Fur Company.

Meanwhile my father and Horace had welcomed them. Ne-tus-che-o in greeting my brother threw aside the stoicism of his race, placed his arms affectionately around him and gave the kiss of peace. This was the first meeting between the two since the quarrel of two years before.

Alas! had we but known that this was an Iscariot kiss we could even then have defended ourselves against the thirty lurking in the bushes. The Four Bears was a host in himself. There had been crises in his life fully as desperate, and he had not only come out safely from these, but had been admired all the more by his enemies for his bravery and daring.

"Where is Nathan?" asked a young Indian. Fortunately, my hot-headed younger brother was away and would not be home before morning. "Gone to the Bear's Tooth looking for horses, which he hears are cached in that neighborhood," some one replies. The young man seemed disappointed, and so were we all, for we knew that Nathan would regret not seeing our visitors. I was about to say something when Ne-tus-che-o interrupted me by telling us that Black Weasel, or Shanghai as we called him on account of his height, was one of the party, but would not enter the house owing to extreme bashfulness. Father on hearing this, deputized one or more to bring him in. At his entrance he rallied him about his unfriendly behavior, offered him a seat, and then gave him his pipe. Ne-tus-che-o joined the circle, and one and all smoked from it, passing it around in Indian fashion. My father then said, pointing to Shanghai: "My daughter, that is the best Indian I ever knew." Supper had been prepared and was now announced. Black Weasel and Ne-tus-che-o joined the others who were satisfying their hunger, and all seemed happy.

Their advent and the hour seemed not singular. There had been times when they came in the middle of the night and knocked at the door. My father always knew their rap—knew too whether the man or men were in trouble. Among the party was the Mountain Chief's son—nephew to the Indian killed in the streets of Benton by Christian people.

When the news of this cold blooded murder reached the Pi-kan-i village, the nation groaned, then became angry. Preparations for war commenced. What mercy could be expected from infuriated savages? None, one would naturally reply. Yet mercy was shown to the whites in the camp. The Mountain Chief told them that he would not be responsible for what his young braves might do; therefore he wished them to leave, and would provide them with an escort until they were beyond their enemy's country. He also promised that his warriors would not be allowed to start on the war path for twenty-four hours. Remember that it was his brother that was murdered—murdered too perhaps by connections of these very men whom he was about to, and did, save. It was the son of this great chief who was at our house on that fatal evening. Black Weasel's brother was among the number, also Bear Chief, a young Indian whom I dubbed Richard the Third, owing to a fancied resemblance to that monarch. His looks, however, belied the name.

Their motives in making the visit, they said, was to restore the stolen horses, taken from us three years previously by the Bloods\*; that the nation also had appointed them as a committee to wait on the Four Bears and urge him to come to them as of yore and trade. This news was gratifying but not unexpected, as my father had intimations that a delega-

\* The Bloods are a band of the Blackfeet nation.

tion would be sent with this invitation. This meant so much. His hopes were about to be realized; riches ahead, his children independent.

Isabel, my young sister, was telling Ne-tus-che-o how grieved we all were on hearing of the death of the Indians at Benton, how I always sided with them and mourned over their many wrongs: how I loved them and how gladly would I give them anything I possessed, that I was their friend. He told her to "hush." Why? Perhaps he thought if he listened to her childish prattle his heart would relent, and he refrain from executing the bloody work he had in contemplation. The child, however, did not notice his abruptness. There was something else that attracted her attention. The Black Weasel kept his hands over his eyes. She saw tears flowing down his cheeks. She asked Ne-tus-che-o "what is the matter?" and he quickly answered, "his eyes are sore." Then, said my little sister: "I must ask papa for some eye water," and off she ran on her errand of mercy.

Our visitors on finishing supper adjourned to my father's room where they smoked and conversed. The Mountain Chief's son struck me as being somewhat eccentric and his manner was highly offensive. He seemed to be exhilarated, so talkative, so restless, so nervous. He walked around and around the room touching this article, and that, and I feel confident that he intended appropriating the table cover, for he pulled at it, looked at me, and said: "It would make a fine wrap." Ne-tus-che-o quietly pushed him aside and made some comment, the purport of which I did not comprehend.

In the meanwhile, Horace was making preparations to go with this same young man a mile or two above for the horses that had been left there. I well remember that he could not find his pistol, and I remarked: "What is the use of a fire-arm? You are with a friend." Father indorsed this sentiment, and as my brother could not find the missing article, he made a virtue of necessity and started off without it. They had ridden about a mile from the house when the young man said: "My friend, the horses are just above here. Your animal is so much finer than mine, keep in advance." Horace thinking nothing of this kept ahead four or five feet. Suddenly hearing or fancying he heard the click of a pistol he reined in his steed, looked at the young man, whose derringer was levelled and eyed him sharply. The cap snapped. The Indian rode along by his side and smilingly commented: "My friend, you are a brave, you have a great heart." Now this thing is done among Indians to try one's courage, and my brother thought no more of it. But when the young fellow commenced singing in the Crow language—in an enemy's tongue—he felt his hour had come. The treachery of the others then dawned on him. He thought of his father, of us all. He was so helpless, no fire-arm near, no friend, no means whatever of escape. What could he do? Run? Others were probably in the bushes. He had to die. Fate had so decided. Like the great Spartans of old he determined to face it coolly, calmly, without a murmur. The Indian fired, the ball entering at the side of the right nostril, and passing through the face came out just in front of the left ear. He fell, became entangled in the lariat, and was dragged a short distance, but was soon loosened from it. Another shot was fired, but touched him not. Two or more savages rushed out from their hiding places and came to my poor brother, rolling

him over and rifling his pockets. He bled profusely, and, as he purposely kept quiet, they left him for dead. In consideration that the same blood flowed through his veins as in theirs, they left him also his scalp. And there he lay almost pulseless. Recovering, however, from the bewildering effects of his wound, but still weak from the loss of blood, he managed to crawl within hailing distance of the house.

All this time conversation had been carried on in my father's room between him and Ne-tus-che-o. I noticed, however, that the latter kept his blanket over his hands, as if he had something in them. I know now it was a fire-arm, and that he intended murdering my father in the house, and had he done so it would have been fatal to us all. I thought possibly he might be cold and was about to ask him this when he arose and took a seat near my father. Several times during the evening private talks had been held out doors, and there had been so many opportunities for perpetrating the horrible crime. Yet he did not. Ne-tus-che-o, I knew, had been involved in serious difficulties; he had recently killed his father-in-law and we supposed he had come to us for protection. There was just at this time an unusually bitter feeling towards the red men, and my father being aware of this was planning how he could keep Ne-tus-che-o without arousing the suspicions of his white neighbors, until some way was provided, and he able to go to camp to adjust matters. Rising from his seat he started for the door, calling to Ne-tus-che-o to follow. Ah, distinctly I remember his last smile, sad, tender and bright, flashing "like a rainbow from a misty sky." As the latter was nearing the door, Pilate-like showing an outward pity, he referred to my sister, who had died a few months previous, with so much tenderness, and spoke of her beauty and gentleness. The door had scarcely closed when the report of a gun was heard. Isabel rushed out. Ne-tus-che-o pushed her back, and told her it was the young men shooting at marks. She insisted on following. Turning, he whispered he would kill her. I, of course, did not hear this, otherwise I would have been alarmed. He then took a gun, and the Bear Chief a powder horn. Both belonged to father. They handed them to our herder, an Indian boy of some seventeen years. This seemed not singular Ne-tus-che-o was a relation. Everything we owned was free to him and to his friend. Another report of a gun. I was seized with a sudden faintness, but managed to reach the back part of the house, hoping to find someone there. Inside was a stillness as of the silence of death. The door, however, was open. I went to it; and imagine my terror at the confusion that passed before my vision. Horses and Indians running backwards and forwards with an aimless purpose. Not one, not two, but hundreds it seemed to me, and for a moment I thought the demons in hell had broken loose. As I looked heavenward for mercy, "There seemed no light \* \* \* but the cold light of stars."

Just then I heard my brother's voice. He was about a hundred yards away. Clear and distinct his words fell on my ears: "Father: I am shot." That father had already received his final blow. The shot that was fired at the moment Horace's words came to me was the fatal one, we afterwards heard. I urged Isabel to go and see what had become of him, but my heart's premonitions had already told me that he had passed into the shadowy river, and was far on the way into the unknown land.



I ran out to assist Horace; even then I could not, would not believe it was Blackfeet who had done this deed. In my excitement and my wish to exonerate them, I said to Horace: "It was not that Indian who went with you that shot you! Oh, no, it was not that one! it was a Pend d'Orielle, was it not?" "No, Nellie, it was that one," he replied. Horace, are you sure?" I again said: "Was it not a Pend d'Orielle?" It was so hard to believe that they, the Pi-kan-ies, our blood, had proved so unworthy of the trust we had reposed in them. Horace then asked after father, I answered: "Gone!" I knew we should never never hear his voice again. I knew also that they had tasted blood, and would not be satisfied until more was shed. With the assistance of Black Bear (a great aunt ours) I brought in my brother. As we were nearing the house I saw an Indian standing by that side of the building facing the stream, and on seeing us he fired towards the river. I learned afterwards that it was Shanghai or Black Weasel. Isabel was picked up by him when she was running around trying to find father, and he told her then that he never dreamed that Ne-tus-che-o would be guilty of so horrid, so ungrateful an act, and he lamented our father's and our brother's sad fate. The Bear Chief asked her: "What is the matter?" and when she answered: "Oh, my brother is shot; please do help us", he petted her and told her the Pend d'Orielles had shot him.

A rude bed was made for Horace on the floor in my father's room. He was very faint and weak, owing to great loss of blood, which continued to flow. I was afraid he would bleed to death. And what to do for a moment was a puzzle. I finally thought of tobacco as a remedy. Wanting some water to bathe his wound, I asked a small Indian boy, whom my father thought of educating, to run to the stream for some water. He refused and I was going myself when Isabel took the pail from me. On the way back she was frightened by the Mountain Chief's son, who made a rush towards her. He, however, did nothing and she brought the water.

Soon after this, this same little sister found our father. I went to him. There he lay, peacefully at rest I trust, within a few feet of the house. The bullet had passed through his generous heart, and it was stilled forever. In falling the cowardly Ne-tus-che-o had given him a gash on the brow with a tomahawk. Crowfoot\* had shot him. He had never shown himself during the evening. Black Bear and mother helped me to bring him in. We placed him in the middle of the room. I bent over to say something, but my voice trembled, and I came near breaking down. The little girls began to cry. The Black Bear and mother commenced that Indian wail, which under pleasanter circumstances is positively painful. Under these, it was agonizing and most dreadful. I knew it would never do, so I turned quickly around, spoke sharply and said: "It is no time for crying. It must be stopped. Pray!" "Yes, Nellie, pray!" said Horace. How gladly would he have given his life for his father's! We could hear him murmur: "If it were only I."

The Black Bear then left us to see what influence brought to bear would touch these demons bent on vengeance. In our hurry in bringing in my father and Horace, the doors had been left open. We now closed

\*Crowfoot became a few years later the most powerful chief among the North Blackfeet.

them, but as there were no locks on them, they afforded no protection against infuriated savages. My mother, on drawing out a bedstead to barricade our door, had to pass a window. A shot was fired at her. Fortunately she was not harmed. After such proceedings on the part of our enemies, we thought it better to go into my room, which was a wing and a little more retired. It opened, however, out of my father's, but as it had not been a thoroughfare for the red men we thought it safer. Some one then picked up bedding, mother a knife, Horace a hatchet, and I brought up the rear with a pail of water, tobacco and a knife. The door leading into my father's room was then closed and into it a nail was driven by my mother. At the same time I bolted the one leading into the corral. We felt not secure. We knew the least effort on the part of the Indians would break down our barriers.

Soon after the fatal shot the murderers left. The Indians themselves were terrified. They could scarcely believe that this man was no more. A chill struck their hearts. Away they galloped, hoping to forget and recover from the shock. Silence was with us for a while, but in about an hour we heard again the tramping of horses. We knew that our enemies had returned. We could hear them in the house breaking trunks, mirrors—hear them appropriating articles. Ne-tus-che-o, Shanghai or Black Weasel, Mountain Chief's son, Bear Chief and the Black Bear at last entered the room next to us. Before leaving father on his hard resting place on the floor, I had thrown a blanket over him. They never looked—never touched him. They merely walked around, claimed whatever they wanted and took possession. Tiring of this, they commenced talking about the disposal of us. We kept so still—so still. Death seemed awaiting us. One or two were in favor of taking us prisoners; others in favor of killing us. My mother was to die any way. Ne-tus-che-o then said: "Horace is alive, he is somewhere in the house, and he is in that room", pointing to mine. He had his hand on the door, about to enter. The door creaked and groaned. My brother, weak as he was, rose to his feet with hatchet raised, determined to make a resolute struggle for his mother and his sisters.

A higher power came to his, to our aid in the shape of Providence. Ne-tus-che-o seemed to hesitate. Some one touched him. He muttered: "Horace is in there." "Oh, no," says Black Bear. "He is dead. The Four Bears is dead. Have pity!" She begged of them to go and in earnest tones said: "The man murdered to-night was your best friend. You have committed a deed so dark, so terrible that the trees will whisper it, and before the sun reddens these mountains a hundred horsemen will be here to avenge his death." Bear Chief then spoke: "That which the old woman utters is true. Enough blood has been shed. I came not here to make war on women and children. Let us away." Ne-tus-che-o then, finding that the majority were inclined to be humane, yielded to their wishes, but he went off ill at heart, and he could not refrain from repeating: "Before another moon is seen I shall be with you. I want your blood." They lurked around for a while. We never moved. About midnight they tore themselves away, taking with them the cattle, driving them as far up and in the mountains as five miles, amusing themselves during intervals by shooting many.

Flour, sugar and other provisions were scattered along their route.

The Black Bear was forced to accompany them. Ne-tus-che-o whipped her for crying. She fortunately escaped from them and was picked up by white men two miles below the mouth of the Little Prickly Pear. They, on learning who she was, and gathering something of her story, sent her to Jo. Cobell's, whose wife was a connection of hers.

About 1 A. M., we were alarmed by Horace discharging blood from his stomach. He had swallowed a great deal of it; and I, not knowing the cause, was fearful that his end was approaching. The room had been dark all this time. When the Indians took their departure they blew out the lamps throughout the house. There were some candles near, and one was now lighted. I attended to my brother's wants, but on hearing a noise, and thinking it an enemy, Horace thought it wiser to extinguish the candle. There we sat for three hours longer, expecting any moment that some one of them would return and put into execution the threats made; then flashed the thought the house may be set on fire. A marvelous stillness pervaded the atmosphere. A pin dropping at that moment would have sounded fully as loud as the report of a pistol, or a cannon even. Oh! that dreadful, dreadful stillness.

"There are moments when silence unbroken  
More expressive may be, than all words ever spoken."

About 4 A. M., we again struck a light. The terrible dreariness, desolation was simply unbearable. I was so tired. The small Indian boy, whom I have once mentioned, clung to me all night long. Isabel leaned on me, my younger sister was on my lap, and with my empty hands I occasionally assisted Horace in the application of tobacco and water. 5 A. M. finally came: I looked out the window and saw the dog Jack lying apparently senseless. Isabel and I started to our other ranche so as to awaken the man who was there in charge. We wanted to send him to Helena for a physician. On opening the front door, Jack jumped, barked, licked our hands, whined as if he knew all, and wanted to show us sympathy and love. It was about three-quarters of a mile to the ranche, and in order to reach it we were compelled to pass through a pathway, Indian file, the bushes and the narrow hedges furnishing advantages for concealment. I observed minutely every motion of the leaves; fearing that at any moment an enemy would jump out and spring upon us like a hungry wolf,—hungry for blood. We arrived at our place of destination, aroused the man, told him to go to the house where he would receive orders from Horace. Fortunately, he had a horse and, after learning all, started for Helena, a distance of twenty-five miles. My sister and I continued our march to the Wilkinson's (who kept King and Gillett's toll gate), hoping to get there some assistance. We wanted one of the ladies to return, and dress Horace's wounds; but this was denied us; they were so frightened when they heard our recital. I do not blame them: yet, at the time it seemed heartless. We turned our steps sadly homeward, and on reaching there tried to make the rooms look cheerful, but we could not; there was so little left us. About eleven o'clock Mrs. Wilkinson sent us a basket of refreshments by Wells-Fargo's herder. At 3 P. M. Major Reed arrived with proffers of help. Soon after Dr. Glick came, probed Horace's wound and gave us great encouragement. Not a bone was fractured.

All this while my younger brother (Nathan) was away. I was anxious.

He made his appearance, however, about three and a half P. M. I went out to the corral to tell him of our loss, and our night's experience. Poor boy! It was such a shock, and a bitter, bitter trial. He walked through my room, never glancing at Horace to whom he was much attached, passed on to father's side, looked long and steadily, and gave one groan. His boyish face assumed a dark, set and stern expression.\* He then vowed he would avenge this death. After a long while he went in to see Horace. By six o'clock our house was filled with our father's friends, and they were so good, so kind.

It was not the nation's wish that Malcolm Clarke should meet so sad an end. On hearing the news, the people mourned. Ne-tus-che-o was an Indian and an Indian never forgets. So when word was brought to the village that the Mountain Chief's brother was slain, he was clever enough to know that now was his time to act, and that he could avenge the insults of two years before, and nothing would be said or done, for the nation was raging. Could my father have reached camp before these Indians started on the war path, the tragedy of August the seventeenth would never have been performed.

On the nineteenth of August, 1869, at three o'clock in the afternoon we followed him to his last resting place—gently and carefully letting him down. Everything tender, sad and mystic. Then, we left him in the very spot he had once chosen for himself, near the beautiful canon of the Little Prickly Pear. Afar off could be seen the rugged crags of the Bear's Tooth, at the base of which the great river runs, and under its shadow so much of joy, so much of sorrow had met and mingled together and wrought so strange a chapter in his life.

NOTE.—While on a tour of inspection through the West during the year of 1877, at which time he was Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, General William T. Sherman stopped over in Helena to rest from the fatigues of a trip through the Yellowstone National Park, during the course of which he had barely escaped being captured by the Nez Perce Indians. Here he met certain of the wounded members of Colonel John Gibbon's command, the gallant 7th Infantry, who were returning from their hard-fought battle of August ninth on the Big Hole and had halted at this point to recuperate before passing on to Fort Shaw, their station.

Upon leaving Helena, General Sherman and staff turned northward and stopped for the night at the ranche of Hon. James Fergus, who was then living at this, the southern, end of the Little Prickly Pear Canon, in Lewis and Clarke County. After supper the General strolled about the place and discovered a grave near by, which he proceeded to investigate. Upon returning to the ranche he mentioned the occurrence and asked a number of questions in order to fix with certainty the personality of the dead, who was none other than Malcolm Clarke the subject of this sketch; of whom General Sherman said, in substance: that he well remembered Malcolm Clarke who had been a fellow-cadet with him at West Point and a great favorite there, whom he had then known as a remarkably bright, open-hearted, and high-spirited young man, and for whom he had always prophesied a brilliant future; that he had often scanned reports of operations during the war of the rebellion with the idea in his mind that he might see the name of Malcolm Clarke in connection with some heroic and dashing enterprise; and, finally, that he had lost all trace of his schoolmate since their life at West Point until the discovery by him of this sepulchre among the solitudes of the Rocky Mountains.—W. E. S.

\* Nathan as well as Horace were in the Baker raid of 1870.

## JOURNAL OF S. G. FISHER,

CHIEF OF SCOUTS TO GENERAL O. O. HOWARD DURING  
THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE NEZ PERCE  
INDIANS, 1877.

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Thursday, August 16, 1877. I got a note from Major Davidson stating that Captain Bainbridge would meet me at the Bannack Agency at two o'clock P. M. I accordingly saddled up "Tex." and went down and have entered into an agreement with him to take charge of the Bannack scouts and join General O. O. Howard in his campaign against the Nez Percés.

Friday, 17. ° Worked hard all day recruiting. I have now the names of fifty Indians who have promised to enlist to-morrow. Captain Bainbridge has received no orders yet to send us out, but expects them every minute by telegraph. I rode home to Blackfoot in the night.

Saturday, 18. I drove in my horses and caught up O'Neal and Pocatello mares and traded my big dun Ripley mare and colt for a roan horse. I telegraphed to "Dock" Peck to come up after my family. Jule and I started for Fort Hall at 1 P. M. and arrived at 3 P. M. Thirty-one Indians have enlisted and have drawn rations for ten days. I am hired as chief of scouts, wages not stated.

Sunday, August 19. This morning we packed up and started. Got off at 2 P. M. and reached Taylor's bridge after nightfall. Captain Bainbridge and ten soldiers are with us. We got hay and cartridges at this point and procured pistols for my Indians. I did not get to bed until after midnight and was again aroused by some more enlisted Indians coming up. McTucker has been helping us for two days to get the thing started.

Monday, 20. Some of the Indians were up all last night shouting and singing war songs. I was up at daylight this morning. I left my overcoat and Pocatello mare at the bridge. We reached Market Lake at 10:30 A. M., where we learned that we were within twenty-five miles of the enemy. Jo. Rainey and seven Indians came up and we all went on to Sand Hole to camp. Captain Bainbridge and a portion of the Indians who went with him did not get to camp until after dark.

Tuesday, 21. One of Wells Fargo & Co's. messengers\* arrived here this morning at daylight and informed us that the enemy were at Hole-in-the-Rock and that Howard was fighting them. We ate a bite of breakfast and struck out pell-mell—the Indians throwing away their grub and superfluous clothing. The stage pulled out with us. We met the downward-bound coach eight miles north of Cammas Creek with George Polinger, the division agent, on board. From him we learned that General

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\*Armed guard of express matter.

Howard had an engagement with the enemy this morning on the head of Cammas Creek. We here left the stage road and striking straight for the command reached General Howard's battle ground at dark. After making a short halt, we pushed on after night to the command.

Wednesday, 22. We overtook the command at three o'clock this morning. I was ahead and was "coppered" (captured, taken in) by one of the pickets. We camped near the command. I was up shortly after daylight, reported myself for duty, and was introduced to General Howard and the officers of his command. We marched with the command to the crossing of the North Fork of Snake River—there I took the lead with my scouts and following the enemy's trail we continued on to the second crossing of this fork of Snake River, where we went into camp for the night. The command came up and camped near us.

Thursday, 23. Two days' rations were issued to my scouts last night and we took the lead on the evening's trail at 3:30 this morning. We reached Tagie Pass\* at 7 A. M. Jule, three Indians, and myself started through the pass, but I was called back by a courier from the command who brought a message from General Howard to me stating that the command would lie over and refit at Henry's Lake. Had a row with Howard.\*\* Fletcher got a roving commission. I took three Indians and Baptiste, a courier, and led on through the pass. On top of the divide I climbed up into a tree and sighted the enemy's camp on the Madison. We made a short halt until all the Indians came up, then leaving the trail kept along the side of the mountain to the right, and finally turned to the left and crossed the trail; the object being to keep under cover of the timber as much as possible. We reached the South Fork of the Madison just at sundown. I halted here and sent out some scouts, who returned during the evening and reported the enemy in camp a few miles above us on the river. My first impulse was to send for the cavalry, but the Indians got on a "big brave" and said we could clean out the Nez Perces

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\* Tagie should have been spelled Ty-gee or Ti-gee. This is a low pass in the Rocky Mountain Range, between the head of the North Fork of Snake River and the South Fork of Madison River, lying a little to the south of east of Henry's Lake. It takes its name from an old Bannack chief who died at or near the Crow Agency in the winter of 1871 and '72.—Letter to Hon. W. E. Cullen, February seventeenth, 1878.—S. G. F.

\*\* The "row" referred to should not have been termed a row. It was as follows: On the day mentioned I had gotten pretty well up the pass (some half mile ahead of the four scouts I took with me) when, on looking back, I noticed the boys had halted and could also see an Indian coming up the canon some distance below at full speed. As soon as he reached the four, they all commenced signalling for me to come back where they were, their signals indicating "war" or "trouble". These signals, as in such cases, consisted in running their horses zig-zag in a circle, they dropping from one side of the horse to the other at every short turn the animal makes. I loped my horse down to where they were when they told me that the one-armed captain (meaning Howard) wanted me to come back.

On getting back to the valley I met General Howard and his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Fletcher, and was told that the command would lie over at Henry's Lake to refit. When I had found that this was why they had called me back I was a little angry. With an oath I told them that I was no "Injin". Howard asked me my meaning, whereupon I told him I was a white man and could read writing, and when he had orders or anything of the kind to send them in writing. He acknowledged that he had done wrong in calling me back instead of sending me a note, even asking my pardon, which made me ashamed of myself for speaking so roughly to the old man. He then told me I could take my scouts and go on, do as I liked and all he would ask of me was to report to him anything that I might find out of importance to the command. I thanked him, got my boys together and lit out, not seeing the troops again for two weeks.—Letter—S. G. F.

without Howard's help. After reflecting upon the length of time it would require to get the cavalry up and the little chance there would be of surprising the camp if we made any delay, I concluded to try it. We numbered eighty-two all told, well armed and mounted, and if we could succeed in surprising the camp the odds would not be so heavy against us. I accordingly sent back the pack animals and all the extra horses, and moved on cautiously for the moon was shining brightly. After proceeding some distance up the stream we made a short halt and I sent out some runners, who returned after a while and claimed they had been near the enemy's camp, had seen the Indians walking around the fire and heard them driving picket pins, etc. We then moved on to within a quarter of a mile of the camp where we halted again. Here considerable time was occupied in planning the attack, making "good medicine", putting on war costumes, etc. We decided to charge over the camp, firing volleys as we went, and stampede their large herd of horses. The greater portion of us were to bring up the rear, fighting the enemy back, while the balance drove the enemy's horses toward Howard's command. I then sent out some Indians on foot to examine the banks of the stream and find a suitable crossing, as the camp was on the opposite side from where we were. Every man was now mounted on his warhorse and sat silently awaiting the return of the runners. They soon came back to us and reported the camp deserted. A number of horses and mules were around the camp fires and had evidently been mistaken by my scouts for Indians.

Friday, 24. We made a halt for about one hour near daylight, when I unsaddled my horse. I was completely worn out with hard riding, want of "grub" (food) and sleep, having eaten nothing for twenty-six hours previous. A little after daylight some of my scouts came in and reported that there was a war party of the enemy between us and the command. All started back on a run, getting considerably ahead of me as I had to saddle up. I ran my horse a couple of miles when I became satisfied that it was all a ruse to get back to the command, and accordingly stopped what Indians I had with me, sent a report to General Howard, and then laid down and took a nap. I sent two Indians out hunting and they succeeded in killing an antelope. About noon Jo. and Charley Rainey came back with most of the scouts. They are not to be relied on as I find fifteen of them have deserted. Jule came back with a letter from Lieutenant Fletcher, who is General Howard's aide-de-camp and in charge of the scouts. He also brought a sack of flour and some bacon. I find the deserters have stolen my roan horse. The Indians were very much discouraged on hearing that General Howard had laid over to refit and I hardly know what course to pursue to hold what I have left.

Saturday, 25. I gave the Indians a big talk this morning and they all agreed to stand by me. We number just forty now all told.

I sent Mike Fisher and Bob to the command.\* We saddled up and

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\* Mike Fisher is an Indian boy who got my name by herding horses for me a year or two. Mike enlisted in Boise City under Captain Robinson whom he left to join my outfit, but as he did not belong to us I sent him back.

"Bob" belonged to Captain Bainbridge, of Fort Hall, who wrote for me to return the man as he himself had started back for Fort Hall.—Letter—S. C. F.

traveled about ten miles when we went into camp in a canon.\*\* After I had camped Madison John told me he had seen a white man on the opposite side of the river going down stream. I tried to get Madison John to go back and find him, but could not prevail upon him to do so, and finally gave him ten dollars to go with me and show me where he had seen him. I saddled up "Tex" and we rode down about six miles when we overtook him. He proved to be a white man by the name of Harmon, who had been taken prisoner by the enemy and had escaped from them yesterday. He cried for joy when I found him and was almost exhausted from hunger and fatigue. I took him back to camp with us, letting him ride my horse while I walked. Shortly after we got back to camp Pay-wite‡ and the Desperado† came in with another escaped prisoner, Charles Mann, whom they had found some distance above our camp. Mann was not hurt, but showed that he had made a narrow escape as he had a ball hole through his hat. He belonged to the Radersburg party who had been visiting the Geysers in the National Park. During the evening he gave me a full account of his adventures. The party consisted of Mr. George F. Cowan and his wife,\* Miss Ida Carpenter, aged thirteen, a sister of the latter, and Mr. Frank Carpenter, a brother, Charles Mann, Al. Oldham,|| A. J. Arnold, D. L. Meyers, and William Dingee.|| The man I had brought in, Wm. H. Harmon, was a prospector who had been in company with a man named John Shively. These parties were all in the National Park when Joseph ran on to them. The Nez Perces at first tried to deceive them, telling them they were Bannacks. The Indians took them prisoners, robbed them and made them accompany the band about ten miles, when fire was opened on them, which wounded two.

Sunday, August 26. Baptiste let the man Harmon have his mare to go back to the command, as we are out of rations. Charles Mann goes on with us. I furnished him a horse to ride and we rode on a lope most of the way up to the Lower Geyser Basin, where the wagon and buggy belonging to the Radersburg party had been left. This was about twenty miles from where we camped last night. The Indians had cut up the harness, cut the spokes out of the buggy, and scattered things around promiscuously. Leaving this place we followed the trail to where the enemy camped night before last. Here we made a careful search for dead or wounded, but found none. The Indians found and captured about thirty head of horses and also discovered Mrs. Cowan's side-saddle. During the night a large pine tree burned down near us and its fall stampeded the "reds" in fine style. We are out of provisions, and the Indians are hungry and dissatisfied. This evening I saw an Indian offer a horse for a small piece of bread, but it was no trade. Some of my Indians wanted to go back to the command, but I have promised them that if they will go on with me we will lie over a day or two when we strike game and dry some meat.

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\*\* The canon referred to is on the right or south fork of the Madison River. A wagon road runs through it to the Geyser Basin (Yellowstone Park).—Letter—S. G. F.

‡ "Pay-wite" is a "one horse" (rather unimportant) Bannack Indian chief.

† "Desperado", a Bannack, is now serving out a term of twelve years in the Boise (Idaho) penitentiary for shooting at and wounding two teamsters, at the Fort Hall Agency on the eighth of last August (in 1877)—Letter—S. G. F.

\* Now residing in Boulder, Montana.

|| Now residing in Helena.



Monday, 27. We crossed the divide over a very rough trail. At Mud Volcanoes on the Yellowstone we found an old wounded Nez Perce squaw left in camp to die. The scouts killed and scalped her before I got up to the camp. The enemy evidently left here this morning. We succeeded in catching a few fish here. Fish "straight" now is all we have to eat. I set a guard to-night about the captured horses, and there is no end of grumbling among my scouts.

Tuesday, 28. We crossed the Yellowstone this morning and passed one of the enemy's camps, where we found about thirty pounds of bacon, which we devoured with avidity. It beats wormy fish a long ways. After we crossed Pelican Creek three scouts, whom I had in advance, came running back and reported the enemy in camp at the lake, about one mile distant. I ordered a halt and went ahead to scout, leaving instructions for the balance of them to charge on as fast as possible if they heard firing. One Indian (Ben) followed me. As I approached the camp I saw two of the Nez Percés leaving it, the last two they proved to be. It was situated in the timber, on the shore of the Yellowstone Lake. In passing through it I found a derringer in good condition and loaded. I then returned to where I had left my scouts, but found only Charley Rainey and two Indians there. The balance had retreated about two miles. Coming up with them I reproached them severely for their cowardice. Some of them started back and some of them went ahead to steal horses from the enemy. I then changed my saddle to "Tex" and started on alone, following the trail up Pelican Creek. Having followed it about ten miles, I turned aside and went up on to a mountain from which I could plainly see the smoke in the enemy's camp. I started back a little before sundown, and with some difficulty succeeded in following the course of the stream after nightfall. Upon reaching camp, about midnight, I there found Gird\*\* (Charles Mann) and some of the Indians, ate a little piece of raw bacon and turned in for the night.

Wednesday, 29. Breakfasted on bacon straight this morning. Mr. Mann† and Baptiste started to go back to the command, and I concluded to lie over and rest. I sent some of the boys out hunting and fishing. They found no game, but got some fish. Jo., Charley and some of the Indians got back and brought some venison with them, but no horses. Madison John and eight others are still ahead. We are camped on the river one mile below the Yellowstone Lake.

Thursday, 30. I am sick this morning. We started to go back to the command and got as far as the Mud Volcanoes, where we went into camp. While here two of Captain Robinson's scouts came up with some hard-tack and bacon for me. They also brought my bay horse. They had found

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\*\*In running over my diary I find a mistake, August twenty-eighth, in that Gird is mentioned as being with us at that point while it should have been Charles Mann.—Letter—S. G. F.

†In justice to Charles Mann I will say that he used every possible means in his power to find his party, or their remains as he supposed that at least a part of them were killed. He rode in advance with me most of the time while we were en route to the point where the party was broken up, and after a fruitless search there for his friends kept on with us to the Yellowstone Lake. In following the trail, where there were good places for an ambuscade, I insisted on his keeping back for he was not armed.

During the time Mr. Mann was with me we were terribly uneasy about the welfare of the women prisoners (Mrs. Cowan and Miss Carpenter). My mind was much relieved when I learned they were safe at Fort Ellis. I believe I would have braved almost any danger for them.—Letter—S. G. F.

Mr. George F. Cowan, of the Radersburg party, wounded on the trail, and gave him a pair of my blankets. A scout joined me here.

Friday, 31. I wanted to start ahead on the trail again to-day, but the Indians are worn out and grumbling. I gave twenty-two of them papers to go back. Jo. Rainey accompanies them. I sent a report to the command, a letter to Captain Bainbridge, and one to my wife by them. During the day two couriers came up from the command with letters for me. I took a good wash in the river to-day and washed my underclothing thoroughly in the boiling springs. Since taking a good feed onhardtack and bacon I feel like a new man and will start out on the trail again in the morning.

Saturday, September 1. Charley Rainey, Jule, and ten Indians started back this morning, while Gird†, Baptiste, Madison John and five other Indians went on with me. I left a notice for the command at our old camp on the river a mile below the lake. Just at sundown, while riding along the trail I met a white man suddenly. I instantly "covered" him with my gun and ordered him to advance, asking him who he was and where he came from, believing at the time that he belonged to the enemy. He evaded an answer by asking me who I was. I told him who I was and what my business was, having him foul no matter who he might be. He then told me his name was Irwin and that he was an escaped prisoner from Joseph's band; that seeing me with Indians he supposed that I was one of Joseph's party, and that he was going to give himself up and take chances of escaping again. He left the enemy's camp this morning about thirty miles from here. I sent Madison John\* and Chinaman\*\* back to the command with Irwin's statement. Irwin remained with me.

Sunday, September 2. Irwin started for the command this morning. I sent two scouts out hunting, to get some fresh meat, and climbed up the side of a mountain to get the lay of the country. When I returned we started down, but got in among the swamps and fallen timber, from which we extricated ourselves with much difficulty. About 2 P. M. Charley, Jule, Madison John and some other boys came up with two of Captain Robinson's scouts. I got a letter from General Howard stating that he had arrested the Bannacks, who had gone back with Jo. Rainey as they had stolen some of his horses and horses belonging to citizen teamsters who were with him. Jo. Rainey was arrested with the rest. We pulled out at 4 P. M. on the trail, Gird, Charley, Baptiste, two Indians, and myself, leaving Madison John and Chinaman with Robinson's scouts to rest their horses and wait for Captain Robinson to come up. We made about six miles over a very bad trail through fallen timber and then left the trail and camped in a hollow. Having passed over the Pelican Creek divide to-day, we are now on the waters of the East Fork of

† A. K. Gird was a white man who joined my company. He was killed last fall (1877) in the Judith Basin by one, Major Read. Gird was a brave and good scout.—Letter—S. G. F.

\* The Indian "Madison John", referred to so often, was my First Sergeant and was really the best and most reliable Indian I had with me. He gets his name, "Madison", from the fact that upon the headwaters of the Madison River is his old and favorite hunting and trapping ground. He is not a chief but is a man of considerable influence with his, the Bannack, tribe. I have always regarded him as a true friend to the whites.—Letter—S. G. F.

\*\* "Chinaman" is a Bannack Indian who takes his name from the resemblance he has to the Chinese race.—Letter—S. G. F.

the Yellowstone. We are living on meat "straight", one of the scouts having been so fortunate as to kill a deer this morning.

Monday, 3. We broke camp at daylight and were off on the trail, following it through the roughest canon I ever undertook to pass through. About every foot of it was obstructed with dead and fallen timber and huge blocks of granite which had fallen from its sides. We found plenty of dead and crippled horses that had been left by the enemy. They evidently had a hard time getting through this place for the trees and logs were smeared with blood from their horses.

Tuesday, 4. Redding and an Indian started for the command this morning with a letter to General Howard. Leaving Ben in camp, Gird and I went up on the divide to watch the enemy. We worked along through the timber until noon, when we found ourselves within about a mile of the enemy's camp, and saw them gathering their horses together and pulling their lodges down preparatory to leaving. They moved off, following up the canon nearly east, while we kept in the timber on the opposite side. They are now in what the Bannacks call the "trap", who tell me there is no way of getting out of it except at each end and that it is about fifteen miles long. After dogging along behind for about three miles, about 2 P. M. we heard rapid firing immediately below us in the canon. We left our horses and started down toward the sounds on foot. Upon reaching the edge of the canon we found its side perpendicular and, as it was impossible to get down, returned to our horses and started back to camp which was reached at dark. During the night Charley Rainey and Baptiste got into camp and reported that they inadvertently ran upon the enemy's rearguard this afternoon, which accounts for the firing we heard. There were about forty of the enemy and at least a hundred shots were fired, but as my boys had the advantage of the ground they stood them off handsomely. They claim to have killed one Indian. Charles Summer (a Bannack) got his horse shot through the jaw, which was the only damage done to our side. The enemy evidently could not make out what tribe my scouts belonged to as they kept hallooing to each other in several different languages. The Nez Perces kept calling to them: "We don't want to fight you, for if you are Crows, Bannacks or Snakes you are our friends. Let us talk and smoke together," but the boys knew their game too well and told them they would talk with their guns. They succeeded in holding them at bay until after dark, when they abandoned their extra animals, retreated cautiously, and were so fortunate as to get safely back to camp.

Wednesday, 5. Madison John and the balance of the boys got in at daylight this morning. I sent an Indian back to the command with a letter to General Howard. We staid in camp to-day and rested our horses, cleaned up our guns, etc.: had nothing to eat but beans. I have been thinking of wife and little Maud all day and am becoming tired of trying to get the soldiers and the hostiles together. "Uncle Sam's" boys are too slow for this business.

Thursday, 6. The Indian I sent back yesterday got in this morning at daylight, having failed to find the command. They have evidently gone down the river. We started in good season this morning, following down the stream over an exceedingly rough trail. When we had made about twelve miles one of the boys killed a deer. We camped at once,

built a fire, and cooked and ate it at a single meal. It rained all day to-day and was cold and disagreeable. After finishing our meal we saddled up and went over to Soda Butte Creek, a distance of about three miles. We found, by the trail, that the command had passed up this creek. The enemy's trail followed down the same creek that we came down to-day to a point where it formed a junction with another stream and then turned in a south of east direction, making up this last mentioned creek. Following their trail upward, we came upon some cattle they had killed, taking only a small portion of the meat and leaving the principal part of the carcass. After reaching Soda Butte Creek we followed on about two miles and went into camp after dark. There is just an even dozen of us now.

Friday, 7. We were in our saddles and off at daylight this morning. I went on and overtook the command near the Clark's Fork mines. We crossed over the divide and camped with the command on the waters of Clark's Fork. I met my old friend George Huston. J. W. Reddington joined my outfit as scout. It rained to-day. I am ordered to take the lead in an easterly direction and to intercept the trail of the hostiles. I obtained some rations this evening, for we were all hungry, having eaten nothing since yesterday afternoon.

Saturday, 8. It was very cold last night and as I had rheumatism I got but little sleep. We got off this morning at six o'clock, caught up with some of the Clark's Fork scouts and camped until the command came up. Two of the officers, George Huston, and myself, then went on and struck the enemy's trail on Crandall Creek. They are two days ahead of us, judging from the signs. The command halted about 4 P. M. Jule, the man I left to find my horse, come up without him so now I have only one riding horse.

Sunday, September 9. We got off at seven o'clock this morning. I rode out ahead to the trail. A courier from the command overtook me with orders for all the scouts to follow the trail of the hostiles. The command is to take a cut-off known to George Huston. Captain Wilbur with twenty white scouts is with us making thirty-three men in all. I rode in advance and found a good trail. After crossing a stream, we passed over the divide and camped upon a small stream which puts into Clark's Fork. The command camped about one and a half miles south-west of us to-night. Just as I halted to go into camp for the night, one of my scouts (Charles Sumner) rode past me and went up the creek a short distance. When about to unsaddle I heard him raise a war-whoop, and three shots were fired in quick succession. I sprang into my saddle and got to him just in time to see a Nez Perce breathe his last. He had been wounded in the hip and left by his comrades to his fate. Sumner said that as he was riding past, near where the hostile lay, he saw the Indian raise to a sitting posture and he at once pulled out his pistol and shot, the bullet passing through the chest. The Indian fell back, but Sumner gave him two more shots to make sure of him. One of Captain Wilbur's scouts came up and scalped him. Madison John stretched the scalp over a willow and stuck it up on a stick to dry. Shortly after this General Howard and Lieutenant Fletcher rode up, the former dismounting near the scalp, when, not wishing him to see it, I attracted his attention in another direction, at the same time giving the wink to Jule who saunt-

ered around, got his toe against the stick upon which the scalp was hung, and kicked it down into the tall rye grass out of sight. General Howard told me that General Sturgis, with about six hundred cavalry, is supposed to be within twenty miles of us and on the other side of the enemy; so we expect a fight to-morrow. Wilbur's scouts said that they saw Indians leave the mountain where the trail crosses over it, about a mile from here. A strong guard was put out to-night. We have a steep hill to go up in the morning and must pass through a narrow cut at its summit. The boys are apprehensive that we will get a game there.

Monday, 10. We started at sunrise this morning. I rode a few hundred yards ahead of the balance of the boys over the summit. No enemy in sight in any direction. We were now out of the mountains upon an open plain, or rather low rolling foot-hills. To the east, from the top of the divide, the enemy's trail bore off towards the south-east, which direction my Indians told me would take them onto the Stinkingwater, to the south of Hart Mountains, which are in plain sight from the top of the divide we passed over this morning. After leaving the summit the enemy followed the trail towards the Stinkingwater about two miles, and then attempted to elude pursuit by concealing their trail. To do this, the hostiles "milled", drove their ponies around in every direction, when, instead of going out of the basin in the direction they had been traveling and across an open plain, they turned short of to the north, passing along the steep side of the mountain through the timber for several miles. When we reached the point where the enemy had endeavored to *cache* their trail, we scattered out in every direction looking for it. At first the scouts were at a loss to know which way they had gone but after spending some time in the search I was so fortunate as to stumble onto the trail. I then went back to apprise the command of this new change of direction, leaving the other scouts to follow after the Indians. Returning, we followed through a very narrow and rocky canon down to Clark's Fork, at a point about two miles below where it comes out of a canon. Here the command about 5 P. M. went into camp for the night. The scouts went on about six miles to Little Rocky Creek before camping. Charley Rainey, Jule, and some of the Indians, found the dead bodies of three white men to-day, a little off from the trail and near the river. They told me about it when they came up. I did not go back as my horse is just about worn out, but sent one of the boys back to the command to show them where the bodies were. From the papers and letters the boys picked up near the dead men, I think the name of one of them was Oleson and that of another Anderson. I believe they were Danes or Norwegians from the Black Hills. The bodies were neither stripped nor scalped.

Tuesday, 11. Some Crow Indians came to camp this morning, having passes from their Agent. Five of my Indians went on with the Crows to scout the country. Wilbur's scouts are with us. We picked up a German to-day who had made his escape from the enemy. He had a fiesh wound in the thigh and another in the hand, and reported that his two partners had been killed by the enemy on Crandall Creek. We ate our last "grub" for dinner to-day. Camped on Clark's Fork.

Wednesday, 12. General Sturgis's command came up this morning. We saddled up and passed them. It rained hard this afternoon. We

camped on the river, six miles above Rock Creek, cold, wet and hungry. General Sturgis and a portion of General Howard's command went on and camped six miles below us. Captain Wilbur and one of the men went back, the remainder came with us.

Thursday, 13. No breakfast this morning. We got started early, I riding a pack mule as my horse has entirely given out. Upon overtaking the command we left Clark's Fork, and followed the trail across to the Yellowstone where we encountered a very deep ford, the water running over my mule's back. The command halted on the bank of the river, while we went ahead a short distance, stopped and made fires to dry our clothing. We had gotten our fire only fairly started when an Indian scout, belonging to Sturgis's command, came galloping up to tell us that the enemy were just below and coming up the river toward us. The hostiles had fired the cabins of some settlers in the valley below us and we could see the smoke from where we were very distinctly. Just then a white scout—also one of Sturgis's men—came along and told us that the enemy had left the river, going in a northwesterly direction up Canon Creek. I ordered my boys to saddle and pack up at once, we having taken the packs off to dry our bedding which had gotten wet in crossing the river, and then started on as my mule was slow and I was fearful of being too late for the row. Some of the scouts soon overtook me and we rode at a good gait for about five miles across an open country. Upon reaching the rise of the table-land, bordering the valley, about 2 P. M., the Indians opened fire on us from the tops of the hills. We kept on, however, and got well onto the bench, across which the Indians had retreated and where they were now strung along for about a mile and keeping well under cover of the banks of the creek, giving us a sight of their heads only when they raised up to shoot. Just at this time a portion of General Sturgis's cavalry came up and, instead of charging which should have been done, dismounted about five hundred yards from the enemy's lines, deploying to the right and left, and opened a very rapid fire.\* This put us in rather a hot place, as shots were coming from both directions. Seeing that I was nearer to the lower or right end of the line than to the other, I lost no time in reaching that position. Here I met Potter, one of the Clark's Fork scouts who had just come up, and we worked together; my scouts being at the other end of the line. Captain J. M. Bell's company, 7th Cavalry, were on the extreme right. Captain Bell displayed a great deal of gallantry in the fight and proved himself to be a brave and efficient officer. One of his men was wounded in the arm, or shoulder, which was the only casualty at this point. Within about half an hour after the fire opened we had succeeded in driving the enemy from the break in our immediate front. The soldiers drove them slowly across the flat, or rather what was a gradual descent cut by small ravines and dry "washes." The Indians fought entirely on horse-back, firing mostly from their animals and at long range, doing but little harm. From this point, we got a good view of the camp and their herd, which was scattered along on the other side of the creek for a mile or more. Canon Creek is a narrow "wash", with banks from ten to twenty feet high. At this season of the year there is no running water in it, and

\* This battle was fought on Canon Creek on the north side of the Yellowstone River, about opposite where Clark's Fork empties into the Yellowstone from the south.—Letter—S. G. F.

only occasional pools of alkali water. I saw but one cavalry charge made, consisting I think of only one company which dashed across the creek. The charge was not followed up, the soldiers falling back across the creek again. During this time the enemy's herd passed slowly across our front in the direction of the canon, evidently being driven by the squaws and children, the warriors keeping between us and the horses and holding us in check. As soon as their herd had entered the canon the Indians got in among the rocks and cottonwood timber that skirted the creek, dismounting and concealing their horses in the ravines and washes close by. Here the hardest fighting was done, the hostiles having the advantage of being concealed behind the rocks and timber while we were on an open grassy bottom. Probably not more than two hundred soldiers were engaged at any one time, the greater portion of the command being held back on the bench as a reserve or to guard the ammunition train. I afterward learned that General Sturgis's excuse for holding so large a part of his command in reserve was that he saw about seventy-five Crows coming up the ravine from the direction of the Yellowstone and thought they were Nez Perces trying to cut off his ammunition train. About 4 P. M. two pieces of artillery were brought upon the ground. I think General Sturgis came with them as this was the first time I saw him after the fight commenced. Lieutenant Fletcher, of Howard's command, introduced me to the officer who had charge of the pieces and asked me to show him where the Indians were the thickest, as I had just come down from the front. I tried to get this officer to take his guns up near the point where he could do some execution, but he was very much excited and insisted on running them down into the ravine, where he could not see even the bluffs on either side, so that I left him in disgust.

Upon riding back up the gulch, I saw Lieutenant Fletcher riding directly toward a clump of cottonwood timber (poplars) that I knew to be full of Indians, and therefore started after him as fast as my mule could run. Before I could get near enough to attract his attention he was within one hundred and fifty yards of the trees. Upon overtaking him I told him of his danger when, as we turned to retreat, the red-skins opened fire, sending a shower of bullets after us, but we got back without a scratch.

The Indians were driven very slowly from point to point up the gulch. I fell in with George Huston, Potter and several other scouts and we worked our way some distance up the gulch, some of us on horseback and others on foot. With some more of those who were mounted, I rode onto a low bench to the right of the bed of the stream, when the enemy opened fire upon us from the rocks above. We broke back into the "wash" and, dismounting, had the best of them for some time, they hardly daring to show their heads above the rocks to shoot, as the moment one exposed himself we would send several balls whistling about his ears. A squad of cavalry came up the gulch to a point nearly opposite to us, but they did not stop long as the Indians opened a red-hot fire on them and they speedily retreated down the gulch again. We still tried to hold our ground, but the enemy got so numerous among the rocks above us that we could not raise our heads above the bank to shoot without receiving a volley in return. I drew lots of shots from the "reds" by raising my hat on the muzzle of my gun above the bank, and then dodging it

down again when they had fired. It soon became apparent that we could not do any good by remaining where we were and that we would have to get out. I directed the boys to go one at a time and to run zig-zag for a clump of cottonwoods in our rear. Potter led out under a shower of bullets, followed by J. W. Reddington, the others following suit until but one man (one of Sturgis's scouts, I think) and myself remained. I then told him to go, but he said: "You go first." I told him we had no time to spare and so, jumping out, ran for my mule which had strayed a little way up the bench, between us and the enemy, and which was about thirty steps distant from me. The moment I showed myself the Indians fired but failed to hit. They then sprang out from among the rocks and started to run toward me, but upon receiving a volley from a wash about two hundred yards below went skurrying back to cover again, while I lost no time in getting down the gulch to where my scouts and quite a number of others had collected. By this party was fired the volley that enabled me to make my escape.\*

As it was now nearly or quite sundown, we all went down to where the soldiers were camped and there learned that the Crows had stolen my pack animals, clothing, bedding, etc., as well as a number of pack and saddle animals from others. The Crows took no part in the fight, but staid in the rear and stole everything they could get their hands on. The Clark's Fork scouts generously divided their rations with us, we being unable to get anything from the command. The scouts generally were very much disgusted with General Sturgis's management of the fight. The firing during the day was mostly at very long range, and, as the wind was blowing nearly a gale, it was impossible to do good shooting. The ground, also, was wet and it was very seldom we could see where our balls struck. These facts account in some measure for so few being killed or wounded on either side.†

Two of my scouts had a very narrow escape during the day: Charley Rainey, a half-breed Bannack, and Baptiste Ouvrier, a little Frenchman

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\*I don't know what became of the man who remained in the gully at the Canon Creek fight. While making my escape I saw two white men running for the cottonwood timber, up the gulch a little distance from where I was. At that time I supposed one of them was the man referred to, but the next day learned from George Huston that it was himself and another Clark's Fork scout. Huston told me he thought the man was killed and said he saw blood scattered along from the gully towards the cottonwood timber and that a gun was found with blood on it which was supposed to have belonged to the same person. Three days afterwards, as we were returning from Musselshell, with others I looked there for his body but could not find it.—Letter—S. G. F.

†I don't know how many were killed and wounded on either side, but saw four dead soldiers and several that were wounded the morning after the fight. None of Howard's scouts were killed or wounded that I know of.

General Sturgis reported twenty dead warriors found on the field and trail: but he was surely mistaken. I saw only two on the trail and the Crows claimed they killed one of them. I do not think a single dead Indian was found dead on the battle-ground and will give my reasons therefor: Several of my Indians hunted the ground over the next day and could find no dead Nez Percés to scalp. I don't say there were none killed, but if any had been their friends packed them back or *cached* them somewhere. This might have been done.

On the morning of August twelfth General Sturgis, with a portion of General Howard's command under Colonel Sanford, overtook the scouts and we went along with him. I understood they had left General Howard and his infantry early that morning. We made a forced march that day, about fifty miles, and about thirty the next before coming up with the enemy. From these facts I think General Howard and the infantry must have been from twenty to thirty miles from us the afternoon of the fight.—Letter—S. G. F.



one shade darker in color than Rainey. The former, when the fight commenced, letting his Indian ambition get the better of his judgment, put on a bright scarlet Indian war-dress, topped out with an eagle-feathered war-bonnet, and telling the soldiers near that they would know his rig and not to shoot him started out with Baptiste. After making a running fight on horseback for some time, they dismounted and got into a clump of sage brush to clean their guns which had become foul. A company of soldiers passing by mistook them for Nez Perces and fired a volley at them, cutting the feathers out of Charley's bonnet, shooting several holes through their clothing and tearing up the brush and dirt on all sides of them. Baptiste jumped up and yelled out: "You d— fools! Can't you tell white men from Indians yet?"

Friday, 14. There were plenty of thieving Crow Indians around in every direction this morning. We got off early and followed up the enemy, finding two dead Nez Perces in the trail, who had evidently been wounded yesterday and died of their wounds on the march. A big march was made by us to-day across the country in the direction of the Musselshell. We camped on a slough this evening and had very poor water. Here Charley Rainey overtook us with a dispatch from General Howard ordering all of his command back to the Yellowstone. We could see the enemy to-day by the aid of field glasses.

Saturday, 15. The command had horse meat for breakfast this morning. It rained hard all morning. General Sturgis started on the trail to the Muscelshell which is about eight miles distant, Gird and Baptiste going on with him while the balance of us started on our return with Colonel Sanford. We traveled about thirty miles and camped on a slough, the weather being exceedingly disagreeable, cold, rainy and windy.

Sunday, September 16. I had to leave my mule this morning, it being worn out, and so I bought a horse. About noon I met Jule with some rations and tobacco sent me by General Howard. We halted in the canon, about two miles above the battle-ground, and I divided my rations and tobacco with Colonel Sanford's command. I picked up a big bay horse on the trail to-day. We did not reach General Howard's camp on the Yellowstone until some time after dark.

Monday, 17. I quit the command this morning, my Indians having enlisted for one month only, and their time is now out. General Howard and his officers tried to get me to remain with them. The General very kindly remarked, in the presence of the officers and a number of scouts, that I had been of more service to the command than all the balance of the scouts put together. I certainly would have staid with him had there been any prospect of his overtaking the enemy, for I must say that I was never treated better in my life than I have been by General Howard and his officers. As to Lieutenant Fletcher, General Howard's aid, a better or braver man never lived. I saw him sit down on the field under a severe fire and write a dispatch, when by going twenty steps away he could have gotten out of sight of the hostiles. I watched his hand closely, but failed to detect the least tremble about it, and he finished his dispatch as composedly as though the enemy's bullets were perfectly harmless.

When I was about to leave camp this morning to start home, Lieutenant Fletcher, under whose immediate command I have been, had the kindness to send me the subjoined letter:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF COLUMBIA.

CAMP HUTTON, YELLOWSTONE RIVER,  
MONTANA TERRITORY, September 17, 1877.

CAPTAIN S. G. FISHER,  
Chief of Fort Hall Scouts.

DEAR SIR: I take advantage of the occasion of your departure from this command, for your home, to express to you my warm appreciation of the thorough and excellent manner in which you have performed your duties as scout. Not only as an efficient officer have you won distinction on this campaign; for your reputation as a generous, warm-hearted gentleman fully equals the reputation you have established as a brave and intelligent scout. The officers with whom you have become acquainted here join me in wishing you a safe return home.

Yours, very sincerely,

ROBERT FLETCHER,  
First Lieutenant 21st Infantry and Aide-de-Camp to General Howard, in  
Charge of Scouts.

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# THE CAPTURE OF CHIEF JOSEPH AND THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS.

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BY TROOPS UNDER THE COMMAND OF COL. NELSON  
A. MILES, SEPTEMBER 30, TO OCTOBER 4, 1877.

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CAPTAIN HENRY ROMEYN,  
5TH U. S. INFANTRY.

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The campaign of 1876 in the valley of the Yellowstone had been nearly a fruitless one. The overwhelming disaster of the 7th U. S. Cavalry and the massacre of the greater part of its officers and enlisted men had been followed by an abortive attempt of the Commanders of the Departments of the Platte and Dakota to force the Indians to a fight, as it had been preceded by a drawn battle on the headwaters of the Rosebud. It fell to the lot of the 5th U. S. Infantry under its indefatigable leader to strike about the only blow of the year which had any lasting effect, when late in October that command met the Sioux north of the Yellowstone, not far below the mouth of Powder River, and forced them into a flight and most of them finally into a surrender and return to the Agencies on the Missouri River; Sitting Bull with most of his band, including several of the more prominent warriors, escaping across the Canadian line. This had been followed by the winter campaign against Crazy Horse and his band up the valley of the Tongue River, in which they were driven from their camps which were destroyed, and this action by the surrender of most of the Northern Cheyennes at Tongue River cantonment.

Then in May the band of Lame Deer had been struck in its camp on a tributary of the Rosebud and scattered over the country, with the loss of some of its best warriors, all of its best horses, and its camp.

A month later a column consisting of portions of the 2nd and 7th Cavalry, and 1st, 5th and 22nd Infantry was sent into the field, the 5th being mounted on Indian horses captured as above stated. But no fight took place, though the remnants of Lame Deer's camps were trailed over four hundred miles, through eastern Montana, western Dakota, and northern Wyoming, to the end that the Indians finally abandoned the field and sought shelter at the Agencies in the Department of the Platte.

Late in the autumn of 1876 the troops located at the mouth of Tongue River had constructed shelters made of logs placed on end in a trench dug in the soil and "capped" with a "plate" or log, on which rested a roof of poles and earth; not uncomfortable, as far as warmth was concerned, in the winter, but terribly damp and leaky in the heavy rains of spring. But material and labor for constructing a new post was on the way, and as soon as possible after the ice was out of the stream boats began to arrive, and at times the banks of the heretofore silent river assumed the appearance of the "levee" of a lower Mississippi town—on one occasion all the steamers being tied at the landing at once.

A large proportion of the army was represented at the new camp during the summer. The 1st, 5th, 6th, 7th, 11th, 17th and 22d Regiments of Infantry had each one or more companies there, with what was known as "The Montana Battalion" of the 2d and most of what remained of the 7th Cavalry. Scouting was kept up in all directions from the new camp, but with little result.

Meanwhile, far away to the westward, so far that the troops on the Yellowstone had no expectations of sharing in it, another war was in progress. Abandoning their reservation and homes, the Nez Perce Indians were on the war-path; and their leader, leaving the country they had always held, had with his people started on that long march which, if made by a white chieftain, would have justly ranked with some of the most famous ones of ancient times. Beating off some of the forces which sought to impede his movement and skillfully avoiding others, he at length emerged from the mountains into the valley of the Yellowstone and, crossing to the left (northern) bank of that stream, turned his course toward the Canadian border. Six days later, on the afternoon of September seventeenth, the news of his crossing reached the camp at the mouth of Tongue River. It did not take long for the commanding officer there to decide upon his course of action.

The courier reached the camp about 3 P. M. By 4 P. M. orders were issued for a movement across the river, and every one was busy. Twenty days' rations were to be taken, and the command was to move the next morning. It consisted of Companies B (Bennett), F (Snyder), G (Lieutenant Romeyn), I (Lieutenant M. Carter) and K (Brotherton) of the 5th Infantry; A (Moylan), D (Godfrey) and K (Hale) of the 7th Cavalry and F, G, and H, of the 2d Cavalry, commanded by Captain Tyler and Lieutenants McClernand and Jerome. Two companies of this battalion had previously been ordered to Fort Benton to act as escort for the Department Commander from that point to the British line, where he was to meet the officer in command of the Canadian mounted police for a consultation on Indian affairs, but were halted two days' march from the river until the main body could overtake them. There was also a body of scouts, consisting of a detail from the different companies of the 5th Infantry, some thirty Cheyennes, and a few citizens employed as scouts and guides. A twelve-pound brass gun and a Hotchkiss single-shot breech-loader, caliber 1.67 inches, composed the artillery. A small wagon train and two good pack trains furnished transportation. Four of the infantry companies were mounted on horses captured from Lane Deer's band the previous spring. The entire command numbered about three hundred and fifty men.

It was thought that the Indians could be intercepted south of the Missouri, and the mouth of the Musselshell was the first objective point. Starting on the eighteenth of September the command reached the Missouri on the afternoon of the twenty-second, not at the designated point, however, owing to want of accurate knowledge of the country, but at the mouth of Squaw Creek about eight miles below it and separated from it by country impassable for wagons. Here his usual good fortune awaited the commander of the expedition. Camp had been made a few miles from the river and at first sight some doubt was expressed as to the identity of the stream. The officer in command of the scouts was ordered to make a reconnoissance at one, and if satisfied that it was the Missouri to encamp there and stop any boat which might happen to pass. On reaching the bank he rode through some timber out onto a bar and there, not a thousand yards above, coming down the stream was a steamer. Fifteen minutes later she would have passed out of sight, going as she was with the current, and pursuit would have availed nothing. A hail brought her to, when, upon inquiry, it was learned that her Captain had neither seen nor heard of any body of Indians crossing to the north bank, and it was supposed that the column had accomplished the first part of its design and was ahead of them. Moving the camp down to the river, ten days' rations were taken from the wagons, when they were parked and left under the charge of Captain Brotherton and his company, which was not mounted. The rations and the artillery were placed on the boat and in the night taken up to the mouth of the Musselshell and landed on its left bank, while the mounted portion of the command led their horses across the "bad-lands" to the same point. Scouts thrown well out from the left flank of the column while on the march had reported signs of small parties of Indians, supposed to be "flankers" detached by the Nez Perce chief to guard his flank from surprise. Everything was arranged for the march up the Musselshell and the men were eating their breakfasts, when a second strike of good fortune changed the whole plan. After the steamer had put off her load and dropped down the river about a mile to take on wood, a small "Mackinaw" boat containing two men came floating around a bend of the river above the camp. They informed us that the Indians crossed the river at Cow Island two days before and had gone north, carrying off with them all the available stores landed by the boat we had been using, among which were supplies of clothing, groceries, hardware and ammunition for merchants at Fort Benton and Helena. A gun was fired to attract the attention of the boat and signals were made for her return. The crossing of the command was at once begun and as soon as that of the mounted forces was completed the boat dropped down to the camp of the wagon-train, which it ferried over. On first reaching the river a citizen scout named Johnson offered to swim his horse across and view the country on the left bank. The man was drowned by his horse striking an obstruction and falling backward on its rider, who, loaded down with ammunition, did not rise to the surface. No other accident happened to anyone or anything, but it was not until late the next morning, September twenty-seventh, that the troops were ready to move out. The wagons were at first kept with the column, but this was found too slow and in the afternoon the command was halted, ten days' rations were packed on the pack-mules, the

twelve-pounder was left with the wagon train, under command of Captain Brotherton and Lieutenant Borden, with forty men, to follow the trail of the force as rapidly as possible, and the march was resumed at a rapid gait.

It was late in the night when a halt was made at some pools of dirty water, thick with mud, which had to be boiled and strained before it could be used. Before daybreak on the twenty-eighth the march was resumed in a north-westerly direction, and continued the latter part of the day along the eastern side of the Little Rockies, a broken precipitous chain paralleling the desired course.

Large herds of buffalo started in amazement at sight of the column, but no hunting was allowed. The night of the twenty-eighth camp was made in a deep ravine at the northern end of this chain. After carefully covering its fires before daybreak, the column turned westward toward the Bear Paw Mountains, distant about twenty-five miles. From the summits of the Little Rockies scouts had descried smoke far off to the south-west, and it was again thought that we were ahead of the Indians.

Our camp of the twenty-ninth was made in a deep valley at a point north-east of the main Bear Paw, and in a soaking rainstorm which at two hundred feet higher elevation changed to snow.

The Bear Paw Mountains are not a continuous chain, nor from where we saw them did they seem to be much more than high, steep hills, partially clothed in timber. The camp was broken early, and the direction taken a little south of west. An hour later two or three Indians were descried south of the line of march and were supposed to be advanced scouts or hunters of the Nez Percés. The course was then changed more to the left (south), when a yell from the Cheyenne scouts who were in advance of the troops announced that they had discovered the trail, and a few moments afterwards the head of the column reached the point and found it, broad, distinct, and fresh, leading due north. Like hounds on the fresh trace of game the Cheyennes started on it while the command halted for a few minutes, then wheeled about "by fours" and followed at a rapid pace.

Upon starting in the morning the order of march for the day had been 5th Infantry, 2nd Cavalry, 7th Cavalry, and the pack train in rear with a guard of two men from each company. When the column was reversed, it of course brought the 7th Cavalry in the van and the mounted infantry to the rear. A mile along on the trail a deep "coulee" had to be crossed by a path running diagonally down its steep sides, a path that would not allow two men to pass at a time. The first battalion had crossed and was forming upon level ground on the farther side when a Cheyenne warrior came flying back over the rising ground in front, shouting his battle-cry, announcing that the camp was only a short distance away and that "the fight was on."

In the change of direction the pack train had gotten into the column instead of waiting to take its proper place at the rear, and now the packers were crowding their mules down the narrow trail with all possible haste to make way for the two battalions behind them as well as to avoid being left in the rear and exposed to the danger of attack from any rear guard of the enemy which might possibly be behind us. In the press one of the smaller mules was crowded from the path and, with his pack,

rolled over and over to the bottom of the ravine, only to scramble to his feet and resume his place without even a re-adjustment of his load.

By the time the packs were out of the way of the center and rear battalions, the 7th Cavalry had disappeared from view beyond the rise of ground. Mounting as rapidly as possible, these two battalions pushed on at a gallop. But the "short distance" stretched into miles, and not until three or four miles had been galloped over did we hear the first dropping shots, which as we drew nearer increased into a heavy fire, punctuated by both Indian yells and soldiers' cheers. There was an answering cheer from the mounted infantry battalion, and the pace till now a gallop became a ride "with loosened rein in horses' flanks."

The camp was located on a small stream called Snake Creek, as it proved in an excellent position for defense in a kidney-shaped depression covering about six acres of ground, along the western side of which the stream ran in a tortuous course, while through it, from the steep bluffs forming its eastern and southern sides, ran "coulees" from two to six feet in depth and fringed with enough sage brush to hide the heads of their occupants. Here the Nez Perce chieftain had pitched his camp and here he now made his last stand for battle.

From the point whence the camp could first be seen it appeared open to attack from all but its eastern side and even that was overlooked by bluffs too steep to be readily ascended and from twenty to thirty feet high. But at the south end of the valley or camp ground there was an almost perpendicular bluff that afforded excellent cover for a line firing toward the point from which the attacking force was advancing, and this was instantly occupied by the Nez Perces who, withholding their fire until the 7th were within two hundred yards, then delivered it with murderous effect.

Captain Hale and Lieutenant J. W. Biddle were killed at the first fire and Captains Moylan and Godfrey wounded immediately after, thereby leaving but one officer with the three troops. All the First Sergeants were also killed. Wherever the Indians heard a voice raised in command there they at once directed their fire with the evident design of picking off the officers. Lieutenant Biddle had only joined in May and it was his first battle. Changing direction to the right and again to the left, the 7th was formed in line on the elevation east of the camp. On nearing the ground the 2d Cavalry had been sent off to the left and took up a position to the north-west of it, cutting off the herd and securing it. When the camp was first descried a portion of the lodges had been struck and about one hundred ponies packed for the day's march. These, guided by women and children and accompanied by fifty or sixty warriors, were at once rushed out and started northward. An attempt was made to cut off their retreat, Lieutenant McClernand in command of G Troop, 2d Cavalry, being sent in pursuit. The Indians halted for fight after going about five miles from the main body, and, finding a large portion of their pursuers enumbered by the care of the ponies they had secured, boldly assumed the offensive and forced the soldiers back toward the main body, although they failed in their attempts to retake the stock. Most of them succeeded in getting back through the investing lines and joining their companions in the defense. So well had these succeeded in covering themselves that scarcely one could be seen; but from their con-

cealment they sent shots with unerring aim at every head exposed by the troops. Lieutenant G. W. Baird, Adjutant of the 5th Infantry, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the command, had his left arm shattered and an ear shot away while carrying orders. When the cavalry occupied the bluffs east of the camp, they forced the abandonment of the steep bluff from which the Indians had first fired upon them, and as the 5th Infantry came up it executed "left front into line" and was halted at this crest. Here it was greeted by a hot fire from the "coulees" immediately in front, in the low ground, some of them not more than fifty yards away, and men and horses began to drop before they could be dismounted. The Hotchkiss gun was brought up and an attempt made to shell the Indians from their cover, but it could not be depressed enough to be effective and was soon driven from the position with severe loss to its gunners. The men behaved splendidly and the coolness of some was wonderful. To get a position from which their fire could be made more effective it was desired to deploy Company G of the 5th as skirmishers "by the right flank," and the Bugler was ordered to sound the deployment. "I can't blow, sir; I'm shot!" said the brave fellow, and a glance toward him showed him on the ground, with a broken spine. Another man lay still when the movement began, his head toward the enemy. A Sergeant in his rear, creeping crab-wise toward his new position, was directed to have him move along. "He can't do it, sir; he's dead," was the reply.

A small piece of ground directly in the rear of the steep bluff alluded to was sheltered from the enemy's fire, and here the wounded who could walk or crawl were gathered for the attention of the Surgeons. Captain Moylan, wounded in the thigh, came back to the line after having his wound attended to, but the effort was too much and had to be given up. Between fifty and sixty lodges were still standing. In them, and at any other place where they could be protected from fire, the Indian women began to sink pits for shelter. Many of the warriors worked their way up to the edges of the bluffs, through the "coulees" or "draws" which seamed their faces, and digging into the banks threw the soil thus obtained up over the top, soon having very formidable rifle-pits in use. From these they picked off every man who rose to his feet on the level ground east of their defenses. As the distance was almost *nil*, every shot could be made to tell. An officer had one shot through his belt, another carried away his field-glass, while a third took off his hunting-knife and cut the skin from an ear. Creeping carefully up to the edge of the bluff to look over, a bullet instantly lifted the hat and a lock of hair for a Sergeant, and another went through the head of a comrade at his side.

By three o'clock it was evident that the attack must become a siege and an attempt was made to get possession of the course of the creek to cut the Indians off from water. In order to effect this, Troops A and D of the 7th Cavalry, which had no officers with them, were placed under the command of the writer and, with his own company (G) of the 5th Infantry, were to be pushed by him up to the edge of the bluffs east of the valley in an attempt to dislodge the Indians there, and to direct a fire on those warriors who could be seen in the "coulees" in the bottom. Meanwhile Company I, 5th Infantry, under command of First Lieutenant (now Captain) Mason Carter, was to charge down the slope on the southwestern side and get into the bed of the stream. The writer was to



give the signal for the movement, by swinging a hat when the three companies on the high ground were ready. Crawling back to his command the order was passed along the line, and then rising to his feet he swung the hat. The troops started with a cheer, some reaching the rifle-pits only to fall dead on their edge, while a shot through the lungs put their commanding officer out of the fight. Company I succeeded in getting across some of the smaller ravines and certain of its numbers even among the "tepees," but the Indians rallied and drove them out with a loss of over a third of their number. The wounded who fell into the hands of the hostiles were not molested, otherwise than to be stripped of arms and ammunition, except one Sergeant of the cavalry who, remembering the Little (Big) Horn, fired on an approaching Indian with his revolver and was killed because he refused to surrender. They even gave some of the wounded water after nightfall when it could be done with safety.

As soon as darkness closed in the troops were posted around the valley to prevent, as far as possible, the escape of any of its defenders. The line was necessarily a thin one and despite all precautions a few, among them White Bird and some of his band who had been responsible for outrages leading to the first outbreak, succeeded in escaping and joining those already in Canadian territory. Aside from the Nez Percés there was another possible, if not probable, element of danger and strife to be guarded against.

Sitting Bull with a band reinforced by renegades from the Agencies was not far away, and should he and they decide to take part in the fray there would be "work cut out" for every man; all that he could do. Hearing of the battle and that "Bear Coat" was in command of the troops they not only did not come but struck camp and did not halt in their northward flight until more than a day's march had been placed between them and the line.

If to the men on duty that night was one of watchfulness; to the wounded it was one of ceaseless agony. There was no fuel at hand, and none of the troops could be spared to obtain any from a distance. The night was bitterly cold, the train with the tents had not arrived, and the morning of October first dawned on a sad sight. Some had died during the night, while others supposed to be dead now revived to a sense of misery and suffering. Officers and enlisted men, white and Indian allies, to the number of fifty or more, lay in that little hollow place together. To add to the discomfort a snow storm set in and by night four or five inches had fallen upon the combatants and disabled alike. Up to that time the Indians had the advantage of the troops in this respect for their shelters had not been destroyed and the wounded in the pits beneath them were of course protected to a great extent from the storm. During the night of September thirtieth, however, the troops threw up such intrenchments as could be made with the few tools at hand, and from that time the losses were very few. With the Indians still in possession of the water, well supplied with provisions captured on the Missouri, able to utilize the meat of animals killed by our fire and with considerable ammunition, the siege promised to extend indefinitely.

On the evening of October first, the train under command of Capt. Brotherton arrived. Tents were at once put up to shelter the wounded,

but in the darkness were so placed that they could be reached by the rifles of the Indians and, upon being lighted up, drew the fire of the enemy, whereby at least one man was wounded. The twelve-pounder was also with the train, and scarcely had day dawned on the second before its boom told the Indians that a new element had entered for their destruction. Still it was almost impossible, owing to the shape of the ground, to bring it to bear on the pits now occupied by the hostiles, who, as soon as shells fell in their camp, abandoned it and all took refuge in the banks of the crooked "coulees" where no direct fire could be made to reach and where the shells, if burst over them, were likewise liable to injure our men on the high ground beyond. A dropping or mortar fire was, however, obtained by sinking the trail of the gun in a pit dug for it and using a high elevation with a small charge of powder. This made the fire effective, and late in the afternoon of the second Joseph raised a white flag. Cheers greeted its first appearance and soon under it the Nez Perce Chief, his clothing pierced with over a dozen bullets although he was still unharmed, stood face to face with his opponent.

While he was willing to treat he did not admit that his case was desperate, and his first proposition was to be allowed to march out armed and mounted, abandoning only the position to his foe. He was willing to fight still, but wished to save his women and children. So did the opposing commander, though refusing to entertain this proposition, and the Nez Perce went back to renew the battle.

The storm still continued. The troops in the trenches, unable to erect any shelters, were exposed to its inclemency for all that the arrival of the wagon train with its guard had permitted the gathering of fuel from some timber several miles away.

On the third another parley was held, the terms proposed being a surrender of persons, all property and arms to be held by the Indians. This was refused, but afterwards modified to the surrendering of the property taken from the river, they to retain the stock and arms and to return to their own country. This was all the chief would offer, and he returned to his followers disappointed, but not defeated. While Joseph was in conference with General Miles, Lieutenant Jerome, of the 2d Cavalry, taking advantage of the truce, made his way into the Indian camp where he remained during the night and from which he was allowed to depart unharmed the next morning.

On the morning of the fourth the position of the gun was changed and the second shell fired dropped into what had been a safe position, making sad havoc, killing and disabling about a dozen persons. Convinced that the total destruction of his people was only a question of time, Joseph again hoisted the white flag and surrendered.

General Howard had arrived on the ground the previous night and was present at the surrender, which was, however, made to General Miles.

The four companies of the 5th Infantry present during the first two days aggregated about ninety men and officers, and Captain Brotherton brought up about forty with the wagon train. Of the latter, however, none were killed or wounded. The aggregate of the 7th Cavalry battalion was one hundred and eight men and officers; that of the 2d Cavalry about one hundred and twenty-five. Total killed, two officers and twenty-two

enlisted men; wounded, four officers and thirty-eight enlisted men. Two Indian scouts were also killed and a number wounded. The heaviest loss fell upon the 7th Cavalry, and was nearly all inflicted at the first attack. The 2d Cavalry suffered but little, as they were principally in charge of the captured herd during the first and no attempt was made by the owners to recapture it.

The Nez Perces acknowledged a loss of seventeen killed and forty wounded. Some of the latter died during the march back to the Missouri. The total number of those who escaped to Canada was afterwards ascertained to be one hundred and four. The captives numbered eighty-seven men, one hundred and eighty-four women and one hundred and forty-seven children, a total of four hundred and eighteen. The proportion of the sexes and ages of those killed is not known.

Two days were spent at the battle ground after the surrender, giving necessary attention to the wounded, burying the dead, and arranging for transportation of those unable to travel on horseback to the river. The only ambulance with the command was given up to two enlisted men, one of whom had a broken thigh, the other a shot through the hips. They lived to reach the river, but the latter died as he was carried on board the steamer. Wagons, the beds of which were filled with small brush covered with grass, were utilized for the conveyance of such others as could not bear transportation on horseback. Much of the country was rough and broken in character, and, though all possible care was exercised, the suffering of many of the injured was intense. The brush and grass soon became unevenly packed down and every jolt of the wagon seemed to open up fresh wounds.

Two steamers had been ordered to the point where the column was to reach the river, and on them the crossing to the south bank was made: those of the whites too badly wounded to bear further land transportation being sent down the river, the infantry to Fort Buford, the cavalry to Fort Lincoln.

The campaign made by the troops from the Tongue River cantonment had been of the most brilliant character, "short, sharp and decisive." The element of chance had entered largely into it, but did not detract in the least from its clearness of conception, while the manner in which the unforeseen changes were taken advantage of won the admiration of all who saw them.

## LIFE AT MUSCLESHELL IN 1869 AND 1870.

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BY PETER KOCH.

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The writer spent the greater part of the year 1869-70 at and about the mouth of Muscleshell on the Upper Missouri. It is but a few years ago, and yet at that time conditions of life prevailed in that region, which have already greatly changed, and of which in a few years hardly a trace will be left. From Fort Benton to the Yellowstone the country along both sides of the Missouri was as wild as when Lewis and Clark first stemmed its turbid current. It is true that a few trading posts were planted along its banks, that a number of steamboats yearly made their difficult way between and over its sand-bars to Fort Benton or Cow Island, that at rare intervals a clearing had been made around a woodyard in one of the densely wooded points. But the steamboat passed, and when the sound of its whistle was beyond hearing no sign of its passage was left. The woodchoppers' clearing meant only so much wood cut. No scythe and reaping hook followed his axe, and his solitary cabin never became surrounded with barns and granaries, but was soon left to decay or to be washed into the river, unless its logs were sold for firewood to the steamboat which carried the wood-chopper away at the end of the season. The trading post did not become the nucleus of a village or a centre for spreading civilization. It was simply a place to accumulate robes, skins and furs, and the less civilization there was in the surrounding country, the more profitable the trade was apt to be.

The few whites scattered along the river belonged to three classes, and all made their living from the natural products of the country: the wood-choppers from the cottonwood and pine along the river banks, the wolfers and trappers from the wolves of the prairie and the beaver of the streams, the traders from the Indians.

Through the greater part of the year these men were scattered singly or in small bands throughout the country; but when the river broke up in the spring, many of them gathered at the trading posts to await the arrival of the first boat. This was the great event of the year. The trader was then to receive his new stock and to ship the robes and peltries of last season's trade. The woodchopper was to dispose of his wood, the wolfer was to market his wolf skins. Then were the scenes of the old trappers' rendezvous enacted over again, although on a smaller scale. Gambling and carousing were the order of the day, a year's earn-

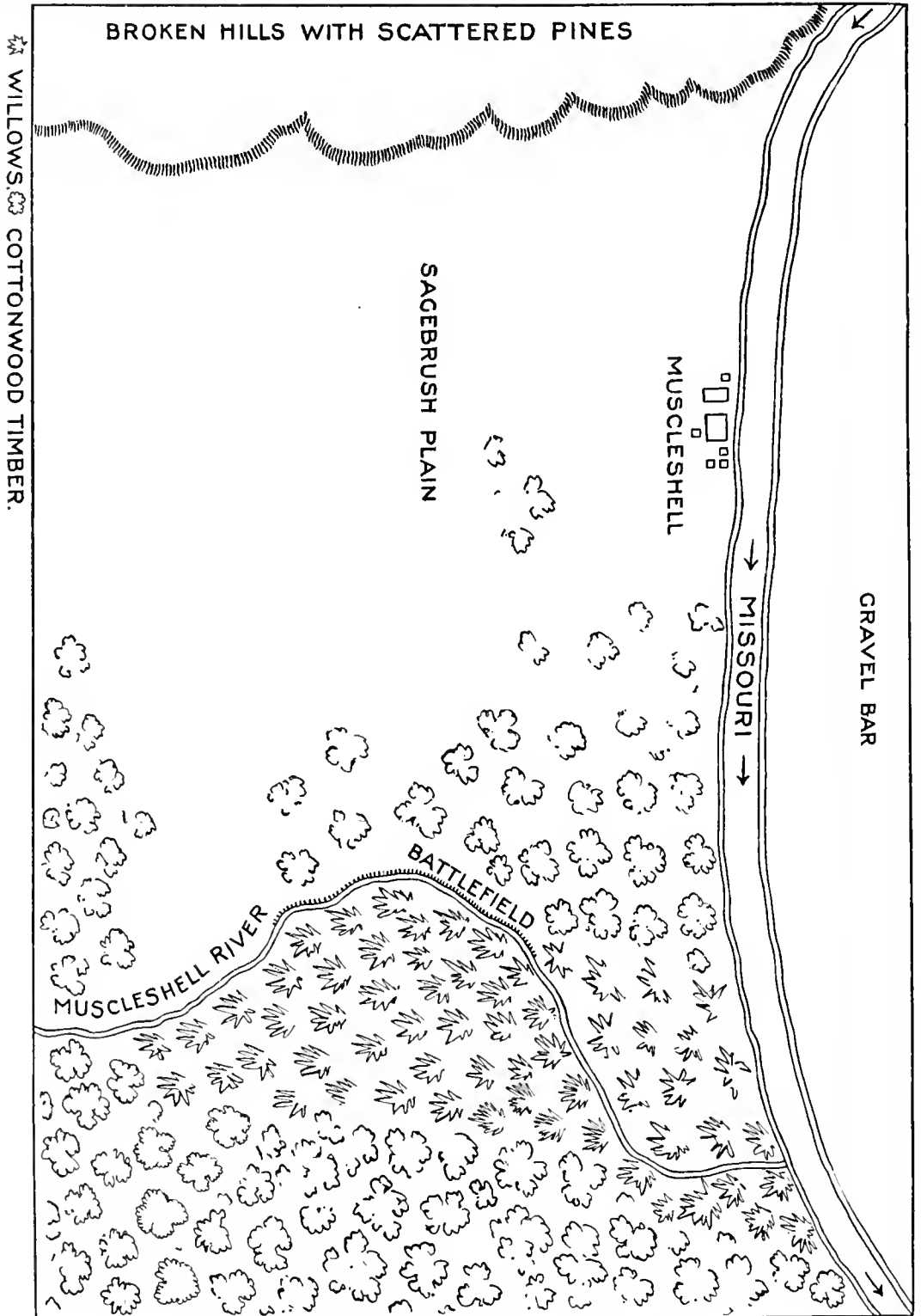
ings were spent in a few weeks, and when the time came to prepare for another season's work, few were those who had money left to pay cash for their outfit.

The center of this life on the upper part of the river was the trading post at Muscleshell. To those who landed there early in June, 1869, the place presented a characteristic sight. It enjoyed at that time its greatest prosperity and formed quite a little village. There were two trading establishments. One belonged to the Montana Hide and Fur Co. (which failed that year), the other to George Clendenin, Jr. and T. C. Power. There was a gunshop, two saloons (although it was in the heart of the Indian country) and perhaps a dozen other log-cabins, all built at intervals along the high bluff bank of the river with stockades around the stores. The settlement was ambitious and aspired to become a city. A townsite was laid out, and hopes were entertained, that a military post would be established, and that this would be made the shipping point for Montana freights instead of Fort Benton on account of the difficulties of navigation on the upper river. But all those ambitions were destined to disappointment. No military post was established. The Indian trade declined for various reasons. With the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad the river route lost importance for a time, and when it was revived not Muscleshell but Carroll was selected as the shipping point. When I left the place the Missouri had already undermined some of the houses, and to-day not a vestige is left to show where the settlement once stood. It has shared the fate of de Soto: the muddy waters of the Missouri roll over its grave.

The settlement and surrounding desolate, sage-brush covered plain did not usually offer many points of interest to the travelers on the steamboats, except the usual features of a village on the extreme frontier, here perhaps somewhat exaggerated: but when the Huntsville landed there at the time referred to, a sight met her passengers which was certainly calculated to shock the nerves of any eastern tenderfoot. Along the brink of the river bank on both sides of the landing a row of stakes was planted, and each stake carried a white, grinning Indian skull. They were evidently the pride of the inhabitants, and a little to one side, as if guarding them, stood a trapper, well known throughout eastern Montana, by the sobriquet of "Liver-eating Johnson." He was leaning on a crutch, with one leg bandaged, and the day being hot his entire dress consisted in a scant, much shrunken, red undershirt, reaching just below his hips. His matted hair and bushy beard fluttered in the breeze, and his giant frame and limbs, so freely exposed to view, formed an exceedingly impressive and characteristic picture.

But while the exhibition of these skulls did not indicate any high degree of civilization on the part of the inhabitants, the manner in which they had been procured showed at least that they possessed the courage and enterprise so necessary in the dangerous and exposed life led by them. For several years the country around Muscleshell had become more and more dangerous. The Sioux were feeling the pressure of the advancing settlements in Minnesota and Dakota, and different bands were pushing up the Missouri and crowding into the country claimed by the Crows and other upper Missouri Indians. They were intensely hostile to the whites, and as the principal trading post was at Muscleshell that

became naturally the chief objective point of their raids, although they did not disdain to attack a wood yard when occasion served, or to take the scalp of a solitary wolfer when they could take him unawares. But the large war parties did nearly always start for Muscleshell, and the men at that point had suffered greatly from their depredations. It happened that about the first of May nearly fifty men, mostly wolfers and woodchoppers, were gathered, there waiting for the arrival of the



SKETCH FROM MEMORY BY P. KOCH.

first boat. They were partly at the trading posts on the south side of the Missouri and partly at two wood yards in the point opposite. There were two squaws stopping at one of the stores, and early one morning they went out towards the Muscleshell River to gather dry wood. Here they were attacked by a band of Sioux, but escaped to the houses, one of them wounded. As a matter of course every man turned out with his rifle, when he heard the shooting, and a number of shots were exchanged, but without casualty on either side, as the Indians were a quarter of a mile distant and dodging behind the cottonwood trees, while the whites were protected by the houses and stockades. Ordinarily this would have ended the affair, as the Sioux always left as soon as they were discovered, and the whites were usually perfectly willing to have them do so. But this time the issue was different. Never before had so large a number of men been together at Muscleshell, and this was too good a chance to get even with the Indians to let the opportunity slip. Thirty or forty of the boys therefore sallied forth to follow the Indians and give them a lesson they would remember.

The accompanying sketch-map will show the situation better than I can describe it. The sage brush on the plain was very dense and breast high, and only towards the Muscleshell River was there a scattered growth of large cottonwood trees. On the east side of the Muscleshell the bank was covered with a very dense growth of small willows. The boys advanced cautiously through the sage brush towards and up the Muscleshell which runs here under a cut bank ten to twenty feet high. This bank could be climbed with difficulty, the earth crumbling easily, except where it was cut by short coulees, running back fifty to a hundred feet. As the hunters approached one of these and were within about fifty yards of it, nearly a hundred Indians rose suddenly out of it and with a yell fired a volley into the whites. One man, Jake Leader, was instantly killed and another, Greenwood, wounded. This checked the whites and they scattered for shelter behind the few trees. For a considerable time a desultory fire was kept up on both sides. The Indians did not dare to expose themselves, but would hold up their guns and fire without any particular aim, and the whites could not see their enemies, sheltered in the coulee which was about fifteen feet deep with steeply sloping sides. So far the hunters had had the worst of it, and it seemed as if nothing could prevent the Indians from holding their position till dark and then escaping to their brethren, of whom several hundred were singing and yelling in the woods some distance up the river, but not daring to come to the rescue. The boys were seriously discussing the plan of rushing up to the brink of the coulee, firing down among the Indians and thus taking their position by storm; but it would undoubtedly have entailed a serious loss of life on the part of the assailants, and yet that seemed the only alternative to allowing them to escape.

There was one point, however, from which an effective attack might be made, the mouth of the coulee; but in front of that the Muscleshell River was rushing at the height of the spring flood, an impassable torrent. Finally Frank Smith, Jim Wells, Henry McDonald and Joe Bushaway succeeded in crossing the river some distance below and made their way carefully through the willow thicket until they were opposite the mouth of the coulee which ran straight back from the river. They were

armed with Henry rifles and had the Indians at their mercy. When the first bullet struck among the latter they saw that the game was up, and there was no way of escape. In front was the river and all around them on the plain above men were scattered whose rifles they could not hope to elude. In vain did they seek to dig a shelter in the banks with their butcher knives. One after another fell before the fatal bullets from the unseen rifles in the willows opposite. A dash for life must be made, although almost a hopeless one. First the pipe was lighted and passed around, while they sang their death song, and then *sauve qui peut*. Some leapt from the coulee and tried to escape through the encircling enemies, others ran along under the bank in the edge of the water, while many threw themselves into the water and swam to the willow thicket opposite. The whites might have killed them all, but they seem to have become somewhat excited, and a part of them came under the fire of the others and had to seek shelter and stop shooting. Yet the Indians suffered greatly and nearly twenty corpses were found on the battlefield.

The survivors made their way to the agency at Fort Peck, and according to their own story thirty-three were killed outright or died from their wounds on the way, while only two Indians escaped without a wound of the ninety-eight who had taken part in the fight. Breech-loaders had just been introduced on the river, and most of the whites were armed with Henry and Spencer rifles, which were as yet unknown to the Indians, who declared with great emphasis that Muscleshell was bad medicine, as the men there could fire their guns right along without reloading or even taking them from their shoulders.

From that day the Sioux swore eternal vengeance against Muscleshell, and numerous war parties started from Fort Peck or from Sitting Bull's camp on the Dry Fork of the Missouri with the avowed purpose of capturing that place. This made it a very dangerous residence, and to the day of its abandonment its inhabitants were never safe, although no serious attempt to capture or burn it was ever made.

The trade at Muscleshell was principally with the River Crows and upper Gros Ventres. The River Crows were a band of the Crow tribe of Indians, in no way different from the mountain Crows who made their home on the Yellowstone, except in their inordinate love of whiskey which the mountain Crows would not admit into their camp. When the two bands met, it was easy to see the ill effect of that curse of the Indians on the River Crows. They were much poorer than their brethren of the mountains, had fewer horses, fewer good arms and took much less pride in their dress and general appearance.

The Gros Ventres of the prairie must not be confounded with the Gros Ventres of the river or Minnetarees who lived below the mouth of the Yellowstone, although now nearly extinct. The latter were a branch of the Crows and belonged to the great Dakota family, while the former were an offshoot of the Arrapahoes who lived on the Sweet Water and other headwaters of the Platte. While I was on the Missouri, an epidemic of smallpox came among the Gros Ventres, and probably two-thirds of them perished. They were camped on Milk River at the time and nearly all who were attacked died, as they treated it with their usual cure-all, the sweat-bath, followed by a plunge into ice-cold water. Quite a number committed suicide from fear of the disease. Finally the camp became



panic stricken, and the Indians scattered to the mountains, each lodge by itself. At last the epidemic wore itself out, but I was told that it was no uncommon thing to find lodges standing in the mountains, all their former inhabitants lying dead around them. Many of the whites along the river took the disease, but all in a mild form. Infected robes which found their way east are said to have caused the outbreak of small-pox which occurred the following year at Philadelphia and other points.

The Gros Ventres were a very peaceable tribe and friendly to the whites, differing in that respect greatly from their cousins, the Arrapahoes; but they were poor and suffered greatly in their constant warfare with the Blackfeet who have been a perpetual scourge to all their neighbors, whether red or white. The Crows were less tractable. They were apt to be insolent and overbearing, when they felt they had the upper hand, and, while they might hesitate to kill a white man, they did not scruple to set him a-foot and strip him of everything he had when they thought they could do it in safety.

At that time the trade was yet carried on in the old way. One or more robes were traded for one kind of goods only, such as a robe's worth of sugar or a robe's worth of cotton cloth. The Indian had not learned to divide up the value of the robe, which was the unit of trade, so as to take for instance half of its value in coffee and half in flour. This simplified the trade very much, and when business was lively, a great many robes could be bartered in a day. When the Indian came to trade, he was usually followed by his squaw who entered the room staggering under the load of a dozen or more robes. These were thrown over the counter one by one, and the Indian would call out what he wanted. Half a dozen or more would go for a gun and a saddle, as many more for blankets, generally one was traded for coffee and several for sugar. These articles were measured out in a tin cup and simply poured into a corner of the squaw's skin-dress. When the goods had been measured out and handed over, "tail" was thrown in, corresponding to the amount of the trade, and the trader was ready for the next Indian. Profits were large when I first came on the river. A robe was bought with three cups of coffee, or six cups of sugar, or ten cups of flour. A red three-point Mackinaw blanket cost three robes and all other goods in proportion. Beads and other fancy goods afforded the largest profit. I remember one particular kind of pale blue necklace beads to which the Indians took a great fancy, and the robes purchased with them cost just sixteen cents apiece. It is curious that while it is a generally accepted truism that the most glaring colors are the most acceptable to uncivilized people, the Crows will not buy or use bright beads. Almost without an exception their favorite beads are pale, dull colors, and the squaws are as particular in choosing and matching them as a white woman with her ribbons. The pale blue seed-beads are their favorites for embroidering, and the squaws will invariably throw out any bunch which is the least off color. Fashions in beads and fancy goods of all kinds change rapidly with them also, and it is very important that they be selected by someone familiar

with their tastes, as they will not accept for a gift beads of a color which does not strike their fancy.\*

A great deal of whiskey was sold to the Indians in defiance of the United States laws. As there was profit in it, it could not be otherwise. There were no officers within several hundred miles to enforce the law, and as far as there was any public opinion it sustained the whiskey traffic. I say whiskey, but it is only by a euphuism that the vile stuff on which the Indians got drunk can be called by that name. The recipe for its manufacture was something like this:

1 quart alcohol,  
1 pound rank, black chewing tobacco,  
1 handful red peppers,  
1 bottle Jamaica ginger,  
1 quart black molasses,  
Water from the Missouri *ad libitum*.

Mix well and boil till all the strength is drawn from the tobacco and peppers.

The Indian who had consumed a bottle of this stuff must have sighed sadly for soda-water next morning; but it is possible that it did not do as much harm after all as a stronger and purer article would have done.

Hostile Indians came around so often that no horses could be kept, unless guarded constantly, and whenever the attempt was made they were invariably stolen sooner or later. It was almost impossible to cut hay even, as the Indians nearly always burned it. The Blackfeet did not trouble us much; but it seemed that whenever the Sioux had nothing better to do, they made up a war party for an attack on Muscleshell. The Assinniboine, Yanctonnais, Tetons, Cut-throats and other bands all took a hand in the fun. The agency for most of these Indians was at Fort Peck, near the mouth of Milk River, and we were several times warned from that point that a war party had started for Muscleshell before the party reached that place and made their attack. Their usual road lay up the river. Sitting Bull's bands came from the Yellowstone or the Dry Fork of the Missouri and followed a trail which led over the high table land between the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers and struck the latter at the mouth of Squaw Creek a few miles below Muscleshell. The war parties varied greatly in size, sometimes numbering only eight or ten and again several hundred. Their habit was to lie in wait for days or even weeks for a chance to take someone unawares. But that could not often be done; for everyone was constantly on the alert. Not

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\*The first care of a company was to select a quantity of Indian goods, suitable to the trade with the various savage tribes in whose country they designed to execute their operations. There had to be much judgment displayed in the selection of these goods; for, if the blankets were of a color different, or a fraction larger or smaller, or of a different shape from those to which they had been previously accustomed, and which they had adopted as the standard of taste, they would have been rejected by the fastidious savages, and would have been unsalable lumber upon the hands of the company. It was the same with the tomahawks and the rifles, which had to be of a certain shape and length, or they would have been refused by certain of the swarthy sons of the forest, who, extravagant in their offers for everything that suited their wayward fancy, could not be prevailed upon to receive, even as a gift, what their custom had not recognized as congenial to taste. From these peculiarities of the different tribes, it was very important that the selection of goods should be made by some one perfectly familiar with the customs and tastes of the Indians where it was the intention of the company to trade.—Edwards's Great West.

a step was taken without a breech-loading rifle, a revolver and a well-filled cartridge belt. Even when going from one house to another at Muscleshell, the gun was taken along as an alarm might come at any moment, and no one left the house a hundred yards without throwing a cartridge into his rifle.

As soon as the Indians were discovered, they went away after exchanging a number of shots, whether anyone was killed on either side or not. During the summer a raid might be expected about every two weeks. In winter and during the highest water we were comparatively safe. Since leaving the place I have often wondered that we were not all killed. We never hesitated to go out hunting or wherever else we wanted to go, and I can only account for our safety by the fact of our never being caught napping, and the extreme reluctance of the Indians to make an attack when they were almost certain to lose some of their own number. I could fill this volume with stories of narrow escapes; but I will mention only a few cases in which white men's lives were lost. They occurred in the winter and spring of 1870-71, for, curiously, during the eighteen months the writer spent at Muscleshell not a white man was even wounded in all the skirmishes which took place, although on several occasions some of the Sioux were transformed into "good" Indians.

At that time Thomas Bogy (since dead) was in charge of the trading post at Muscleshell in the absence of George Clendenin, Jr. at Fort Ellis, where he had the appointment of post-trader. About the first of January, 1871, he sent two employees—Ross, an old mountaineer, and Charles MacKnight, a young man lately from the states—across the river to secure some ash timber for the repair of a wagon. Night came and the men did not return. Early the next morning a search party went out and found both men killed. It was a time of year when all felt comparatively safe, and they had probably omitted the usual precautions, as the Indians had evidently surrounded the gulch in which they were chopping and taken them by surprise.

The other instance showed unusual pluck on behalf of the Indians. Three men, Lee, Drew and Thompson, were on their way from Muscleshell to Little Rocky woodyard about forty miles above. Some distance above Fort Hawley they saw fresh signs of a numerous party of Indians. They made at once for the dense willow brush along the river, confident that no Indians would follow three well armed men into such a place. But for once they were mistaken. The Indians had already discovered them and contrary to their usual custom determined on an attack. They belonged to the Yanettonnais tribe of Sioux, which band is superior in daring and enterprise to any of their brethren. The fight was described to me as a most desperate one. The thicket was almost impenetrable, and it was possible to see only a few feet. The men lay down behind drift-wood logs, but the Indians followed them so closely, that at times only a log was between them and their assailants. Lee was killed. Drew was shot in the breast, but the bullet was stopped by a package of letters which he carried in the breast pocket of his hunting shirt. Thompson was wounded in the shoulder. The fight lasted nearly all day, and eight or ten Indians were killed. At nightfall Drew and Thompson succeeded in reaching the bank of the river, rolling in a log and by means of it swimming across to the opposite bank, whence they made their escape.

To the middle of this century the warfare of the Crows was directed principally against the Blackfeet and Cheyennes. The only Sioux with whom they came in contact were the Assiniboines who lived above Fort Union, north of the Missouri. Only when parties went to visit their relatives, the Gros Ventres of the river, did they come across the Arickaees and the main bands of the Sioux. But these Indians were gradually being pushed westward by the advancing civilization. The bulk of them crossed the Missouri and occupied the country of the Gros Ventres and the Mandans after nearly exterminating these tribes. The Crows used to range down to the mouth of the Yellowstone and came often to Fort Union to trade, but at the time I refer to they did not often venture below the mouth of the Big Horn or the big bend of the Muscleshell. They were carrying on a constant warfare with the Sioux, and although far inferior in numbers managed to hold their own quite well, as they were much better armed and equipped and on the whole better fighters. They realized their precarious situation, and I am confident that to this fact only did we owe it that they refrained from open depredations on the whites. The whites were enemies of the Sioux, equally with themselves, and only through their help could the Crows hope to escape extermination.

Usually their warfare was not very bloody. I witnessed once a battle between a small band of River Crows who were camped at Muscleshell and a war party of about twenty-five Sioux who were discovered in the broken bluffs on the north side of the Missouri. The Crows mustered for the battle with the utmost activity and prodigious din. With great ardor and apparently an unquenchable determination to do or die did they plunge into the river and swim across. At full gallop did they charge up the heights, yelling and shooting. The Sioux were posted on the brow of the bluff. They wavered a moment then turned and fled, the Crows in close pursuit. But hardly had they gone out of sight before they returned pell-mell, their positions reversed. It was now the turn of the Sioux, and they chased the enemy half way down the bluff, when the Crows rallied and in their turn drove the Sioux. These furious charges and counter-charges were kept up through a whole afternoon with a mighty expenditure of ammunition. Not less than a thousand shots were fired and the casualties were—one Sioux horse. At last the Sioux grew tired and withdrew, and the Crows returned, singing a song of triumph and claiming a feast as a reward for their valor.

But there were exceptions to this usually bloodless character of their engagements. In the fall of 1869 a war party of thirty-two young River Crow warriors went to the Dry Fork of the Missouri to steal horses from the Sioux. They were prowling around a large camp when they were discovered. They fled, but were overtaken and compelled to take refuge on the top of a small, isolated butte, where they threw up stone breastworks. The entire Sioux camp with several thousand fighting men surrounded them. The Crows held them at bay here several days, until their ammunition and arrows were exhausted. Then, shouting their death song, they leaped from their breastworks down among their enemies, striking right and left with their knives and battle-axes. They fell, but only after killing nearly a hundred Sioux. Two only were captured alive, and such was the admiration of the Sioux for their bravery, that they per-

mitted them to go unharmed. The next winter a party of Crows went to the battlefield and gathered the bones of the slain. I was in the Crow camp when they returned, and their expressions of grief were a more sickening sight than the slaughter itself can have been. All the squaws had their faces blackened, dozens of fingers were cut off, and all related to the dead in any way slashed and stabbed their arms, breasts and thighs, until they were covered with a mixture of blood and black paint. Add to this their doleful cries and piercing screams, and it would be hard to imagine a more horrible scene.

Wolfing will soon be one of the lost arts, because no wolves will be left to poison. It may therefore be worth while to describe the wolfer's *modus operandi*. As soon as cold weather began, he would start into his chosen field. Generally two went together for company and greater safety. Their outfit consisted of their blankets, coffee, sugar, flour and a liberal supply of ammunition and strychnine. It was necessary to go to the buffalo country, because the wolves followed the buffalo herd, and yet, if possible, the place selected must be one where the Indians do not hunt much, or too many carcasses would be left lying around on the prairie. The first thing to do was to put out baits in convenient places: where buffalo were killed. These were partly skinned and three or four bottles of strychnine, containing one-eighth ounce each, were sprinkled over the carcass after gashing it well with the knife, and the strychnine was rubbed into the flesh and the blood with the hands and then left. Another buffalo was killed a mile or two from the first and prepared in the same way and so on, until frequently thirty or forty baits were put out, generally forming a circle. During mild weather it was necessary to visit the baits every few days to skin the poisoned wolves, or the hide would become loose and the skins spoil. Where the country was not too dangerous the wolfer managed to take advantage of mild spells throughout the winter and keep his wolves well skinned up; but if he couldn't do that, the dead wolves, when frozen stiff, were piled up to protect them as far as possible from the magpies, which birds spoiled many skins in spite of all precautions. Towards spring a final visit was paid to the baits, all the wolves skinned and the furs carried to the nearest trading post, where each skin was worth about three dollars. The most profitable wolfing country, however, was infested by hostile Indians, and there different tactics were pursued. Three or four wolfers went together and put out their baits in November and December, then they returned to a safer place and did not go to their baits again until spring, when the weather became soft enough to skin the wolves. It was an exceedingly rough and dangerous life, but for that reason all the more attractive to the class of men engaged in it, and a successful wolfer made considerable money. When the poisoned buffalo carcasses were frozen hard, a very small quantity of meat sufficed to kill a wolf, and more than a hundred wolf skins have been taken at a single bait. But it happened frequently that the Indians became so dangerous that it was found impossible to go to the baits in the spring, and then a whole winter's work was lost. At the time of the Fort Pease expedition in 1875, a great many baits were put out north of the Yellowstone. The country was alive with wolves, and during the winter thousands of them were seen lying dead around the baits; but in the spring it was worth a man's life to leave the fort half

a mile, and even the hardy wolfers, inured to danger as they were, dared not attempt it, so that hardly a wolf skin was saved. The wolfers were never on good terms with the friendly Indians even, as these always had many of their dogs poisoned when moving their camps through a country in which baits had been put out, and they cut up the wolf skins whenever they had a chance, and annoyed the wolfers in every possible way, so that many a fracas took place between them.

Frequently the wolver was "set a-foot" (i. e. had his horse stolen) on the prairie and then had to make his way to the nearest post, as best he could. His work was mostly in the open plains country, where he suffered greatly from the winter blizzards. I have heard many tales of frightful sufferings and know of several instances, where the hapless wolver was reduced to feeding on the carcasses of the poisoned wolves. Strangely enough I have known several old wolfers who always fried their batter-cakes in wolf fat, when obtainable, alleging that it gave a much finer flavor to the cakes than if fried in any other kind of grease.

The wolves have shared the fate of the buffalo, and of the large prairie wolves few are now left; but in 1869-70 Muscleshell was in the heart of the buffalo country, and there seemed then no end to either buffalo or wolves. In March, 1870, I traveled from Muscleshell to Fort Browning on Milk River, and for a distance of forty miles I do not think we were ever out of easy rifle shot of buffalo. Our trail led along a low ridge through a gently undulating country, and we could see many miles on either side; but turn where we would, the eye only met herd after herd of grazing and slowly moving buffalo. We did not disturb them, and they moved barely far enough to one side to let us pass. Three days later I passed over the same trail on my return trip, and the vast herds had disappeared as if by magic. Only two or three old bulls were still wandering over the prairie; but the grass was cut as close as if fed over by sheep, and immense quantities of *bois de vache* were left for the convenience of later travelers over these treeless plains. At Muscleshell it was no uncommon thing to shoot bulls from the doors of our cabins, and during the rutting season we were frequently kept awake at night by their incessant bellowing, pawing and fighting. Elk, deer and antelope were also abundant along the Missouri at that time, and although we depended on game altogether for our meat supply we had usually more than we could possibly use.

At the time I refer to steamboats had to tie up and cut their own wood throughout the Sioux country, except in a few places, such as Fort Peck, where wood-yards were established in the immediate neighborhood of the trading posts. But from Muscleshell to Fort Benton wood-yards were found in abundance, wherever there was any accessible timber. Cottonwood sold for five and six dollars per cord on the bank of the river, pine and cedar from eight to twenty dollars according to the difficulty of getting it and the necessity of the steamboat. Considerable money had been made in the wood business; but my own experience was rather unfortunate. 1870 was the year of the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad, and the number of steamboats on the upper Missouri dropped from forty in 1869 to eight in 1870. Consequently wood was a drug in the market and could not be sold at any price. Out of several hundred cords which my partner and I banked we sold less than twenty-five cords, and before the summer was over the Indians burned the remainder.

Even as high up as Muscleshell wood chopping was a dangerous business. We never worked without a man on guard and our rifles leaning against the nearest stump. And even with all possible precaution men were killed nearly every season. Hardly a "point" but had its rudely marked grave and its tale of battle and death. But lower down the river the business was still more risky and had been almost entirely abandoned. In 1868 a party of eight young men came out from St. Louis and went ashore near Spread Eagle bar above Fort Union to establish a wood yard. They were told it was almost sure death, but they were inexperienced and thought they could conciliate the Indians and insisted on carrying out their purpose. A few weeks later the boat on which they had come up the river returned from Fort Benton just in time to bury their bones.

A party of Sioux had come up to them, played friendly, mingled among them without suspicion, been allowed to examine their Henry rifles and finally killed them with their own guns. After plundering the cabin they set it on fire, and the logs were still smouldering when the steamboat arrived. Truly the banks of the Missouri are bloody ground.

I must not close this sketch without mention of the one white woman at that time living on the upper Missouri below Fort Benton. Her name was Jennie, by courtesy called Mrs. Smith, but better known throughout Montana under a sobriquet not fit for polite ears. She lived with a man by the name of Frank Smith, who went to Michigan with her in 1870 and there married her. While at Muscleshell she lost her scalp. One day she was carrying dinner out to some men hauling wood in the hills, when a war party of Indians surprised her, shot her through the neck and, supposing her dead, scalped her before any one could come to the rescue. The Indians were soon driven off and it was found that, except for losing her scalp, she had suffered no serious injury. When I saw her she was apparently none the worse for her adventure.

Such was life on the Missouri fifteen years ago, full of danger and exposure and apparently with few attractions to relieve its rude and repulsive features. Yet so easy is it for man to relapse into barbarism that even now men of education and refinement become infatuated with its untrammelled freedom and find it difficult to tear themselves away after once becoming accustomed to it.

# ACCOUNT OF THE ATTEMPTS TO BUILD A TOWN AT THE MOUTH OF THE MUSSELSHELL RIVER.

BY LIEUT. JAMES H. BRADLEY.

(AUTHORITY—COL. GEORGE CLENDENNIN.)

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The advantages presented by the mouth of the Musselshell\* River for the location of a town, were early to attract attention after the settlement of Montana. The Missouri River above this point presents a difficult navigation in consequence of its swift current and numerous rapids, and late in July or early in August generally becomes too shallow to admit of navigation at all by the class of boats usually employed; while, until late in October, little difficulty is experienced in ascending to this point. Again, above the mouth of the Musselshell, the Missouri describes a wide circle to the north-west, while a practicable land route exists by the short arc drawn from this point to the settlements in the mining regions. It was believed that a successful rival to Fort Benton might be here established, and the broad and beautiful valley presented by the receding bluffs and the abundant timber in the vicinity were additional arguments in favor of the selection of this point. As the fine and fertile basin of the Judith, through which the road would pass, is suited to agriculture and naturally dependent upon a town thus located, it was hoped that a numerous population would ere long resort hither and thus advance materially the importance and prosperity of the place. Then passing into the realms of conjecture, as the surrounding mountains had never been thoroughly prospected, it was believed by many that paying gold fields would eventually be found there, and thus a new and mighty impulse be given to a town so conveniently located with reference to them as the one projected.

Influenced by such considerations, a number of gentlemen associated themselves as the Rocky Mountain Wagon Road Company and in 1866 opened a route across the mountains south of the Missouri River, from the mining regions of Montana to the mouth of the Musselshell, at which point a townsite was selected. An old steamboat captain named Kerchival had been among the first to advocate the route, and was one of the partners in the company, and in his honor the place was given the name of Kerchival City. The company put up a log cabin which was occupied

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\*Many writers spell this word "Muselshell." On old maps of Montana this spelling prevailed, but on recent ones it is usually spelled as in the text above.



by its employees; but two years passed, the town did not grow, the freighting business did not flourish in consequence of powerful opposition, and presently the encroaching waters of the river swept the establishment of the Rocky Mountain Wagon Road Company into the stream, and Kerchival City passed into the catalogue of towns that were but are not.

In 1868 the attempt was renewed under the auspices of the Montana Hide and Fur Company, of Helena, which dispatched a party of nine men under James Brewer to take post at the mouth of the Musselshell and build a warehouse. They arrived in March, 1868, laid out a town on the south bank of the Missouri and called it Musselshell. Soon afterward they were joined by Colonel George Clendennin with his brother Richard, and James McGinniss, from Grand Island, where this gentleman had opened a woodyard while awaiting the developments respecting the new town. He at once began the construction of buildings for the purpose of engaging in trade. In the course of the season a number of people flocked to the new town from the mountains and up and down the river; and before the following winter eight buildings were ranged in line fronting the river bank, while some fifty people were gathered in the vicinity. A company of troops, commanded by Captain Nugent of the 13th Infantry, came down from Camp Cooke and took post there, building a stockade with bastions just below the town within whose walls they pitched their tents, giving to the place the name of Camp Reeve. The friendly tribes of Gros Ventres and Crows resorted to the place in large numbers to trade: and thus during the summer of 1868 all was bustle and activity at the mouth of the Musselshell.

Things thus looked prosperous for the new town. If so much was accomplished in one summer with the disadvantages of making a beginning, what might not be reasonably looked for in succeeding years now that so imposing a nucleus was fairly established? To this question a prompt if not satisfactory answer was given. Hostile Sioux at once environed the town, swept down upon and scooped up, in the adjacent valley, the grazing herds of the townsfolk and killed two soldiers of the garrison. In the fall of 1868 the troops were withdrawn to Camp Cooke.\*

Musselshell was destined, in the course of its brief existence, to be the center of considerable Indian adventure, and, ere the summer of 1868 passed by, the first scene in the drama had been enacted. But before proceeding to its narration, let us inform the reader of an event of previous occurrence that, though not properly connected with the history of Musselshell, paved the way to the incident we propose to relate. During the year 1867 the government let a contract for the establishment of a pony mail route from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Helena, Montana; Fort Hawley being one of the stations, and the point of departure from the Missouri River for Diamond City. The service, however, was very ill-performed, and a measure that might have been of great benefit to the country became a positive detriment from the repeated losses of the mail matter forwarded by the route. The pony-riders had long and difficult journeys to make between the different stations, they found fuel scarce and newspapers heavy, and with happy ingenuity got over both

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\*In the winter of 1868-9 the buffalo were very numerous around Musselshell, but then migrated to the north of Fort Benton, not returning to the Musselshell country till the winter of 1874-5, when they were very scarce, near Fort Benton.

difficulties by burning the papers, and developing still farther their inventive talent made excellent cigar lighters out of the letters in the mail sack. To receive a letter over the route at all soon became a matter of surprise, and at last the government refused payment for the ill-performed services and the route was abandoned.

In the spring of 1868, Al. Bradbury, superintendent of the western section of the route—which, we will remark, was exceptionally well conducted—arrived at Musselshell, having been engaged in collecting the material of the company and closing up its affairs. About the middle of April he set out for Helena accompanied by Henry McDonald, a daring and successful rider on the route, and four other men, the party having in its possession some five or six horses. The route chosen led them over the Judith Mountains, and, as they neared their base, they discovered at a distance a party of about thirty Sioux Indians whose movements were threatening and the party sought a commanding knoll and prepared for defense by digging small rifle pits with their butcher knives. The Indians came up and attacked them vigorously, making repeated charges against their position, which were all repulsed. Here under a hot fire they maintained a stubborn defense for two hours, when night fell.

They had lost all their horses, killed in the course of the attack, and two of the men were wounded though not disabled. As soon as the darkness screened their movements they abandoned their position and were enabled to elude the vigilance of the savages, and Bradbury with four of his companions subsequently reached the settlements without further adventure. But not so the other, named Dennis. During the night he became separated from his companions and with all his efforts was unable to rejoin them. He floundered about in the darkness in a state of no little anxiety, and when morning broke discovered to his dismay that the Indians were upon his trail. He fled at his best speed, but found that he was being rapidly overtaken. Escape now seemed impossible, but with the desperation of despair he pressed on.

He was now entangled in the "bad-lands" prevalent in that region, which is seamed and scarred by the combined action of wind and water until it presents an illimitable dismal prospect of barren mounds, naked ridges and deep, steep-walled ravines, difficult to traverse and almost completely shunned by every form of animal and vegetable life. As he struggled on he came upon one of those sinks, so common in such regions, where the water has worn a subterranean channel from the high ground to the bottom of some ravine. The Indians were now close at hand and into this he plunged, crawling forward till he found an indentation in the side, into which he sank and lay motionless. The Indians were not long in reaching the spot and discovered his hiding place. The winding course of the hole hid the white man from their view and they hesitated to follow him into his cavern. But one could advance at a time, and should the white man be armed—as seemed probable—the leader at least must be killed. It was a desperate enterprise and all shrank from it.

But at last they discovered the exit of the sink in the ravine below. An entrance here was less perilous, as it was supposed the white man's attention would be directed to the other opening and he might be surprised by a cautious advance. Three young warriors stripped and entered. As they crept slowly and noiselessly up the narrow way, by an instinctive

feeling Dennis became aware of their approach. He was armed with a revolver, and shrinking close in his little cavern he nerved himself for a desperate defense. He was unaware of the number of his foes; but resolved if the leader passed him without discovery to permit him to do so, and thus get two in range before firing. On they came, and as Dennis had hoped, the foremost savage, peering straight forward, glided by on his hands and knees as noiselessly as a mouse. Close behind him followed a second and aiming as well as he could through the intense gloom, Dennis pulled the trigger. Before the savage who had passed him could recover from his astonishment Dennis fired another shot with the muzzle almost touching the body of his foe. Then all was still except the hurried scrambling of the rearmost Indian as he retreated by the way he had come, leaving Dennis alone with the motionless forms of his two victims.

The shots came to the ears of the Indians above, and they anxiously awaited the result. But no shout of triumph came from their comrades in the sink and presently the sole survivor of the three rejoined them with the story of his companions' probable fate. Then a yell of rage and lamentation went up outside, and Dennis listened in trembling apprehension lest the desire of revenge should urge them to a still more desperate effort against his life. But it was not made. Their "medicine" proved too weak and they sought their recompense of scalps in the pursuit of some less hazardous enterprise.\*

All day Dennis remained in his cavern, tortured with suspense, listening for the movements of his foes without, but for hours all was still. When night came he crept past the bodies of his victims and ventured forth, choosing the outlet into the ravine. To his great joy the enemy was gone, and he lost no time in putting all possible distance between himself and the scene of so much mental suffering. But his troubles were not over, for during two days he wandered without food or water, and then had the good fortune to reach a camp of Crow Indians, where he obtained refreshment and repose and the next day made his way to Musselshell.

This story is given as narrated by himself, but circumstances afford it corroboration; and the writer, in common with the well-known and highly esteemed gentleman who is his informant, deems it as much entitled to credit as the wonderful escapes of Colter, Clyburne and others, that upon similar evidence are now accepted as facts of frontier history. Indeed, a majority of the most intensely interesting incidents of personal adventure are based upon the unsupported statements of the parties themselves, and were all such to be erased from the pages of frontier

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\* In a letter to Hon. Granville Stuart, dated Musselshell, Montana, Feb. 22, 1891, Mr. Fountain M. Dennis very modestly refers to this adventure and says there were but five in the party, namely: Al Bradbury, Henry McDonald, Harvey Martin, a man whose name was unknown to him and himself. He says further, the only man wounded in the party was himself. Mr. Dennis was born March tenth, 1836, county of Boone, state of Missouri. He arrived at Virginia City (Alder Gulch) March fifth, 1864.

It will be noticed that while the statements in regard to the number of men in the party and those wounded vary slightly with the account given by Lieutenant Bradley, it makes no essential difference, and it is not surprising after a lapse of more than twenty-five years that such discrepancy should arise where memory only is to be relied upon, although it is quite as probable that Colonel Clendennin or Lieutenant Bradley may be at fault in this narrative.—H. S. W.

history, it would almost bankrupt them in interest, and leave but little indeed to animate youth to deeds of daring and rouse anew the sluggish blood in the veins of age.

The spring of 1869 brought some encouragement to the enterprising inhabitants of Musselshell. General Hancock, commanding the department of Dakota in which Montana was embraced, directed the survey of a military road from Fort Ellis to the mouth of the Musselshell River and the selection of a suitable military reservation in the vicinity of the latter point. This work was performed under the superintendence of Captain Cliff of the 30th Infantry, the reservation chosen being about a mile square, bordering to the north upon the Missouri River and embracing both banks of the Musselshell. This seemed to portend the establishment of a military post, and, as Camp Cooke was badly located and its abandonment about to take place, it was hoped that the garrison might take post at the new town. But this was a hope not destined to fulfillment, while meantime the settlement was beset with Indian alarms.

In March, 1869, a considerable war party of Sioux advanced against the place. Passing up the river they attacked a party of four woodchoppers at the mouth of Fourchette Creek who were at work near their cabin. Three were killed, but the fourth, though wounded, reached that shelter, his retreat being covered by a comrade, who was himself suffering from a previous wound and hence had remained in the cabin. The two maintained a successful resistance, and when the savages left remained till their wounds permitted them to travel, when they made their way to the settlement. Arriving at Musselshell the Indians placed themselves in ambush on the morning of March twenty-second, within a quarter of a mile of town. Two wagons were occupied in hauling logs from the adjacent woods, one coming as the other went, and thus meeting at every trip. In one of the trips a white woman of the town and two Crow squaws were riding in one of the wagons, when it met the other in the midst of the ambuscade. At this moment the Indians opened fire. The wagon containing the women was overturned, the white woman was shot through the neck and scalped after nearly reaching town, while the rest of the party fled, one of the squaws receiving a bullet through the leg.

The firing alarmed the town and the citizens turned out under arms. As Colonel Clendennin turned the corner of his store he saw an Indian leaping about in the sage brush about one hundred and fifty yards distant, and gave him the benefit of several shots, but without effect. It was at this place that the wounded white woman was found, who was brought in, and who finally recovered, minus her scalp. All but one of the remainder of the attacked party reached town in safety. This one, old Captain Andrews, a well-known miner of Montana, was some distance off and calling for help, as the Indians were in the sage brush between him and town. A party advanced to his aid in skirmish order and effected his rescue.

As Colonel Clendennin had some cattle in the woods he called for volunteers to assist him in bringing them in. A number joined him and they pushed on rapidly into the woods. As they advanced, some Indians on the hills were seen calling out and making signs, as if to warn their comrades in the timber. Soon afterward, when the party were about

three-fourths of a mile from town, two Indians appeared through the timber driving the cattle before them. They approached with confidence until within one hundred and fifty yards of the party, when with a start of surprise they turned and fled. The whites had not fired, as the unconcerned approach of the Indians led to the belief that they were part of some friendly band endeavoring to do a service, but the Indians at first had evidently taken them for their own party, not dreaming that the whites would thus boldly seek them in the timber. They were fired upon as they fled, but without effect.

But this affair was only the prelude to one of a more serious character. On the morning of the ninth of May, 1869, a man named Davis and his squaw, started down the Missouri toward the Musselshell for fuel. As they approached the bank of the latter stream an Indian rose and fired upon them, the bullet passing through the clothes of the squaw between the arm and the body. The alarm was instantly communicated to the town, and as every man's weapon was always ready, in a few moments some twenty armed men were advancing in skirmish order in the direction of the enemy.

Colonel Clendennin was on the left of the line next to the Missouri, and, as the steep bank of the Musselshell afforded the Indians excellent cover, he proposed that he should first reconnoitre their position by keeping along down the Missouri till he reached the mouth of the Musselshell when he would be enabled to get a good view of them up the valley. Acting upon this idea he discovered a numerous body of Indians running along under the bank and turning the point beyond, while about half a dozen were seen to enter a small ravine as if to shelter themselves from the fire he had instantly opened upon them from a repeating rifle. Informing the whites of the situation, the whole party advanced against the ravine, hoping to capture or kill the small force seen to enter it.

As they approached, however, a heavy fire was opened from the ravine and continued with great rapidity, which compelled the whites to halt and lie down in the shelter of the sage brush. In this position both parties remained for some time, exchanging shots whenever a mark was presented. In the meantime Jacob Leader, a German employed by Colonel Clendennin as a Crow interpreter, joined the line and rashly advanced against the ravine. Stimulated by his example the entire party rose and moved forward, but a hot fire was poured into their faces and in a moment Leader fell, with a shot that entered the center of his nose and came out at the back of his head. This checked the advance, and the whites again sought the shelter of the sage brush.

The determination with which the Indians maintained their position in the ravine led the whites to believe that they had wounded comrades there whom they sought to defend; and notwithstanding a heavy rain-storm had set in, it was resolved to continue the attack and afford no opportunity for their removal. In the meantime a reinforcement of about twenty men joined the whites from the other side of the river, but even with this increase of force it was not deemed prudent to advance directly against the ravine, as it was evident several lives must be sacri-

fired.\* Finally Jim Wells, Frank Smith and a man called "Frenchy," proposed to cross the Musselshell at a point below, and, following up the farther bank under cover of the willows to a point opposite the Indian position, secure a flank fire upon the enemy in the ravine. The remainder of the force was to await the result of the attempt and press the attack as soon as the Indians were thrown into confusion.

The plan was well conceived, and it was boldly executed. The valiant little flanking party advanced cautiously on its dangerous mission, arrived opposite the ravine, parted the willows carefully and to their consternation found the ravine swarming with Indians. Instead of the expected six there were not less than sixty. This explained the great weight and rapidity of their fire, and proved that the ravine must have been already filled with Indians when it was reconnoitred by Colonel Clendennin. Nothing daunted by their close proximity to such an overwhelming force, Wells's party opened fire. Amazed at such audacity the Indians returned the fire. But as the rain had soaked their bowstrings and the pans of the flint-lock guns with which many of them were armed, their resistance was feeble and they finally broke. The main body now charged them on the other bank, and routed at all points the Indians, not less than two hundred in number, fled the field, leaving in the hands of the whites thirteen of their number dead or wounded, and bearing with them a large number of wounded, of whom twenty-one afterwards died, many of them immediately after the battle. The whites lost Leader killed and a man named Greenwood wounded in the shoulder. The fight began at half-past seven in the morning and terminated at noon, and may safely be pronounced one of the most hotly contested ever fought with Indians in Montana.

The wounded Indians left upon the field were at once dispatched, and the bodies scalped and in one case otherwise shamefully mutilated. The following day Captain Andrews retaliated for the loss of his oxen in the affair of March twenty-second, by removing the heads from ten of the bodies of the slain Indians, cutting off and preserving the ears, and boiling the heads till the skulls could be cleaned, which he then placed on exhibition and finally carried east.

Soon after the battle a steamboat arrived from below, and it then appeared that the Indians had found means to avenge in part their severe defeat upon this occasion. The boat had touched at a woodyard near Round Butte, about fifty miles below Musselshell, and there found the remains of seven woodchoppers recently killed, scalped and horribly mutilated. It was undoubtedly the work of the party which attacked Musselshell, either before or after the battle.

Musselshell passed through the remainder of the year 1869 without any episode of importance, but no further accessions were made to its

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\*Protected, however, by the sage brush, the whites pressed forward until many of them were within twenty-five or thirty yards of the ravine and almost able to look into it. In fact one venturesome fellow did attempt to do so, but a revolver shot that passed through his hat and grazed his head, taught him more prudence. The reinforcement enabled them so to environ the Indian position that the savages could only have escaped with severe loss, though earlier in the fight they could have done so with ease. They seemed to realize their danger, for in the intervals of the fight they were heard crying and howling in the ravine, and the smoke from their pipes curled into view as they practiced their charms and incantations to appease the Great Spirit and secure his aid in a situation that was becoming desperate.

population. It began to appear that as a freighting town it was a failure, as out of the large fleet of steamboats (unparalleled in the history of the river) that this year sought the upper Missouri, only one discharged freight at this point—about eighty tons—which was the only freight ever forwarded over the new road. The surrounding country was undeveloped, furnishing no other local business than the trade of the desultory bands of Crows and Gros Ventres, who came in fear and trembling of their dreaded enemies, the Sioux. In this year, too, the Pacific railroad completed its embrace of the continent and the new channel thus created for the flow of Montana traffic, was far from strengthening the foundations upon which the prosperity of Musselshell was to reach its grand proportions. Still the town held bravely on, and if it did not this year increase in population it at least suffered no material diminution, but when the winter of 1869-70 settled down upon the aspiring *entre pot* to Montana, giving the inhabitants rest from toil and turmoil and affording opportunity for reflection, the most sanguine were unable to extract from the situation much comfort for the ensuing season.

As usual, Sioux war parties followed in the train of the year (1870) and the familiar crack of the rifle and the savage war whoop again resounded in the valley. No serious engagement ensued, and no inhabitant of the town was killed, but it was believed that the better handled rifles of the townspeople made occasional vacancies in the prowling squads of Sioux warriors. A new feature was this year introduced into the skirmishes at Musselshell. A three-inch smooth-bore iron cannon was loaned to the inhabitants by General Hancock, with an abundant supply of solid shot, shell and cannister; and its thunders occasionally echoed through the valley, dispersing in disorder the impudent bands of savages that congregated upon Sioux Hill, from which with impunity they had formerly signalled defiance to the town.

But notwithstanding the cannon, the Indians had found means to observe that a party of the citizens returned at about a certain hour every day to work at a cellar in course of excavation in the suburbs: and on the night of the third of July, 1870, a numerous party crept to the place under cover of the darkness and, concealing themselves in the cellar, prepared to give the working party a bit of a surprise when they appeared at the usual hour in the morning. The next day, however, was the Fourth of July, and the patriotism of the cellar diggers induced them to pass the day in recreation and repose. The ambuscading warriors awaited their appearance in vain, being for a good part of the day dissatisfied and disappointed spectators of the festivities in town. At last Mr. Halvor Olson crossed from the opposite side of the river, and passed sufficiently near the ambuscade to induce the Indians to fire. Fortunately, however, he escaped unharmed, and the discomfited savages fled with increased respect for the protecting influences of the white peoples' great "medicine day," leaving one of their number killed. His body was brought into town, tied on a log and rolled into the river. The patriotism of the cellar diggers saved their lives, and it is seldom that a better argument is presented for the observance of our great national holiday.

But a still more wonderful escape occurred this year a little earlier in the season. An eccentric and restless Frenchman arrived from Helena for the purpose of taking passage down the river by the first boat. After

waiting at Musselshell for some time he grew discontented, and after a period of fretfulness set out on foot alone to return to Helena. Finding no inns or habitations by the way where he could refresh himself, he was glad to retrace his steps, and, as he was without food and the country he traversed was destitute of water, he arrived at Musselshell nearly exhausted. Untaught by this experience he concluded to attempt a return by the "Benton trail" and again set forth.

Soon after his departure an alarm of Indians was raised in town, and the inhabitants turned out under arms. The Indians were seen dashing on horseback through the skirt of the timber, from which they proceeded at full speed by a roundabout course to the top of the hill by which the Benton trail ascended from the valley. Here they posted themselves so as to be screened from the view of anyone ascending by the trail. Meantime the Frenchman, unconscious of his peril, tramped on and began to climb the hill. He was in full view of the assembled villagers, who sought by every means to attract his attention and warn him of his danger, but unhearing or unheeding he kept on his way. Thwarted in their efforts to warn him and powerless to aid him, the townspeople remained for some moments anxious spectators of his movements.

As they saw the deliberate preparations of the savages to take the Frenchman's life and the rapidly lessening distance between them and their intended victim, the excitement became intense; and at last almost by a common impulse they levelled their guns and opened fire. Upon the Indians? No, that would have been futile; but upon the Frenchman. His destruction seemed inevitable, and it was thought better that a friendly hand should speed the bolt and disappoint the exultant savages of their anticipated triumph. It is seldom that such a sight is witnessed.

The bullets rattled around the Frenchman like hail, but he seemed to wear a charmed life, for though good shots were handling many of the rifles not one took effect. In spite of the fire he kept steadily on, and soon rising above the ridge found himself face to face with the expectant savages. Then for the first time he paused, gazing at them in bewilderment. They might have killed him at once, but withheld their fire to count their *coups*. With this object they dashed upon him as he stood spell-bound and irresolute and in a moment he was surrounded. The leading Indian counted his *coup* by dealing him a heavy blow with the flat of a saber across the face. The stroke roused the Frenchman from his stupor, and with a tremendous bound he cleared the throng and dashed down the hill. Never was such speed made before by human feet and his steps when subsequently measured were something wonderful. Not an Indian dared urge his horse down the steep hill at sufficient pace to overtake him.

The villagers had turned their fire upon the Indians when they exposed themselves, and had continued it briskly during the episode on the hill. This checked their pursuit, and they contented themselves with delivering a rapid fire after the retreating Frenchman while he continued within range, when they moved off. The same miracle seemed to protect him under the fire of the Indians, for it was as unavailing as had been that of the villagers, and after running such a gauntlet as friend



and foe have seldom combined to prepare for a man, he reached the town in safety. After this affair he was enabled to restrain his impetuosity until the arrival of a boat.

While these events were transpiring the waning confidence in their enterprise upon the part of the founders of Musselshell reached fruition. In the spring of 1870 the Montana Hide and Fur Company closed its affairs there and abandoned the place: and throughout the season desertions occurred one by one, until Colonel Clendennin found himself, about the close of August, alone with his employees and establishment. Musselshell as a town was no more.

This gentleman resolved to remain, for the purpose of carrying on an Indian trade, and with this view took down the abandoned houses, made considerable additions to his buildings and connected them with a stockade, making a compact and handsome fort to which he gave the name of Fort Sheridan. For four years he remained resolutely in this dangerous region with a garrison of from five to eight men, trading with the Indians and keeping a woodyard for the convenience of steamboats. His customers were the Sioux, who upon the abandonment of the town ceased open hostilities against the place and agreed to remain peaceable, as they wished to make the fort a point to trade. Standing Buffalo with a numerous band was the first to appear, in the spring of 1871, but though similar bands visited the fort in succeeding years, the trade was never extensive or profitable. The Crows and Gros Ventres ceased their trading visits when the town was abandoned, but the surrounding region was a standing battle ground between them and the Sioux to which few but war parties resorted.

Although, during the existence of Fort Sheridan, the Sioux exhibited no open hostility in that vicinity, they continued to steal horses when opportunity offered, and upon two occasions added to the list of murders perpetrated there. On the fifth of January, 1871, two employees of the fort, Charles B. McKnight and John Ross, were surprised and killed by the Santee Sioux within a mile and a half of the fort while in the woods looking for ash timber. The following year a white man named Hunter, accompanied by three Assiniboine squaws, was attacked by the Uncpapas while looking over the battle ground of May ninth, 1869. The squaws were all killed under the supposition that they were Crows, but Hunter escaped with a severe wound.

Upon the founding of Carroll in the spring of 1874, Colonel Clendennin broke up his establishment at the mouth of the Musselshell and in May of that year removed to the new town. Fort Sheridan was dismantled and the available material transferred to Carroll, the cannon contributed by General Hancock being returned to Fort Buford. About two hundred cords of wood valued at \$4.50 per cord were left behind at the landing and was burned by the Sioux the June following. In July, Christopher Gates and Patrick Vaughan were dispatched by Colonel Clendennin to take down the remaining buildings at Fort Sheridan and cut up the material into steamboat wood. While thus engaged they were surprised by the Sioux, who seemed to haunt the place with relentless hatred. From the indications it appeared that Gates was killed, while Vaughan had sought refuge in one of the buildings, which was then fired by the Indians and he perished in the flames.

## GENERAL ALFRED SULLY'S EXPEDITION OF 1864.

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BATTLE WITH THE COMBINED TRIBES OF SIOUX  
INDIANS AMONG THE BAD LANDS OF THE  
LITTLE MISSOURI.

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FROM THE  
DIARY OF JUDGE NICHOLAS HILGER.

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In the spring of 1864, the United States Government sent out General Alfred Sully, with troops from north-western Iowa and Minnesota, to discover and punish the combined tribes of the hostile Sioux Indians, which were supposed to be located in the Big Horn and Yellowstone valleys, in eastern Montana. This expedition was one of the most powerful, costly and best equipped ever sent out against hostile Indians, consisting as it did of four thousand cavalry, eight hundred mounted infantry, two batteries or twelve pieces of artillery, three hundred government teams and three hundred beef steers; all this, with fifteen steamboats to carry the supplies for the expedition along the course of the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers.

On the fourth day of July of the same year, near the present site of Fort Rice, an emigrant train of one hundred and sixty teams and two hundred and fifty people, bound for the gold mines of Montana, joined the military forces; and on the seventh day of July seven steamers commenced crossing the expedition over the Missouri River, which was accomplished in three days. Fort Rice was located by General Sully on the west side of the river, where the command remained eight days to assist in planning the fort and to start its construction. Eight hundred Wisconsin infantry were here left to finish and occupy it, while the General proceeded westward with the expedition, up the Cannon Ball River to its head and thence across the country to Heart River, in search of a body of hostile Sioux who were reported to be camped on Knife River, immediately east of the Missouri Bad Lands.

When the command arrived at Heart River the government and emigrant trains were left in camp, guarded by the emigrants, while General Sully with his cavalry and artillery went after the Indians who were found where reported, on Knife River. Here he fought them for three hours when the Indians gave up the battle and fled into the bad-lands,

having lost many in killed and wounded. A few soldiers were wounded but none killed. For want of supplies General Sully returned to his camp on Heart River, having been absent for seven days though provisioned for only four. (See Note, end of article.)

From this camp the whole expedition marched toward the south-west, up Heart River to its source, and, after a march of three days over a high, rolling prairie country, on the evening of August fifth, approached the eastern border of the so-called "Bad Lands of the Little Missouri." While passing over slight elevations on the prairie we would get an occasional glimpse of a vast expanse apparently built up with cities, castles, fortresses, and all imaginable kind of structures. At every step in advance we would be excited by new sights of what seemed to be towers, cones, monuments, etc., of every conceivable description, which so impressed all that but few words were spoken, every one apparently imagining that he was about to enter among the ruins of some gigantic prehistoric city. As the setting sun cast his last golden rays upon the vast assemblage of mammoth brick-colored structures, the grandeur and beauty of the scene was wonderfully increased.

On the brink of the eastern ramparts of these prairies—vast ruins that were elevated about five hundred feet above the apparent streets, squares, parks and drives immediately below—we encamped for the night; the rear of our long column filing into place like some huge serpent casting his coils into a compact circle. Darkness stole upon us unawares during the enchantment which held us spell-bound. While admiring the scene we had all forgotten to look for water, feed, or fuel to supply the wants of men and beasts. The heat of the day was over, but the earth was dry, hot and dusty, and we had not a drop of water for our thousands of thirsty horses, mules and cattle, nor for ourselves. The neighings and bellowings of the poor animals made the night hideous and ourselves anything but comfortable.

Here a sad accident happened to one of the men belonging to the cavalry. His company, composing the rear guard, had halted on the edge of the high bluff above the general encampment after darkness had set in, and was thereby prevented from following the trail of the army down among the mass of broken rocks below. Blinded by the glare of a camp fire and deceived by the shadows, this soldier in attempting to pass around the fire stepped over the edge of the bluff, falling two hundred feet onto the rocks below, and was found in the morning an unrecognizable, mangled mass of broken bones and bloody flesh. The remains were buried by his comrades on the spot where he fell.

The night before we reached this camp, our guides, consisting of members of different tribes of Indians, all of whom had been in the Yellowstone valley by other routes, expressed doubts as to our ability to cross the Bad Lands and said that we would probably be obliged to back out. By this time our faith began to weaken, but the General determined to make a desperate effort to cross before turning back.

By daybreak next morning August sixth every man was at his post ready for the march. The guides with one exception had weakened during the night. He, a young Blackfoot of only eighteen years, saying that he had crossed here seven summers before and that he believed he would be able to guide us through, took the lead. About two hours after

the head of the column had disappeared in the deep gorges, wagon after wagon following as the camp kept unrolling from its resting place, the advance hove in sight a few hundred yards distant, coming directly towards us as though lost and attempting to retreat, but soon turned and entered the apparent opening of a fortress to disappear once more from view. Meanwhile the camp had uncoiled, the last teams losing themselves in a cloud of dust which rose all along and was the only indication of the movements of the train.

The cavalry horses became an encumbrance, each fourth man having to manage four horses while the other three were deployed on foot, for no advance or flank movement could be made on horseback. Many exploring parties struck out in different directions and returned laden down with samples of petrified wood, plants, fishes and reptiles, giving descriptions of wonderful scenery. One place in particular, situated about two miles north-west from our last camp, I will try to describe. After passing over and along a sharp, zig-zag ridge for about half a mile, then climbing a narrow deep gorge, not over fifty feet wide at the top, and following the same for a considerable distance, it finally entered into a level opening or park about one hundred feet wide. Continuing, the gorge wound about in various directions between all imaginable shapes and kinds of rocky structures, in many places opening into dark caves, until we found ourselves within a park of circular, stone monuments or columns, that varied in size from three to eight feet in diameter and from ten to fifty feet in height, and which were of an equal thickness from base to summit. On the tops of these pillars were flat stones or "caps," which lay horizontally, their rims extending over and beyond the pillar below, on all sides, by from one to five feet and giving the whole the appearance of a crop of gigantic mushrooms.

Leaving this park and further explorations, we took a south-westerly direction towards the supposed course of our train, passing many more such "mushroom" parks, climbing up and down over many mounds, resembling the crumbling ruins of brick-kilns, walls and chasms, and finally reached a flat, about a quarter of an acre in extent, upon the top of a cone or circular mound. In the distance, from one to three miles to the west and south-west, we could see clouds of dust hanging in the hot air above our train; also groups of men standing upon the various easles, towers and mounds, and, again, hundreds of others scrambling and climbing in all directions in order to gain the highest points of observation. Half a mile away to the south-east we could see a portion of the train crawling like a mighty serpent around a circular mound in the valley below and passing in a north-easterly direction along a narrow gulch to its upper end against the abrupt bluffs, then circling to the west and returning against its previous course, but a few rods only from its former track, and through seeming gateways passing out of sight.

The reason for this roundabout course was an almost fathomless narrow crevice in the earth, through which the expedition toiled its weary and dusty way. At different places to the west of us could be seen parts of the train forming and unfolding at the same time along its course, and yet with such regularity as to seem that the whole consisted of but one living body.

A large pick and shovel brigade followed close behind the guide and

his guard, cutting and opening a narrow road over and through all conceivable barriers. About four o'clock P. M. a temporary halt was made in a narrow flat that was composed of clay, burned red, of piles and stacks of black vitreous furnace-slag and klinkers. A strip of dead underbrush lay along the dry and slaggy channel of a former water course, and here the command awaited the reports of the guide and pioneers in advance. The red-burned peaks and heights surrounding us were covered with crowds of citizens and dismounted soldiers. Major Brackett, commanding the cavalry, who was at the time leaning against a huge tower of klinkers, asked of General Sully what he thought of the country; whereupon the General, drawing a long breath, answered: "I think it is h—l burnt out!"

About this time the order, "Forward, march!" came. When the train had gotten started again, skirmish firing was heard about half a mile south-west of us and in the course of fifteen minutes the whole command was surrounded by thousands of hostile Sioux. Before sunset the panoramic view had changed from "hell burnt out" to "hell alive." The red devils were everywhere, firing and sending bullets and arrows into our ranks. One of our chaplains, after watching the quick, bold and desperate charges of the Indians on our resolute and defying forces, exclaimed: "Here we have a true picture of his Satanic Majesty's forces welcoming their new guests on Judgment day." From every point, cliff, hole or cave, the Indians fired upon us. Our parties of explorers rushed in from all directions, many having had narrow escapes. It is a mystery to this day how so many stragglers got into our lines alive.

By sundown the advance reached the Little Missouri River and, following up the stream about a mile, went into camp on a little flat upon which the whole expedition was crowded for the night. The Indians by this time seemed to feel assured of success, for our camp was almost surrounded by high and perpendicular walls, from the top of which they could even hurl stones into our midst. Scarcely had the camp been formed, however, when the artillery was placed and at once the two batteries (twelve pieces) opened fire with solid shot, shells and grape. Such running and scrambling, such jumping over precipices and up and down almost perpendicular walls and cliffs and gorges as was done by the red devils, many dismounted and bloody, and by riderless horses and ponies that went dashing in all directions, was hardly ever seen before. The noise of the guns and their roaring echoes made the hills almost shake. Nowhere, I venture to say, did artillery sound so noble and grand and commanding as on this occasion. By dusk the firing ceased, for the Indians had all fled. Without feed for our animals and with a double line of pickets around our camp, we passed our first night in the heart of the Bad Lands with no unusual disturbance.

The next morning (August seventh), at daybreak, the train started on again; every citizen as well as soldier standing side by side in line for duty. The pioneer brigade, armed with pick and shovels, was largely increased for the road had all to be made. We moved up along the Little Missouri about one mile, fording it twice, and turning to the west entered a narrow and deep crevasse that was barely wide enough for the wagons to pass through. This we followed upward from the river, in a zig-zag course for about three miles, and emerged as though out of the ground upon a high bluff about one mile westward from our last camp.

Just as we emerged from this under-ground passage, so to speak, our Indian guide was shot through the body. He was immediately picked up by Richard Hoback, now a resident of Helena, who was a member of Company H, Minnesota Mounted Infantry, and carried to headquarters where the wound was dressed by the surgeons. At this critical moment a complete rout seemed inevitable, for the other Indians accompanying us, not knowing the way through the mysterious pass, all turned back on the run and frightened the led-horses which had been placed in charge of every fourth trooper, who by a resolute stand averted a general stampede in which disaster would have been assured.\* The men, during a portion of the day, had to feel for and find their own way, until the guide had recovered from the shock of his wound. He was then held up by the men in a carriage, and thus riding was able to point out the course of our route.

The general formation of the country ahead of us was similar to that behind, but much worse for our wagons. Additional assistance had to be furnished to teamsters, and at the roughest and steepest places men were stationed to assist the passing of the teams, with orders to destroy every conveyance that should upset or break down in order that the route for those following might not be obstructed. The dust arose in thick clouds from the hot ash-like formation of the ground, so that no teamster could see the leaders at the head of his team, and by two o'clock in the day the heat had become so great that the work horses, from lack of sufficient food and water for several days past, began to give out by dozens. New teams were made up from animals surviving from the old ones, and wagons and their contents were destroyed because it was impossible to transport them further. The rear guard killed all animals that gave out in order that they might not become of service to the Indians.

By 3 P. M. of this day we began to fear we should lose all of our animals; but soon thereafter a pool of stagnant rain water about fifty feet in diameter and four inches deep, with from ten to eighteen inches of mud underneath, was found at a foot-hill against a mountain. The horses of the cavalry rushed for this pool, and only by the greatest difficulty were they prevented from trampling it into mud. As it was the

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\*At this time I was in command of a squad comprising every fourth trooper of Company H, 2nd Minnesota Cavalry, being those who were left in charge of the horses while the remainder of our company, officers and men, together with other troops, were deployed on foot upon either flank of the command.

When the young guide was shot the Indian scouts, about two hundred in number, with their chief at their head, in a panic came rushing back upon the cavalry horses which had been moving forward immediately in their rear. This left our front open to the attack of the hostiles, who swept down towards the exposed point in a body. The one company in our front doubled up and came in upon us with the scouts; whereupon I pushed through the rout to where the chief was, and, cocking the hammer of my carbine, drew the gun down upon him and told him to halt the scouts immediately or I would kill him then and there. He at once obeyed the order, and then said that the guide had been killed at the front and that he with the scouts were on their way to report the turn of affairs to General Sully. Forcing them to keep their position in the van I caught up the guide, whom some of the scouts had brought in, and carried him back some distance to an open place where I left him in the care of two troopers. There he lay until General Sully reached him with his ambulance. This halt of the scouts enabled the troops, who were advancing on either flank, to come in and cover the front, thereby saving the command from what might well have been an irretrievable disaster.

The command of the expedition this day devolved upon Colonel M. T. Thomas, of the 2nd Brigade (Minnesota): General Sully being quite ill at the time.—Richard Hoback.

supply was insufficient and many belated citizens and soldiers offered a dollar for a canteen full of the muddy water. Here we pitched our camp for the second night in the bad-lands.

In the morning (August eighth) the Indians returned in greater numbers and more defiantly than ever. The firing began at the front, but soon they charged us at all available points. Our artillery was now distributed: six pieces were placed in front, two on each flank, and two in the rear. General Sully ordered shell to be thrown into all the numerous hiding places (places of ambush) along the route, and so effective were these means in dislodging the Indians that by noon they feared to occupy such positions and thenceforth fought upon open ground.

The dead bodies of many Indians lay strewn along the route. Our chief guide, the young man who had been shot through the body as before described, still rode with us in a carriage, but many of our men were killed and wounded by the bullets of the hostiles. Owing to the inferiority of their arms we could keep the savages at a tolerably safe distance with our longer range guns and the artillery; otherwise there might not have been a man of us left alive, so numerous were they and so persistent in their attacks. (See Note, end of article.)

Before arriving at the pool of water, above mentioned, the Indians made one more desperate attack upon our front, but meeting with a severe repulse withdrew by sundown. With one quarter of our men on guard duty we passed the night serenely and quietly, with the exception of the pitiful cries of our hungry and thirsty animals. At this time many of the citizens fed flour, bread and anything eatable from their scanty supplies to the animals in order to keep them alive.

The next morning (August ninth), at daybreak, the command started forward. The Indians came on stronger than ever and attacked us on all sides. Close to the camp a high and rocky "butte" arose above the surrounding country. Many of us climbed to its summit, from which vantage-ground we could overlook the whole field of battle. Indian chiefs and commanders could be seen in all directions, signalling and directing the movements of their forces. It was a sight one may never forget. About two miles west of us our front seemed to have been checked by the hostiles, while the reports of fire-arms and artillery indicated a desperate struggle. About this time the rear of the train got in motion, and shortly thereafter the firing ceased. Soon a great cloud of dust was seen rising about two miles to the south-west of our advance, which upon close inspection proved to be a living mass of warriors, with their families and herds, stampeding in a south-easterly direction into the bad-lands and endeavoring to escape from their victorious and unconquerable enemies. We did not pursue them, however.

By noon our advance had reached the western boundary of the bad-lands, at a small creek on a rolling prairie that stretched to the westward. Here had been the chosen spot of the Sioux for a safe camp and a stronghold against all enemies. The camping ground was about three miles long, from north to south, and three-fourths of a mile wide. Their fires were yet burning: and many of their effects, including the undisposed-of bodies of dead warriors, were left in the camp to tell of the hasty and unexpected flight. About three miles farther west we camped for the night, with water in plenty but with grass scant.

The hostile warriors, as soon as their camp was in safety, climbed up onto the highest elevations around us and there sat by thousands, looking quietly on to see us move forward at our leisure towards their new Eldorado—the Yellowstone country.

The next day (August tenth) the command traveled north-west over a rolling prairie that was intersected by broken ridges, without feed or water for our animals until near midnight, when we found a little strong alkali water and a little "wire" grass. On this day our animals began to give out by the hundreds, and the rear guard kept up a continuous fire to kill them as they fell. Their carcasses and the abandoned wagons will mark our route here for many years to come.

Upon August eleventh, in order to recuperate, we did not start until late. The citizens, now in the advance and feeling safe from Indian attack, about ten o'clock in the morning heard the welcome sound of steam whistles, which proved to be those of the steamboats on the Yellowstone River about ten miles west of us. Immediately upon the receipt of this news, General Sully pushed forward his command through the bad-lands and by dark we had arrived upon the banks of the river, a short distance below the site of the present town of Glendive. Here, in the wilderness, we once again beheld those splendid government steamboats, two in number,† which had been moving up and down the beautiful stream for two days in their endeavors to find our expedition. Laden with supplies, they had been sent on in advance early in the season to meet us here, thousands of miles from civilization. They were the first that had ever ascended the Yellowstone River to this point, we were informed. As there was no grass for animals up the river, the country having been stripped of vegetation by the drouth and grasshoppers, and the season being too far advanced for further military operations, the command took its march down the Yellowstone. It took the steamers three days to ferry across our supplies and the baggage to the opposite bank. The wagons and animals were necessarily compelled to ford the river; in doing which many government teams and teamsters, and two citizens from Shakopee, Minnesota, were carried down the stream and drowned. The expedition then moved across the country about thirty miles to opposite old Fort Union, a mile or two above the present site of Fort Buford, and there crossed the Missouri River in the same manner as we had crossed the Yellowstone; many government horses and animals being drowned at this crossing also.

From this point, Fort Union, the military forces returned eastward to the frontier posts of Minnesota and Iowa, there to go into winter quarters. Many citizens, also, discouraged by the hardships they had suffered, returned with the military command to the "States." The remainder of the citizens, however, turned westward to Milk River and moved up that stream to the Bear Paw Mountains, then across the country to Fort Benton and from there south to Sun River, thence by the old "Mullan Road" along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains to the present site of the City of Helena,\* where the travel-worn emigrants finally located with their train and animals for the winter.

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† Chippewa Falls and Alone.

\* This route is approximately that of the present (1896) Great Northern and Montana Central Railways.—W. E. S.



Starting upon the journey from Fort Ridgely, Minnesota, we had been four months on the road, and arrived at Helena on the twenty-first day of September, 1864, after an experience the like of which few emigrants have ever been called upon to pass through or compelled to endure.

Many members of our expedition remained and are still living in the vicinity of Helena, well known to our citizens, and, I believe, respected by all for their true worth. Their names are:

Nicholas Hilger, wife and daughters, cattle owner, Helena.

David N. Hilger, cattle owner, Helena.

Matthew Hilger,\* cattle owner, Helena.

Henry Jurgens, merchant, Helena.

Hon. Thos. J. Lowry,\* attorney-at-law, Helena.

Hon. John H. Shober, attorney-at-law, Helena.

George B. Foote, civil engineer, Helena.

Joseph W. Hartwell, lumberman, Helena.

George White, builder, Helena.

Gilbert Benedict, farmer, Helena.

Adam Crossman,\* wife\* and children, mason, Helena.

Anton Miller,\* Helena.

Dr. S. Irwin Blake, dentist, Helena.

Paul Weidert, wife and children, Lewiston.

M. Lemline\* and wife.\*

Nicholas Gromesh.\*

Philip Constans, merchant, Unionville.

Hon. Frank Welles, merchant, Radersburg.

— Handsheidt,\* wife\* and children.

John Somerville\* and wife.\*

— Le Brash and wife.

— Hase and wife.

P. Hopefield, wife and children.

Paul Kratke and wife.

Beside those mentioned above there were five ladies, whose names are not remembered, who accompanied their husbands through with the expedition.

Andrew J. Fisk, Quartermaster Sergeant, now one of the proprietors of the Helena Herald, and Richard Hoback, Sergeant Company II, 2nd Minnesota Cavalry, returned with the Sully expedition from Fort Union to Minnesota. Both returned to Montana with Captain James Fisk's expedition in 1866 and yet remain here.

Herewith is appended a table showing the military forces under the command of General Sully, as taken in part from his official report of the expedition:

First Brigade (Iowa), under the immediate command of General Sully:

6th Iowa Cavalry, eleven companies, Lieutenant-Colonel Pollock.

7th Iowa Cavalry, three companies, Lieutenant-Colonel Pattee.

Dakota Cavalry, two companies, Captain Miner.

Brackett's Minnesota Battalion, four companies, Major Brackett.

Prairie Battery (Iowa), two sections, Captain N. Pope.

\*Deceased (1896.)

Nebraska Scouts, one company, Captain Stuff.

Second Brigade (Minnesota), Colonel Minar T. Thomas, commanding:  
8th Minnesota Infantry, mounted, ten companies, Lieutenant-Colonel Rodgers.

2nd Minnesota Cavalry, six companies, Colonel R. M. McLaren.

3d Minnesota Battery, two sections, Captain John Jones.

In charge of train and transportation, Captain Anson Northrup.

NOTE--"The following paper, prepared by Colonel M. T. Thomas of the eighth Minnesota some years ago, gives an outline history of what is known as Sully's Indian expedition of 1864:

"The campaigns of Generals Sibley and Sully of 1863 had driven the Indians westward across the Missouri River, and for the time had freed all of Minnesota and most of Dakota of their terrifying presence. They had been worsted in several engagements, but were still strong and defiant, and openly boasted that the white soldiers dare not follow them further. During the winter of 1863 and 1864 a campaign was planned, of greater magnitude and importance than any previous one; its object, to follow the Indians west of the Missouri, and to fight and conquer them if possible. General Alfred Sully, an officer who had seen much service, was detailed to command the expedition. His immediate command consisted of the 5th and 6th Iowa Cavalry, a battalion (Brackett's) from Minnesota, and the 30th Wisconsin Infantry. His force was to be joined on the upper Missouri by a brigade from Minnesota as early in the spring as possible. The Minnesota brigade was formed of the 8th Infantry, mounted, six companies of the 2nd Cavalry, two sections of artillery, and a company of mixed white and Indian scouts. The utmost care had been exercised in the fitting out and equipment of the forces, and when spring came everything was waiting for the grass to start its growth, for the subsistence of the animals depended upon it. I had the honor to be placed in command of the Minnesota brigade, a position to well be proud of, for a finer body of men could not be found in any army.

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In the afternoon we joined General Sully's command, and for the first time I had the pleasure to report to him. General Sully was an unpretentious man of medium size, and rather past the vigorous days of the prime of manhood, yet his perceptions were remarkably clear, and he appeared to know intuitively just where the Indians were and what they would do. These instinctive qualifications, that had been more fully developed by long service in the regular army, rendered him fully competent for the duty to which he had been assigned, and, added to these, a genial temperament made him an agreeable commander.

"The boats came in and in a day our store of supplies was renewed and the united command again resumed the march on July 2d and crossed the Missouri and located Fort Rice July 9th. Colonel Dill, with six companies of the 30th Wisconsin, was stationed there with orders to construct the fort. On the 4th of July the General reviewed the troops, which was all the celebrating that was done, except that a captain got drunk and was placed in arrest. On July 19th, the whole command having been supplied with sixty days' rations, and every pound of surplus clothing and equipments stored away, the march again commenced into

what was then an unexplored country. Our route lay up the Cannon Ball River for several days, and then across to the Heart and up that to its head. As Surgeon Murphy used to say, we were making history. Then no white man's eyes had seen the land we marched over; now a well-established railway is running on our trail, and the country has been so often described that a repetition would be waste of time.

#### BATTLE OF KILLDEER MOUNTAIN.

"On July 26th we corralled our train on Heart River, and, leaving it under a strong guard, started northward in search of the Indians, and in the afternoon of the 28th found them located on Knife River, or rather among the foothills of some mountains near it. The camp was an extensive one, and embraced one hundred and ten bands of Sioux. They had congregated this great force to clear out the white soldiers, and appeared to believe that they could do it. We were about three miles from the camp when they were first discovered by the scouts. There was no excitement apparent on either side, and both deliberately prepared for battle with equal confidence. The line was formed by dismounting three men out of four, leaving the fourth man in charge of the horses, who followed the line in close columns. The dismounted men were formed in line as skirmishers, about four paces apart, with a reserve of cavalry to cover the flanks, and the artillery within supporting distance of the line of battle. It was a formidable looking force, and when the 'Forward!' was sounded there was a determined look on the faces of the men that indicated that they now had a chance to get satisfaction from the redskins. The Indians gathered on their horses, stripped for battle, and began to leisurely ride out towards us; first a few fine-looking fellows rode up nearly within gunshot to reconnoiter, and then little bands would leave the camp and advance, but without any demonstration other than waving their arms in the air or cantering across the plain. At last they came within our reach, and a few rifle shots precipitated the conflict, but not until we had passed half the distance to their camp. At the first shot everything was changed. The bands concentrated, and, uttering their war cries, they dashed toward our lines. Riding at full speed, they would fire their guns and wheel and disappear to load, and come again, in front and flanks and rear. It was a continuous succession of charges that were always repelled by the steady volleys of our men. We kept steadily advancing, their camp our objective point. Their confidence was such that they did not make an effort to save it until we were within half a mile; then, for the first time, we set the artillery to work and threw shells from eight guns with terrifying effect. It was a magnificent sight—1,600 lodges filled with women and children, dogs, horses and all paraphernalia of their homes, and they attempting to save them with the shells bursting about them, carrying destruction in their path. The lodges came down, but too late. The warriors shot their guns, and arrows hissed through the air, but onward went the blue-coated line, and the camp was taken. The fighting was kept up in a desultory way until the sun went down, but the Indians were whipped, and, what was worse, had lost their camp and all supplies, and were fleeing, almost naked, into the mountains. The white soldiers camped upon the ground.

General Sully ordered Major Camp, with Companies E, F, H and I of the 8th Minnesota, to follow the Indians through the deep-wooded ravines and drive them off the high hills beyond the camp, which they accomplished, with some loss to the Indians. From these hills a fine view of the Indians and their families could be had as they swarmed away through the ravines of the Bad Lands, mostly beyond reach. This detachment reached camp, where their horses were, at 11 P. M., and supperless and exhausted, lay down, only to be called to saddle again at midnight. Sully had 2,200 men and he estimated the number of Indians at from 5,000 to 6,000, and that their loss was 100 to 150 killed. Half of the next day was spent in destroying the camp and killing the dogs that were left behind. The one supremely sad thing about a battle is burying the dead, and in this case, although there were but few, it was sad indeed. In the middle of the night the graves were prepared, and without a light or the sound of a drum or bugle, their bodies were placed in the earth and carefully covered up, levelling the surface so that the grave would not be noticed, and when the command marched over them they would be hidden from the sight of the Indians, who would mutilate and despoil them. This battle was called Tah-kah-o-kuty, or Killdeer Mountain. After destroying their camp and an immense amount of material, we moved back six miles and camped. That night the Indians killed two men on our picket post and tried to stampede our horses. The next day we started back for the train in rapid order and reached it after a five and a half days' raid.

"After the engagement the Indians complained to our scouts that they had not had a fair show, because we had come onto their camp when most of their young men were absent looking for us, and that they would call in their young men and meet us again. The scouts told them that was just what we wanted them to do, and that if they would only stand up and fight, instead of running away, we would kill every one of them. Brag is natural to an Indian, and when the scouts and Indians had a little hill between them their tongues had many a wordy contest. We returned to our camp in a heavy rainstorm, everybody tired and nervous for want of sleep. We had marched one hundred and seventy-two miles, fought a battle of eight hours and destroyed the camp in less than six days. After the guards and pickets were placed the camp settled down, but not to sleep. First the shrill yell of a wolf startled the drowsy senses, and then another, and then the air was filled with the piercing, harrowing sounds: a picket gun was fired, and then another, and the men seized their arms, and, because they were awakened, damned everything. The officers on duty went to see what was the matter at the outposts; the men thought they had seen something and fired. To reassure them was impossible; the firing was kept up all night long, and only the warm sunshine of the morning dispelled the delusions of the night. Going west again the stream led us up to the plains, and after we had passed its source we had a day's march across level country. In the afternoon of the 5th of August we were marching leisurely along, the Knife Mountains just visible in the north and the Black Hills equally distant in the southward. In front there was no indication of anything but an almost level plain, but suddenly the head of the column halted, and, riding to the front, I found the General and the advance guard gazing down at the

Bad Lands. As I halted beside the General he said: 'This is hell with the fires put out.' The description was brief, but to the point. Dante must have received his inspiration from such a scene. For forty miles to the west, and as far as the eye could see to the north and south, the body of the earth was rent and torn, leaving gorges, buttes and yawning chasms, and everything showing the color of burnt-out fires. It was an awe-inspiring sight. True, it had not come without warning, for some knowledge of it was general, but no description could bring to the mind a comprehension of its magnitude. We had among the scouts a little Blackfoot Indian, who said that when he was a boy he had crossed the Bad Lands with his father's band, and that he could find the way again. This young Indian was now installed as guide, and following him, the command, by turning devious ways, plunged down into the abyss. We camped that night under the shadow of some buttes whose towering heads threw shadows that hid us from the world. The next day we toiled among the rocks, up and down, and across a seemingly endless mass of obstructions, and at last, as the sun was going down, the heart of the Bad Lands was reached by striking the Little Missouri River.

#### FIGHTING IN THE BAD LANDS.

"It was Saturday night, and we went into camp to spend a Sunday in the heart of the region that had never before been seen by white men's eyes. The day went by quietly until in the afternoon, as a reconnoitering party was returning, they were attacked by a few Indians, but not much force appeared. At five o'clock I was ordered by General Sully, who was sick, to move the camp about four miles up the river and to keep a sharp lookout for Indians. The movement was made without any trouble, although the redskins began to show themselves at every elevated point along the way. When the new camp was made there were at least 1,000 warriors on the hills surrounding, sitting quietly on their horses, observing our movements. After everything was in order I went to the General's tent for further orders. He was very ill, but after listening to my report of the condition, he said: 'Have everything ready to move at six o'clock in the morning, in perfect fighting order; put one of your most active field officers in charge of a strong advance guard, and you will meet them at the head of the ravine, and have the biggest Indian fight that ever will happen on this continent.' Of course I felt the responsibility. The drill and discipline of a soldier's life will school his nerves so that his face and voice do not show excitement, but the mind and heart responds to the occasion still the same. I made the details for the position of all the troops, and calling the field officers together, in a few words informed them of what they had to do, and ended by saying: 'You will remember that under no circumstances must any man turn his back on a live Indian.' A few minutes before six the next morning, Monday, August 8, 1864, the columns were formed and, I rode forward to the front, near which the General was lying in his ambulance. He was looking up and down the lines of troops, and to him, old soldier as he was, and disease and suffering preying upon him, it must have been inspiring, for his salutation was: 'Those fellows can whip the devil and all his angels.' I asked him if he had any further orders and he said: 'Hold them well in

hand, but push for the Indians' camp, if you can find it; they will fight for their families: protect your flanks and I will protect the rear.' He extended his hand and as I pressed it, a weary smile came to his eyes, as he said: '*You must make some history to-day.*' I could appreciate what it was to surrender to a subordinate the honor that might be won that day.

"At the sound of 'Forward!' one-half the men in the advance guard and in the flanking columns dismounted, and scrambling up the abrupt bluff, soon appeared on the summit; the batteries and the mounted men and trains followed me into a narrow gorge, only wide enough for a wagon trail, that gradually led upward to the high land. The advance seemed tedious: not a sound disturbed the progress. Occasionally a man in the advance on the plain would come to the brink and report that all was going well, and indicate their position. Almost an hour passed in steadily climbing up the narrow and secluded way, and when almost out upon the plain, or at the head of the gulch, from the beautiful stillness of the morning the pandemonium of war broke loose. The artillery followed myself and staff like a flash, and in an instant the whole field was in view. The advance guard was enveloped by the Indians, and on either flank their bands were charging, yelling and firing. But our soldiers were not idle; every man was facing the foe, and with steady, unerring aim their shots began to tell. The battery guns were unlimbered and the boom of artillery and the bursting of shells added to the magnitude of sounds. The redskins could not stand it and fell back. Their first grand charge had failed. The sounds were too much for the General. As the Indians were falling back he rode up on his horse and cast a searching look about the field, and, without speaking a word, dismounted and took a seat upon a rock with as indifferent an air as though he had no interest in the matter. Waiting for a few minutes for the trains to close up, I went to the General and said: 'I am ready to advance, sir.' He answered: 'Go ahead, you will find the camp beyond those buttes,' pointing his hand to a range of hills some miles away. The advance was taken up, the wounded and slain cared for, and the fight went on. Sometimes in the gulches and then upon the hills, through the bright morning hours and the sultry heat of noon, and until night closed down, there was no instant in which the sharp crack of rifles was not answering the yells of the savages, and the zip of their bullets and the whiz of arrows gave us an answer back. We drove them from point to point, our trains laboring after us for twelve long miles. But darkness came too soon; we had not reached their camp. I had not seen the General or had an order from him since the early morning, and after ordering the troops to bivouac around a little water hole, and seeing that the wounded were properly cared for, I sent an orderly to hunt him up. The General returned with the orderly and much to my astonishment, appeared to be quite well. I was lying on the ground eating hardtaek and trying to drink some coffee made out of most villainous water. He sat down and congratulated me heartily on the day's battle, and instructed me to take charge of the rear in the morning and he would make a dash to the front if the Indians wanted any more fight; a contingency about which he had serious doubts. We smoked our pipes and drank toddies for an hour or two while talking over the incidents of the day. The tired men and

animals were all, except the guards, fast asleep, and that long day's furious warfare was over.

"In the morning the General went to the front with not an Indian in sight, but just as the rear was leaving camp they made a spasmodic attack upon it, and for an hour it seemed as though the scenes of the previous day were to be re-enacted; but they were easily driven off, and the march continued, and by noon not an Indian could be seen. We learned afterward that there were about 8,000 warriors engaged and that they lost 311 men killed and between 600 and 700 wounded. Our losses were only 9 killed and about 100 wounded. The Indians were poorly armed, bows and arrows being the best weapon many had. The field was named Waps-chon-choka. We followed the Indians for some days, and until they scattered in little bands and went in every direction and then we started northward to meet some steamboats that the General had ordered up the Yellowstone.

#### AT THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER.

"After leaving the Bad Lands the water was very scarce and all of it impregnated either with alkali, sulphur or salts, so it was dangerous to use it; and to add to the hardships of the march, we got into a grass-hopper region, where the grass had been eaten down to the roots. Besides, the General's commissary had made an error in quantity, and as we only took half-rations to start on, when I had to divide that half with his men the living became rather thin—two hardtacks, a little piece of 'sow-belly,' and a pint of coffee (when we could get the water) per day. And hot! By two o'clock in the afternoon the tongues of many of the men would be so swelled that they could not talk. The animals suffered equally with the men, and many a poor mule had his brains blown out, as he dropped from exhaustion, to end his misery. But from day to day, through the spirit of the men under the stern discipline of army life, the unbroken squares went northward.

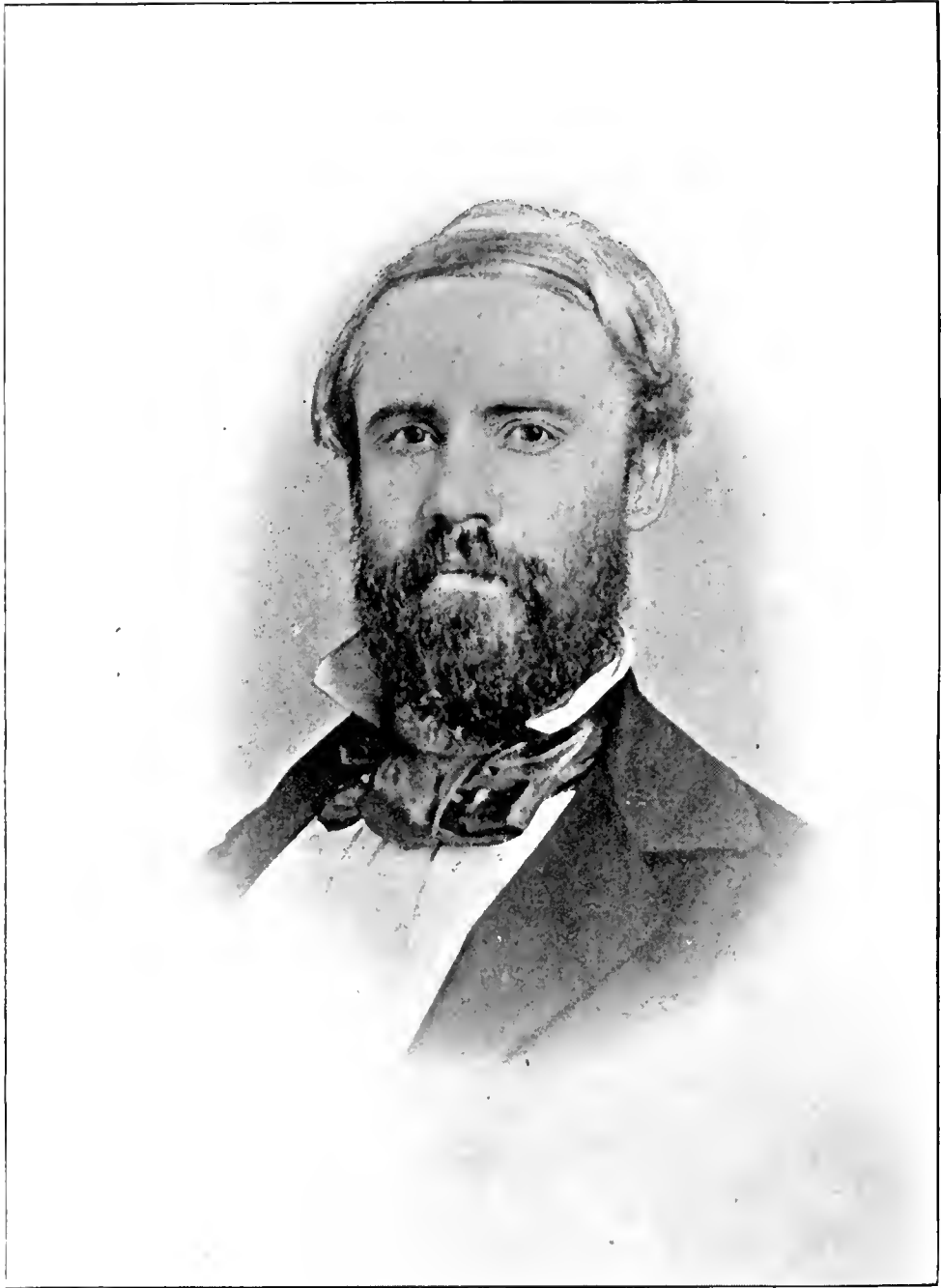
"On the 12th of August, when a climax had almost been reached in heat and desolation, a scout came flying back to the troops waving his hand frantically in the air. As soon as it was seen that he was an Indian we knew that he had found something. He halted breathlessly and handed General Sully a little chip of wood. It did not need words to tell what that chip meant: it had been cut by our steamboat men and was floating down the sweet, cool waters of the longed-for Yellowstone. An orderly carried that little fresh-cut chip down the weary, straggling line, and as the burning, bleary eyes of the men beheld it, their strength came back and with a desperate energy the speed was rapid and unflagging to the river. And when the bank of the beautiful river was reached, for the moment all discipline was forgotten: men and animals rushed into the stream and swallowed the life-inspiring fluid, and joy and happy shouts took the place of misery in the command. I wanted to, but did not quite lose my self-possession. Dismounting, I sat down upon the bank, and an orderly brought up several bucketfuls of the water: my staff gathered around and we swallowed cup after cup of it, and under its effects a happy intoxication pervaded the senses, and fatigue and hardships were forgotten, and then we would toast the yellow fluid 'The

Nectar of the Gods.' Being satiated at last, camp was pitched and hunting details made. Some timber bottoms a little way down the river were full of elk and black-tail deer. Soon the fresh and luscious ribs and steaks were sizzling in the blaze and hunger was being appeased as well as thirst had been. It was a joyful evening, and, to fill our cup of satisfaction, just as the sun went down, two steamboats, loaded with supplies, came floating down the stream and tied up at the bank. We crossed to the north side the next day and loafed along down the beautiful valley for several days afterward, hunting, eating and resting, and August 18th crossed the Missouri at old Fort Union."—From "Minnesota in the Civil War and Indian War."









MALCOLM CLARKE

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## GENERAL SULLY'S EXPEDITION OF 1864 AGAINST THE SIOUX.

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BY NATHANIEL POPE.

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Our command numbered about three thousand men when we left Fort Rice on July nineteenth, 1864. At Heart River we learned the whereabouts of the Indians and corralled at this point our large supply train, together with a train of emigrants bound for Montana who were with us for protection. Leaving a guard of eight hundred men with the trains we made forced marches, principally at night, without tents or baggage, and came in sight of the Indian village about nine o'clock on the morning of the twenty-eighth of July, at a place called "Ta-Ka-o-Kuty," or "Kill-the-deer Butte," situated on the head of Big Knife River. The number of warriors was estimated at about six thousand, who came out some miles from their lodges to meet us formed in a rough line of battle. Our command was formed in line, skirmishers were thrown out, and we advanced towards the village. The Indians circled around us and in bodies of from four hundred to five hundred made a great many charges on different parts of the command, all of which were repulsed. The fight became general and lasted all day. At times it was very exciting and hotly contested.

During the day Major A. B. Brackett, commanding Brackett's Battalion of Minnesota Cavalry, made a splendid charge with two companies and engaged a large body of Indians hand to hand, following them probably a mile and cutting down many of them with sabres that had been ground to an edge before leaving Sioux City. It is reported that his command killed thirty-seven warriors in the charge, and the Lieutenant of the 1st Minnesota Battery, at one shot with a howitzer, it is said, killed four or five ponies and either three or four Indians. These are only incidents of what occurred during the day.

Shortly afterwards it was observed that the Indians were taking down their lodges and getting them away up the deep ravines. The Iowa Prairie Battery, with three companies of cavalry, was sent to head them off, which was accomplished, and at dark the Indians withdrew into the hills or Bad Lands, leaving their village standing. General Sully reformed the troops and started in pursuit of the flying Indians about two o'clock in the morning, but being unable to make any headway over the rough country we returned and formed camp near the village. Colonel McLaren, 2nd Minnesota Cavalry, was that day detailed to

destroy the property captured, and, if I am not mistaken, he reported that his command had burned about thirteen hundred or fourteen hundred lodges besides large quantities of other property abandoned by the Indians in their flight.

Thereafter we returned to Heart River, and, breaking camp there, with the baggage and emigrant trains under our protection, started in a north-westerly direction towards the Yellowstone River. In the Bad Lands, on the head waters of the Little Missouri River, we again encountered the Indians, largely reinforced, and after a running fight of two days finally succeeded in scattering them in every direction. It is difficult to give the number of killed and wounded, but our loss was slight while it was estimated that the hostiles must have lost from one hundred to one hundred and fifty warriors.

The above is as I remember the events that then occurred after a lapse of nineteen years. It is, however, substantially correct.

## THE LATE JAMES GEMMELL.

BY WILLIAM F. WHEELER.

Last year, in the latter part of August, I happened to be in the village of Sheridan, in Madison County, on business. I had completed it before noon, but was compelled to remain until evening for the stage. Among others who came to my hotel during the day was Mr. James Gemmell, then residing on his farm near by, who was among the first acquaintances I had made on my arrival in the in Montana 1869, as he was also one of the first white settlers in Montana. After inviting the old gentleman to partake of a glass of wine, for he looked feeble, he engaged me for a couple of hours in telling many interesting reminiscences of his first visits to this country. I was on my way home from the Yellowstone National Park, where I had seen the many wonders of Geyserland, and he became quite interested in my description thereof and gave me an account of his first visit to that region.

Mr. Gemmell said: "In 1846 I started from Fort Bridger in company with old Jim Bridger on a trading expedition to the Crows and Sioux. We left in August with a large and complete outfit, went up Green River and camped for a time near the Three Tetons, and then followed the trail over the divide between Snake River and the streams which flow north into Yellowstone Lake. We camped for a time near the west arm of the lake and here Bridger proposed to show me the wonderful spouting springs at the head of the Madison. Leaving our main camp, with a small and select party we took the trail by Snake Lake (now called Shoshonne Lake) and visited what have of late years become so famous as the Upper and Lower Geysier Basins. There we spent a week and then returned to our camp, whence we resumed our journey, skirted the Yellowstone Lake along its west side, visited the Upper and Lower Falls, and the Mammoth Hot Springs, which appeared as wonderful to us as had the geysers. Here we camped several days to enjoy the baths and to recuperate our animals, for we had had hard work in getting around the lake and down the river, because of so much fallen timber which had to be removed. We then worked our way down the Yellowstone and camped again for a few days' rest on what is now the reservation, opposite to where Benson's Landing now is.

"From here we crossed the present Crow Reservation and made our winter camp at the mouth of the Big Horn, where we had a big trade with the Crow and Sioux Indians, who at that time were friendly towards each other. The next spring we returned with our furs and robes, passed up the Big Horn River and over the mountains to Independence having and thence home."

I asked Mr. Gemmell if he had ever seen any views of the geysers, the Yellowstone Falls and the Mammoth Hot Springs since his visit there. He said that when in Bozeman several years ago Mr. Bird Calfee had shown him his whole collection and that he had recognized them at once. He further stated that it had been his intention to visit those wonderful places again, especially after General Washburn had brought them into such prominence, but his increasing years and family cares together with the necessary labor to support his family had so far prevented.

He then invited me to go with him to his home, about a mile distant, saying that he had some interesting papers he wished me to read and take to Colonel W. F. Sanders, of Helena, for the Historical Society. I accompanied him and remained there a couple of hours, during which time he gave me his very interesting personal history and told how it was that he happened to come out on the plains in 1843 or 1844.

I have filed herewith two numbers of the Michigan State Gazette, dated respectively June first and June eighth, 1843, which were published at Jackson, Michigan. Each paper contains a letter written by Mr. Gemmell after his escape from Van Diemen's Land, which were taken from the New York Plebeian and are dated respectively New York, June twenty-fifth and June twenty-eighth, 1842. They give a pretty full account of Mr. Gemmell's participation in the Canadian rebellion of 1837, of his capture, trial, banishment to Van Diemen's Land, two years' residence there, and of his escape and return home. Besides these he gave considerable other information that is quite interesting, relating to the personal history of himself, one of the first white men to make Montana his home, which I give as I heard it.

After his capture, Mr. Gemmell was tried with fifteen others at Niagara and all were sentenced to be executed, as he has written. He told me the time fixed for the execution of himself and the other patriots was at the end of forty days; but during the interim, the Governors of the Upper and Lower Provinces of Canada got into a dispute about some questions of jurisdiction, which grew warm. The result was that the questions were referred to the Queen's Bench, and he with twenty-three others were taken to England, and confined in Newgate Prison, London, where they were visited by Daniel Webster and Caleb Cushing, some of them being citizens of the United States. After a full discussion with the prisoners, these two gentlemen promised to see if it would not be possible to get the death sentence commuted to a less punishment and engaged the services of the great Lord Brougham, who argued the case before a full bench of the highest judicial tribunal of the Kingdom. His great point was that the laws under which they had been tried and convicted of high treason were of no validity, for the reason that, although they had been enacted by the Canadian Parliament, they had not yet received the sanction of Parliament or the Queen, which was requisite to make them valid. The result was that the sentence of death was revoked, and the prisoners were banished to Van Diemen's Land, there to endure penal servitude for life.

Not the least interesting part of the narrative is the tyrannical character ascribed by him to Governor Sir John Franklin, who afterward so miserably perished with all his crews while exploring the Arctic sea.

a search for the North-west passage. He claimed that the treatment of the Canadian patriot exiles by Sir John was most brutal and uncalled for, but asserted that he harbored no enmity now against the man who had been so severely dealt with by an all-wise providence and had gone to his reward.

Mr. Gemmell has related how by the aid of some American seamen he escaped and got on board of an American whaler at Hobart Town. He was kindly treated by the officers and crew of the whaler and worked his passage before the mast to New Bedford, Massachusetts. (See Note, end of article.)

The news of his escape and that he was coming in on board of a certain vessel reached the town before his ship had touched the wharf. Kind friends aided him and he hastened by steamer to New York. Before he landed at that point the boat was boarded by two gentlemen who had come out in a yacht for the purpose, and who insisted on taking the escaped man with them. They proved to be James Gordon Bennett, editor of the New York Herald, and Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune. He was driven to the Astor House, and informed that he was their guest as long as he chose to remain. After a bath, a shave, etc., they took him to a clothing store and dressed him like a gentleman when the party ate a sumptuous dinner, after which several hours were spent in questioning him as to his life in Van Diemen's Land and about the friends he had left there, and the next morning their papers were filled with an account of the interview. After that he was overwhelmed with visitors anxious to hear of their friends, his companions, as well as of his personal experiences. He remained here a week, and during that time wrote the two letters for the New York Plebeian, above referred to. Messrs. Bennett and Greeley continued their kind attentions during his stay, and published all the scraps of information he could give them. After this he went in search of friends on the Canada frontier. At Detroit he married a Miss Fitzgerald, by whom he had two children who have since visited him in Montana.

The controversy between the United States and England, concerning the Oregon boundary question, rose shortly after this to fever heat, and he, with many others, believing it could only be settled by war and actuated by the feeling that he could be of some service to the United States, together with the desire of being upon the scene of conflict, started overland for the Pacific coast, intending to join in the war and to repay England as far as lay in his power for the injury she had done him. Before he had crossed the continent the boundary question had been settled by treaty, which, to his great satisfaction, included the release and restoration to their homes of the citizens of the United States who had taken part in the Canadian rebellion.

During his journey westward he had made the acquaintance of "Jim" Bridger and other noted frontiersmen, and, seeing now an opportunity of regaining the fortune he had lost by engaging in the rebellion, determined to become one of their number. He made annual visits home for several years, but his wife dying he provided for the bringing up of his two children among her relatives, and returned to the west where he actively engaged in various pursuits during a long and eventful life, having been a contractor at the frontier posts, a trader among the

Indians, in business among the Mormons, and, finally, as a farmer in Madison County.

As early as 1850 he had been on trading expeditions up Snake River, and as far as the Bitter Root or St. Mary's River among the Flathead Indians in Missoula County.

After he had completed the narrative supper was announced, whereupon he insisted on my partaking of it with him, which I did, and was introduced to his second wife and several of his children, the youngest of which was a stout, healthy, rosy-cheeked boy, just three years old, his twenty-first child. Most of his children are married and comfortably settled in different parts of the country. Upon placing the papers in my hands, he said he was getting old and could not live long, wherefore he had told me his story, which, if it was worth preserving I might write out, as I have done.

I append an account, taken from "The Madisonian," Virginia City, of the death of this remarkable man, which occurred on March sixth, 1881:

"The Dillon Tribune' contains the notice of the death of James Gemmell at the age of about sixty-six years, which occurred at Sheridan, Montana, on the sixth instant. The deceased was well known in Utah, where he resided for many years during the early history of the Territory and the reign of King Brigham. 'Uncle Jimmy,' as he was familiarly called, was born in (Kilmarnock) Ayreshire, Scotland. He left home with his parents when about six years of age and came to America, where he afterwards led a checkered life, being at times a sailor, soldier and farmer, an exile and a prisoner. He married and lost his wife; married again and became the father of four sons and two daughters, who survive him. In 1847, after a life full of vicissitudes, dangers and hair-breadth escapes, he started for Oregon. The 'Dillon Tribune' relates what afterwards befell him:

'Upon reaching Salt Lake City, tired and worn out, and having no special aim other than to go west, he took a contract of Brigham Young to dig one hundred thousand rods, or three hundred and twelve and a half miles of ditch at \$1 per rod. Making a machine, he finished the contract. He was appointed Territorial Supervisor of the State of Deseret; built the bridge at Ogden and the one across Jordan; laid out the city of Salt Lake and inaugurated the planting of trees; married the sister of Bishop Hendricks, of the Hot Springs bath house; went into business, and quarrelled with Brigham and had to leave or be killed; was in Brigham's office when Bishop Hamlin came in and reported the Arkansas train near Cedar City, and heard Brigham tell Hamlin that if he (Brigham) was in command of the Legion he would wipe them out. About three weeks afterward the Mountain Meadows massacre occurred, which wiped out the Arkansas train, for which John D. Lee suffered the death penalty by being shot a few years ago. There were one hundred and twenty-five bodies found afterward and buried by United States troops sent out for that purpose. General Albert S. Johnson was in command, and Judge Cradlebaugh was sent along to ascertain whether any white men were engaged in the massacre. The Indians said the Mormons incited them into it and gave them the plunder. Bishop Craig Smith afterwards acknowledged that he was there. Bishop Jake Hamlin lived within



three miles of the battleground, and it was he that took the order from Brigham to John D. Lee. The foregoing history came under Mr. Gemmell's immediate observation and was written down at his request, and will no doubt be interesting to many.' ”

NOTE—Extract from letter under date of June twenty-fifth, 1842, giving an account of the capture and exile to Van Diemen's Land:—"I was then in my twenty-third year, and little disposed to quarrel about forms of government—but had witnessed an accumulation of real oppressions and acts of injustice which I could see no other way to get rid of—remonstrances to the legislature, or by it to the British power in the colony or England, had long proved unavailing; deputation succeeded deputation to London with no success. The English government acknowledged the justice of our complaints, and said they had sent Sir Francis Head to redress them, and he proved a more corrupt and partial ruler than any of his predecessors. Lower Canada was still worse used than us, and as I had voted for the resolution to make common cause with her, I kept my word, our interests being the same.

"I was taken prisoner at the Short Hills, carried before Sir George Arthur, and promised a full and free pardon if I would tell all I knew of the conduct of Wm. Musson, Wm. Ketchum, and the Messrs. Mackintosh of Toronto, whom he said he suspected, but lacked evidence to convict. I declined freedom on these terms, was tried before Judge Jones at Niagara in August, 1838, with fifteen others, sentenced to be executed but afterwards ordered to Van Diemen's Land."

"In November that year I sailed from Quebec for England, with John G. Parker and twenty-two others, and on the twenty-second of September, 1839, was placed on board the *Canton*, a British convict ship, with Miller, of Chautauque and two others, and carried to Hobart Town, where we arrived on the sixteenth of January, 1840, the distance from our homes being, as I am informed, about eighteen thousand miles."

Following this account of his capture, M. Gemmell tells of the sufferings and punishments inflicted upon his unhappy fellow convicts by their keepers, many of whom were liberated felons of the Old World, who had served their time, and were chosen because of their known harshness and brutality.

Extract from letter under date of June twenty-eighth, 1842, giving the account of Mr. Gemmell's escape to America: "So far as prudence will permit, I will now state the particulars of my escape.

"Mr. Norris, a police magistrate, and formerly butler to Sir George Arthur, had received a large tract of land, which he was anxious to clear. I persuaded him that I could build a stump machine if I had the model from Mr. Woodman, of Maine, who lived beyond Hobart Town; and such was his anxiety, that he gave me a passport to that place, in which the ship that brought me, the place where I was born and tried, with my complexion and height, the color of my hair, eyes, cheeks and eyebrows, the shape of my mouth, were faithfully inserted. My police ticket was 1474, there being then on the island that number of prisoners whose surnames begin with G.

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“The passport (which I yet have) was in direct contempt of the public orders of the British government; and the moment I exhibited to Mr. Gunn, the superintendent, a letter from several of the prisoners, asking for their own clothing, that shrewd Caledonian suspected my design, arrested and gave me in charge to an armed constable, I being still attired in the conspicuous magpie garb (one leg and arm black, the other yellow) in which I had reached the capital. I was ordered to be taken back into the interior immediately, was handcuffed, and being accompanied by several male and female criminals thither bound, set out on my weary journey. At noon the constable took off my handcuffs, that I might eat, when I seized his musket, declared that I was off for the bush, and disappeared. In the night I left my hiding place, crept to Hobart Town, told some whole-souled American tars my unfortunate history and they required no coaxing to perform the part of honest men. The victim of oppression found deliverers, and entertains no fears whatever that John Tyler, President of the United States, will send him back again, but would rather hope that the friendly aid of this great nation, through its Executive, will soon effectually relieve those who yet groan in bondage, and restore them to their free and happy homes.”

In addition, the above mentioned letters contain much information concerning the convict colony of Van Diemen's Land, and of the state of society existing there at that time, which was of a low order, nine-tenths of the people then being convicts.

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A TRIP FROM THE DALLES OF THE  
COLUMBIA, OREGON, TO FORT OWEN,  
BITTER ROOT VALLEY, MONTANA, IN  
THE SPRING OF 1858.

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BY CHARLES W. FRUSH.

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In the month of May, 1858, the little town of the Dalles was all that a frontiersman would desire—a regular “hurrah camp.” Pack trains, miners’ and quartermasters’ wagon trains were preparing to start, some on very long journeys into the heart of a hostile, savage country. All was mirth and merriment, no one appearing to care for or fear the dangers that lay across the trail. Among the many parties packing bucking “cayuses” and braying mules that beautiful spring day were two that had long, wearisome marches ahead of them. One was the Hudson’s Bay “brigade” of seventy-five packs in charge of a Mr. Oglesby, with George Montour, a half-blood, as interpreter, and ten Colville Indians as packers and herders, on its way to the Hudson’s Bay Company’s Fort Colville on the banks of the mighty Columbia River, near Kettle Falls. The other was a government outfit composed of sixty-five head of animals, about twenty-five with packs and the balance loose, in charge of Major John Owen, of Fort Owen, who had been appointed United States Indian agent for the Flathead, Upper and Lower Pend d’Oreille, and Kootenai tribes or bands of Indians, with your humble servant as a kind of brevet Second Lieutenant in command of the mess box, which, of course, contained the “wherewith,” the decoction made to get up a little “Dutch courage” with in tight places, and I assure you that box was watched with an “Argus eye.” In addition there was a colored boy for cook and four Flathead Indian packers. When the words “All ready!” were given we mounted, and for awhile there was some lively bucking and stampeding, but after the first day’s drive the ponies were all very docile.

Our trail was what early pioneers knew as the “Buffalo trail,” and was used by the Indians from this side who made yearly trips to the east of the Rocky Mountains. It crosses the Des Chutes River near its confluence with the Columbia, thence over the rolling prairie, crossing John Day River, and on to the banks of the Columbia again, which it traverses to the mouth of Snake River where the Northern Pacific Railroad has a fine bridge, but at that time ferryboats and bridges were scarce articles, and here the trouble began. There was no drift or timber anywhere in sight to make a raft, and the Indians, what few were left in their camp,

were sulky and did not seem disposed at first to ferry us over in their canoes, but after a little "wah-wah," or talk, they consented and we drove the animals, after unpacking, into the swift waters of the Snake which was about half a mile wide, very rapid and with the spring rise just commencing, but all safely landed on the other side; then with the aid of eight or ten canoes we soon had over all the stores and "riggin" and of course felt much elated over our good luck and sent our old Walla Walla back with their canoes well pleased and with a "close-tum-tum" (good heart towards us for the liberal amount of tobacco we gave them for their services).

May 30, 1858. We traveled along the Columbia River, over a sage brush flat, for some twenty miles and camped on its banks near the White Bluffs. This evening we heard startling news. A Nez Perce chief, named Jesse, came to our camp, and through George Montour, the Hudson's Bay Company's interpreter, we learned of the great battle Colonel Steptoe had had with the Indians out on the prairie near a butte (now known as Steptoe's Butte) in Whitman County, Washington Territory. This county was then looked upon as a wild waste, but to-day (1885) is one of the finest agricultural counties in Washington. This news gave us the "blues," especially the fact that the soldiers were defeated, Captain Taylor and Lieutenant Gaston killed and also a number of privates. The whole command retreated to Walla Walla leaving the Indians masters of the country, and the very country we had to go through.

At this camp I experienced my first game of bluff played with Indians. About dark some seven or eight canoes loaded with Yakima warriors landed near our camp. They were painted and rigged up in first-class war style and just spoiling for a fight. Our few Indian packers and the interpreter took the situation in and suggested that we bluff them. So we built a large camp fire out of sage brush and grease wood, and all of us, the Major included, formed a circle and with one hand holding a raw-hide, with a stick in the other, batted that raw-hide and yelled and danced until we were nearly exhausted. This act, the interpreter said, was intended to show these Yakimas that we were not afraid of them and were ready to give them "the best we had in the shop," and to my utter surprise when I turned out in the morning not a canoe was to be seen. It was a complete bluff. They had taken the hint and gone away during the night. I must confess I felt pleased, and so would any one, from the fact that there is less danger in thumping the raw-hide, as a bluff, than trying to dodge their bullets.

The animals were driven into camp and packed and we started, and nothing transpired during the two days following until we reached the Spokane River, near its mouth, very near to where Camp Spokane—a six company post—is now located. On arriving here we learned there had been a fight between a large party of miners, who started from The Dalles for the Frazer River country via the Okanagan canon, and the Okanagans, their chief, Quilt-ta-mina, being killed.

This was a serious affair to us, and, if it had not been for the influence held by Montour, the half-blood with these people, your writer would not now be penning these lines. We were allowed, however, to move camp unmolested, but a fearful yell of defiance met our ears from forty or fifty painted hostile savages, who, I presume, thinking we might

not appreciate their clemency, rode along on either side of our party for some distance, and kept up their war-whoop to remind us that we were getting off cheap. We were not troubled any more that day, and made about twenty miles and camped. The next day was Sunday, and with good luck we hoped to reach the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Colville, which we were heading for, so as to have the company of the company's brigade and their interpreter, George Montour, a valuable and trustworthy man. This route, to be sure, was hundreds of miles out of our way, but under the circumstances we deemed it the best, thinking we would miss the Indians, who would be out on the prairie near where the battle had been fought. But we did not rightly guess, for we jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire.

The war party, after the fight and when they found out next morning that the soldiers had retreated during the night towards Walla Walla, gathered up their trophies and came to the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Colville to have their grand war-dance and count their *coups*, and we arrived at the fort on that Sunday, which I am sure I will not forget. It was an Indian circus. They were having the finest "pic-nic" they had had for a long time. I have seen many an Indian war-dance since, and have had a great deal of experience with the Indians, but I have never seen anything that equalled this affair. A great many of them were entirely nude, some painted half red and half black, and some daubed all over with white mud, a kind of pipe clay, and then spotted with red. All were armed with Hudson Bay guns, rifles, or with bows and arrows, and were drumming and singing, with an old hag in the center of a circle they had formed, who would recite the daring feat some brave had performed and, shaking in the faces of the warriors the swords and pistols and other trophies they had taken from the officers and men killed in the fight, tantalize them by telling them to go and do better.

Here we met Mr. Thomas Harris and wife, and Henry M. Chase, wife, and two children, who had accompanied Major Owen from Fort Owen on their way from Walla Walla and the Dalles, but fearing Indian troubles thought it best to stop at Fort Colville, until the Major returned. And here it is proper to say a word or two relative to the hospitality and bravery of the Chief Trader Angus McDonald, a Highland Scotchman, who was in charge of the post. During the time we were his guests he gave Major Owen free use of any of the buildings for our little party to camp in, which of course we gladly accepted, for one feels a little more safe in a log shanty, no matter how dilapidated, than in a tent pitched in the midst of five hundred or six hundred hostiles, who were in the mood to shoot an arrow into a "Boston" (white man) just for the sake of seeing him wiggle. Now the grave question arose, how were we to get out of the Colville valley without being set afoot, as we were satisfied they did not intend to massacre the party on account of existing circumstances; that is to say, several of the party had half-breed wives who, with their children, were distantly related, and with an Indian relationship goes a long way back where with us it would have become extinct. The Major appointed a day for us to make a start and it was understood we should leave at daybreak in order that the "red devils" might be caught napping. The stock was driven into the Hudson's Bay Company's stockade corral in the morning. I was up while the stars

were shining and quickly had our pack-animals packed, and every one was in the saddle when the train, about fifteen or twenty packs, and some forty loose animals—horses and mules—quietly moved out of the corral and headed up the Colville valley towards the Spokane country. When the Major tied his fine saddle mule—Kitty—to a post in front of the Chief Trader's house and went in to speak to Mr. McDonald, a big brave, an Okanagan, deliberately walked up, untied the mule, and unceremoniously walked off with the rope—and the mule also. Old Angus McDonald, looking out of his window, saw this bold proceeding, rushed out of the house and across the court-yard, snatched the rope from the Indian, and gave him a severe lecture in his own language relative to his conduct, unbecoming an Indian brave and more especially so in regard to the respect due him—Angus McDonald, the Chief Trader of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company's Post—giving him to understand that no such business would be tolerated. You should have seen the Major smile when the old Glencoe chieftain led the mule, Kitty, back and handed her over to her owner, who valued the mule and outfit at \$500.00.

After traveling about one mile from the fort, I put the animals, packs and all, into a dead run, but in a little while heard that ominous yell and, looking back, saw the red devils coming. When they caught up with the train, they dashed right through it, thinking to stampede the animals, who kept to the trail however. The Indians then commenced to throw the lariat and, after lassoing seven or eight head, took their prizes, silently dropped out and disappeared. I kept on that day to the farm house of Thomas Strenger, having made about thirty miles. Here we found that several families—settlers—had taken refuge under the hospitable roof of Mr. Strenger. He was a Scotchman by birth and an old resident of the valley. His wife was an Indian woman of the Spokane tribe, and her people exercised large influence with the hostiles who of course respected everything about the ranch of Mr. Strenger; hence those that put themselves under his protection were not harmed. We camped near his house for the night and were not molested by the redskins. The next morning found us in the saddle bright and early, with a long day's drive before us. Night brought us to the Little Spokane River where all was quiet and serene and we indulged in a good night's rest, but in the morning a war party of Spokanes and Kalispels came to our camp and had a long talk and smoke among themselves relative to the Major; whether or not they should keep him or kill him, but after a lengthy "pow-wow" they concluded to let us go, though they said (so the women of our party interpreted to us) that Major Owen had big eyes and big hands, that he said and wrote bad things about them to the "Great Father" at Washington and it was better such things should be stopped. During the talk they took the Major's saddle animal and tied her near their camp, but afterwards an Indian brought the mule back and tied her at our camp, and we all drew another long breath and satisfied ourselves (by feeling) that the hair was still on our heads, though the Major would have lost a few silver threads only.

Well, thanks to some guardian angel or "big medicine," we got away from Little Spokane all right and the train started over the divide for the old Kalispel Mission on the Pend d'Oreille River, where we arrived

after a tedious day's drive and camped on the west bank of this beautiful stream—Clark's Fork of the Columbia. On its east bank, some forty miles below Lake Pend d'Oreille, the Jesuit Fathers had a mission, known as the Kalispel Mission, which was abandoned years ago. At this place a few friendly Kalispels assisted the party very much and were well paid for the services rendered, for without the aid of their bark canoes, I scarcely know how we would have made the seventy-five or eighty miles to the Cabinet mountains or head of the lake, for it was now summer and the lake was bank full. Major Owen, Tom Harris and Henry M. Chase unfortunately could not swim, necessitating the use of a canoe for each of them and their families, whilst I, in charge of the pack-train, with a few Indians to help, drove along the lake shore and thought it lucky when we touched bottom, for at least two-thirds of the way the whole train was either wading in mud and water or swimming. We were three or four days in reaching the head of the lake, and as it was warm and pleasant it did not take long to dry what little wearing apparel we had on, and we were also happy to think we had this large expanse of water between us and those cut-throats, the Spokane and Cœur d'Alene Indians, who were mean enough to scalp a man for almost nothing, even a bald headed man like Major Owen. We were now about out of their country and all feeling a little spunky, though on rather weak diet as they had stolen our principal packs, mules, saddles and all, including our provisions, but there was that never failing substitute—berries; service berries, blue berries, whortle berries and choke cherries. The service berries, boiled with a little buffalo fat and flour, make a very good meal, sufficiently nutritious to put one in condition to endure a long day's ride, but a person becomes tired of such fare very soon.

Our trail now followed the Pend d'Oreille River—Clark's Fork of the Columbia—to Horse Plains, or where the Flathead and Missoula Rivers join, which point all old pioneers consider to be the head of the River Pend d'Oreille. Our slow traveling with tired animals and riders along the shady mountain trail brought us to what was considered the country of the Flatheads where we felt secure, for they were particular friends of the Major and the families of some of our party. At Horse Plains, the junction of the Flathead and Missoula Rivers, we tarried two days to allow our animals to rest and feed, for the grass was fine and I am sure they needed it as some of them had been tied up night after night and were looking very thin. Here we met Michael Ogden and a small party of Indians—Mission Pend d'Oreilles—who evinced great delight on finding our party all safe, as they had feared the hostiles might have taken us in, and who furnished us a part of their provisions which was very acceptable. That day's drive was more merry, everyone in good spirits, and even the poor tired animals realized the fact that they were on more hospitable ground where they could graze undisturbed. At last we crossed Cammas Prairie, and were safely over the Flathead River, a little above the mouth of the Jocko, and now took the trail to St. Ignatius Mission.

Arriving at the mission we were met by the good fathers, who kindly welcomed us back and soon had our camp supplied with plenty of good things. The genuine kindness, unsolicited, from these missionaries, I am sure the writer will ever gratefully remember. As near as I can recollect, Father Hoecken was the Superior in charge of the mission, and

with him were Fathers Menetrey and Gazzoli. After another day's rest we started on the "home drive" to Fort Owen in the Bitter Root valley, about seventy-five miles distant. Our trail took a southerly course to the beautiful valley of the Joeko, thence up said valley and through the Coriacan (also spelled Koriaken) Defile to the bottom lands in the Hell Gate Ronde where the grass was luxuriant and here we camped in peace. The next day's march took us across the Hell Gate River and as far as the Lo Lo Fork. Our last day's march brought us to the long looked for haven, Fort Owen; and after a lapse of twenty years I can see those old *adobe* walls and buildings as distinctly as if it were but yesterday. When the party reached the fort, Mr. Caleb E. Irvine, who had been left in charge, and a few *attaches* of the fort, ran out to welcome us, and general hand shaking and congratulations ensued.

(The names of some of the pioneers of this section and where they were located, I will give as near as I can remember.) There were camped in the immediate vicinity of Fort Owen the following: Fred Burr, Thomas Adams, "Reece" (Rezin) Anderson, Captain Richard Grant and family, David Petty and John Powell; those living at Fort Owen were Major John Owen, Thomas Harris and wife, Caleb E. Irvine and family, Henry M. Chase and family, John Silverthorne and the writer. Old hunters who had located farms and settled in the Bitter Root valley were Mr. Lumphrey, Al. Talman, a Frenchman called "Johnny Crappeaux," and an old Mexican named Emanuel, and there was one settler in the Hell Gate Ronde named Brooks. In the fall of '58 a couple of Frenchmen from Colville valley whose names were Louis Brown and "Crooked-hand" Shaw camped in the Joeko valley, and shortly afterwards moved over to what is now known as Frenchtown, in Missoula County.

I will now bring to a close this brief sketch of the dangers and hardships incident to the settlement of our frontier. To those who experienced them I am sure they were of such character as to leave a lasting impression in their memories.



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DIARY OF JAMES HARKNESS, OF THE  
FIRM OF LABARGE, HARKNESS  
AND COMPANY.

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ST. LOUIS TO FORT BENTON BY THE MISSOURI RIVER  
AND TO THE DEER LODGE VALLEY AND  
RETURN IN 1862.

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The firm of LaBarge, Harkness & Co. was formed in St. Louis, Mo., in the spring of 1862, for the purpose of trading on the upper Missouri River. The members of the firm were Eugene Jaccard, James Harkness, Captains Joseph and John LaBarge, and William Galpin. Each partner put in \$10,000.00, and two steamboats were purchased, the "Shreveport", a small, light draft boat for the upper river, and the "Emilie", a very fine, large boat. The LaBarges attended to the steamboat interest, while Mr. Harkness went to Washington to obtain the necessary permits from the Interior Department. On his return he bought a large stock of goods for the Indian and mining trade, a saw and a grist mill, and doors, windows, saws, axes, nails, etc., for building a store for the sale of the goods. On the thirtieth of April, the Shreveport started for Fort Benton with seventy-five passengers and all the freight she could carry. On the fourteenth of May the Emilie followed, loaded with passengers and freight. Many were attracted by the novelty of the trip, others by the reports of gold in Dakota and Washington Territories,\* and others went as employees of the firm. Mr. Harkness preceded the Emilie several days, going by railroad as far as St. Joseph, at which point his private journal begins.

St. Joseph, Mo., May 18, 1862. About one-third of this place has been burned and destroyed by the army. Took on ten passengers and left at 4 P. M. Weather very cool. Made a good run. We are five hundred and seventy-five miles above St. Louis.

Monday, 19. Started at 3:30 A. M. Weather cool. Nothing of interest this forenoon. Country beautiful, with many good farms in sight. Laid all night at Rockport—a poor place. River rose six inches during the night.

Tuesday, 20. Started at 4 A. M. Weather cold. Passed "Mormon Bend," named by Captain LaBarge from the crossing of Mormon emi-

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\* That portion of Montana lying to the east of the Rocky mountains was at this time (1862) included within the boundaries of the Territory of Dakota; that part lying to the west, within those of Washington.—W. E. S.

grants, and at 9 A. M. reached Otoe, a town in Nebraska. The bottoms are large prairies, the bluffs high and rolling. Arrived at Nebraska City, built on high, rolling land, at 11 A. M. It appears thriving, from the river. Rain has begun and is likely to continue all day. Two deer seen, being the first. Passed Plattsmouth at 5 P. M., a small place. Nebraska River comes in a few miles above. Raining and the river rising. Belleville is on the Nebraska side, some distance back. Reached Council Bluffs landing at 7 P. M. A warehouse is being moved. The bank has fallen about one-half mile since last fall. Omaha is about eight hundred and fifty miles from St. Louis.

Omaha, Wednesday, 21. This is a beautiful site for a town and by far the best location on the river. Council Bluffs is in plain view from Main street. The State House can be seen a number of miles up and down the river. Took on six mules, boat-stores, etc. The emigration for the new gold mines has just commenced, fifteen hundred having already crossed at this point and a great many are on the road. Left at 7 A. M. Florence is four miles by land and fifteen by river above Omaha. Cold rain. The country is beautiful with nearly all the bottom land on the Iowa side. No wood to be had except green. Very little game to be seen. At 2 P. M. passed a pretty village on the hillside; at 6 P. M. at the mouth of Soldier River. Cut the first trees this afternoon. All hands worked well.

Thursday, 22. At mouth of the Little Sioux. Got fifteen cords of dry wood. Saw a flock of turkeys and a few geese. Mr. Hurlburt calculates that this point is ten hundred and seventy-seven feet above the sea. Splendid view on the Nebraska side. At 2 P. M. opposite Decatur. Got aground at noon for the first time, but soon got off. Wind blowing hard all day. No large game yet. At 3:30 P. M. arrived at the south edge of the Omaha Reservation, and saw the first lodge of Indians. At 7 P. M. landed at "Black Bird," the mission for the Omaha Indians. It stands on a beautiful prairie at the foot of the bluff. Saw a few Indians and put off a small lot of freight. There are about nine hundred Indians here. The character of the country is changing, timber becoming very scarce.

Friday, 23. Arrived at Sioux City at 8 A. M. This is a beautiful site on the Iowa side. Took on wood and boat-stores and a small lot of freight. Between the Big Sioux and the Missouri there is a heavy body of timber. No game. Made Elk Point at 7 P. M. A long stretch of nearly straight river is before us.

Saturday, 24. A glorious morning. Took on thirteen cords of good wood and made an early start. Passed Vermilion in Dakota. At 2 P. M. passed James River. The bluffs are high, bare of timber and covered with scant grass. Yankton, the capital of Dakota, is situated on a beautiful, high, rolling prairie. Nearly the whole city has been built in the last eighteen months. Wind from the southwest. Lay all night at Bonhomme Island. This is the point at which Lewis and Clark found ancient fortifications. The wind rose to a gale, but no damage done. Cut wood by torch light.

Sunday, May 25. We are eleven hundred and twenty-five miles from St. Louis. Started at 5 A. M. Morning cool and cloudy. Passed the mouth of Niobrara River, which is very swift and fordable only at low

water. There is a large Indian burying ground on the point. Many large trees have been cut by beaver. Yankton Sioux Mission in on a beautiful prairie. The Indians look happy; there are about two thousand of them. C. E. Hedges is the agent. He will have one thousand acres of corn this year. Fired a salute of two guns on leaving. At 5 P. M. passed the Towers, a round knob bare of vegetation and a prominent land mark. Took on C. E. Galpin and family and Dr. Burleigh, agent at Fort Randall. Landed and showed our papers to Captain Beatty, commandant. All right. Bought two wagon loads of ice, etc. There are about four hundred men at this post. Barometer 28.25.

Monday, 26. Made an early start. At 7 A. M. saw the first antelope. Hills barren of everything. We are having a shower, the first for a week. Barometer falling.

Tuesday, 27. Had a very heavy rain during the night. The bluffs are not so high and barren now. Some passengers went on shore and gathered a quantity of fragrant flowers that looked like lilies. Have seen only a few antelope and scarcely a bird to-day. At 4:30 P. M. saw the first buffalo just below the Big Bend. At 5 P. M. forty-six passengers started to walk across the neck while the boat goes around the bend. Wood gets scarcer every mile. At 8:30 P. M., just dark and a lovely night.

Wednesday, 28. Lay to last night at center of Big Bend. Cut a little poor wood. Made an early start and took on the party that crossed the neck last night. They saw antelope, but did not get a shot. Stopped after breakfast and cut a lot of dry cedar. We are now on Green's Spanish Claim. I would not give a row of pins for it. At noon landed to cut wood. There was a herd of about fifty buffalo on the bluff, but did not get a shot at them. Made old Fort George at 5 P. M. The country is flatter than it has been and the timber very scarce. Saw eight elk, the first this trip. Laid up at Henry Island, nine miles below Fort Pierre (Choteau.) Worked all day cutting dead cedar for wood.

Thursday, 29. Started late this morning, having to sound the channel. Had to run back to get some wood which was very poor. Put off all the passengers that would go, and the stock, to walk to Fort Pierre. At 10 A. M. on a bar. The weather is so cold that fires have to be made. At 2 P. M. still on the bar, and nearly out of wood. At 6 P. M. broke the tiller and had to make a new one. Had to gather drift wood. At 7 P. M. was ready to start when six Indians and four of the party who started to walk returned to the boat. We are now two miles below where we were this time yesterday. On the west side the channel runs close to the bank. Wind very high, making it difficult to steer. Barometer 28.20. At nine o'clock laid to for the night. Seven men started in the yawl to take food to the men walking across, but only went three miles and returned. To-day we have had the worst storm since we started.

Friday, 30. This morning is as cold and wet as yesterday. Took on the party that walked across. They were tired and hungry. Reached Fort Pierre at noon, landing on opposite bank on account of bar. Took over a boat load of groceries to trade for robes, but the Indians were not satisfied, so took six back with us and had a "talk." Lay to and cut ash poles for wood, there being nothing else. At 5 P. M. cut more wood in a quick-sand which was very hard for the men to work in. At 7:30 saw

four elk. Lay all night and got some good wood. Worked until 11 P. M.

Saturday, 31. Started at 5 A. M. Morning fine and clear. Passed the mouth of the Big Cheyenne at 6 A. M. Grass scant and scarcely any game to be seen. Saw a buffalo and the passengers had a little excitement in shooting it. At 3:30 P. M. "wooded." The river is nearly clear of snags. In the afternoon saw a few antelope. No ducks or geese. At 7 P. M. "wooded." Made a pretty good day's run. I was quite sick yesterday and Captain LaBarge has the rheumatism.

Sunday, June 1. Morning cool and cloudy. At 10 P. M. heard a good lecture by the Rev. John F. Bartlett, a Welsh minister, who has been in this country five or six years. Passed the mouth of Grand River at 4 P. M. Took on wood a few miles above at 6 P. M. Saw a few magpies, elk and buffalo. The river is rising. Made a good run. The country is poor with a scarcity of wood and water.

Monday, 2. Started at 3 A. M. At Little Soldiers, an old camp, the river makes a sudden bend, the point being a very fine sand. Saw a swan to-day. A line of long hills is in plain view and also the peaks along the Cannon Ball River. Passed LaBarge's Creek at 11 A. M. Saw a great number of antelope. The day is beautiful. Passed Beaver Creek at noon and at 5 P. M. reached Cannon Ball River. On the right bank saw a war party of Indians on their way to attack the Sioux at or near Fort Pierre. Wood very scarce and river rising rapidly.

Tuesday, 3. Made a fine start. Soon after sunrise killed a fine doe elk that was crossing the river. The country is changing in appearance, with the hills more abrupt and the peaks much higher than yesterday. "Wooded" at noon. Passed Heart River at 2:30 P. M. We are eighteen hundred and ninety-six miles above St. Louis. Passed the "Square Buttes," prominent land marks, at six o'clock. A beautiful evening. No buffalo were seen to-day.

Wednesday, 4. Made an early start. Had a very bad piece of river to cross. At an early hour buffalo appeared both in the river and on the hills. Ran close to six in the river and killed them all. Caught a two-year-old and took it on board. Arrived at Fort Clark at noon. The village was abandoned last fall by the Indians on account of smallpox breaking out, so we took as much wood out of the old lodges as we could carry. The village is built on a bluff of sandstone which is covered with about twelve inches of earth. There are indications of good coal. The Indians moved to Fort Berthold. They had quite a number of cornfields. At 7:30 P. M. passed Red Spring Point, with a fine prairie opposite.

Thursday, 5. Morning clear and cool. Prepared an early breakfast and made an early start. Saw a herd of buffalo, but the novelty has worn off and they passed without a shot. At 7 A. M. Fort Berthold is in plain view, and a steamboat, which creates lively excitement among us all. Arrived at the fort an hour later and met a number of acquaintances. Put off some freight and some of our own goods for trade. The village is on a point in a commanding position. The steamer, Spread Eagle, left at 10:30 A. M., the Emilie at eleven. Passed several lodges above the fort, and the steamer Key West about 3 P. M. Weather warm and pleasant, with the thermometer at eighty-eight. Killed four antelope in the river. Stopped at an old village and took on a large lot of wood. The steamer Spread Eagle has come up and the Key West is in sight. Tried to fish, but they would not bite.

Friday, 6. Made an early start. Morning cool and foggy. At 7 A. M. entered the "Bad Lands" again. The hills are abrupt and broken with high peaks and ridges. Saw a grizzly bear this morning, a few black-tail deer and some wolves. The Spread Eagle is close after us, but the Key West is not in sight. There are many fine scenes for the landscape painter. The Spread Eagle is just alongside of us, and we are having a race, (probably) the first ever run on the upper Missouri. She passed us and then we passed her, when she ran into us, breaking our guards and doing some other damage. There was a good deal of angry talk. At 1 P. M. we are opposite the mouth of White Earth River, and near the most northern point on the river. A great many buffalo are on the banks and in the river. We have just run over six of them that turned back in the river. We are twenty-one hundred and thirty-five miles above St. Louis. At 8 P. M. reached Vermilion Hills, a famous headland rising to a height of one hundred and fifty feet, and looking like an old castle; some points are slightly tinted, others quite bright. There are deep fissures and ravines in the hills and some of the peaks are nearly square, while others run up round from the base. A few stunted trees give relief to the barren look. A mineral spring at the upper end is used by many animals. "Wooded" late and at 10 P. M. stopped for the night.

Saturday, 7. Started at 3 A. M. Morning cloudy. Hills occasionally seen on both sides of the river. "Wooded" at 7 A. M. Saw buffalo and antelope. Met R. Lemon and Larpenter two days out, and took the latter back with us. They gave us news of the Shreveport. We are meeting the June rise of the river. The bottoms are wide and flat with little game to be seen, the buffalo preferring the highlands. We are near the Yellowstone River. Stopped for the night at a first rate "wooding" place. We are about twenty miles from Fort Union and have made a good run.

Sunday, June 8. Made an early start. Sun rose at 4:15. Passed the mouth of the Yellowstone at 6:30 A. M.; it looks much larger than the Missouri, being at flood height. Landed at Fort Union at 7 A. M., and fired a salute of four guns. The fort is on a good site, but fast going to decay. The Indians lost about five hundred head of horses in the winter from the intense cold and have very poor robes. They do not go out of the fort without being well armed through fear of the Sioux. Left the fort at 8:30 A. M. At 10 A. M., J. F. Bartlett gave us an excellent discourse. Reached Point Emilie at noon. The hills are abrupt and barren, with scarcely a blade of grass to be seen. Some timber on a narrow strip along the banks, but very scarce. A fine afternoon with strong wind aft. The river here is about two-thirds as wide as it is below the Yellowstone. Some game is to be seen.

Monday, 9. Started at 3 A. M. A delightful morning. The bluffs end in a high headland. Here are more curiosities than we have seen at any former place; round balls, sections of petrified trees, etc. Saw a large shell or turtle on the hill. At 8 A. M. passed the place where the Chippewa was burned. Five different bands of buffalo and antelope are in view. At 10 A. M. opposite Poplar River. The country is low as far as the eye can reach. At noon got aground and broke our tiller and had to splice it, delaying us two hours. River rising rapidly, so we proceed a little faster. Took on wood at "Old Crow Camp" and laid up for the night at 10 P. M. □ Evening cool.

Tuesday, 10. Made an early start. Buffalo, wolves and antelope in sight: fired fifteen or twenty shots, but did not kill any. Passed Porcupine River on right bank at 7 A. M. There are pieces of isinglass (mica) in the Black Hills so bright the eye can hardly look at them. "Wooded" at 5 P. M. Stopped at Dauphan's cabin, eight miles below Milk River. Traded for robes, etc., and took him to Milk River. Saw buffalo and a band of ten or twelve elk. Galpin had a good chance to shoot, but his gun missed fire. At 8 P. M. broke the tiller rope and had to lay up for the night.

Wednesday, 11. Started at 3 A. M. Got aground in a few minutes, landed and had to sound until seven o'clock to find a channel. At 8:30 A. M. reached the mouth of Milk River, the water of which is a great deal whiter than that of the Missouri. All of the timber has been burned. Stopped at a deserted fort at noon. Galpin, Larpenter, Wall, Lemon, Dauphan and several hands, with a small outfit of goods, are going up Milk River and to Fort Benton to trade for ponies. About the middle of the afternoon I saw a fine buffalo bull about three hundred yards from the bank, so I took my first shot since coming on the boat at a buffalo, the ball going through the lungs; he ran nearly two hundred yards before falling. He was five years old, in prime condition, and when dressed weighed from twelve to fifteen hundred pounds. At 6 P. M. laid up for a storm, the first time since leaving home. The hills are black and barren.

Thursday, 12. Started early. It is raining hard, the river is rising rapidly, and the prospect of getting to Fort Benton is very cheering. An Indian pony, nearly starved, came on board last night. Caught a few fish; saw no game. At 2 P. M. passed "Round Butte," half way between Fort Union and Fort Benton. The banks are high and the river narrow for our large boat, but the absence of islands and the contraction of the channel makes the water deeper. "Wooded" at 8:30 and laid up for the night. The mountains are seamed with deep gullies and some of the peaks are grand.

Friday, 13. Started very early. Morning cool and rainy. The river is now a beautiful stream with a rapid current; the hills recede and a more level country is in view. I have made a bargain with a Sioux Indian, "Running Antelope," to bring me a petrified turtle to Fort Pierre, price one horse. "Wooded" at noon in a heavy rain. Passed the mouth of Musselshell River at 1 P. M. Mr. Chase killed a black-tail deer while we were taking on wood. The flood is at its height, and at some of the short bends the Emilie can make a rate of but four or five miles (an hour). The river is too high for fishing. Laid up for the night at 9 P. M.

Saturday, 14. Started at 4 A. M. Cloudy and the hills covered with a fog. Made fires on the boat to-day and yesterday. The river is crooked and the banks full, which makes a stiff current so strong that at some places the Emilie did not make an inch in fifteen minutes, and tar had to be burned in order to get up enough of steam to move. In many places the course of the river could not be seen for more than a mile. Shot at a deer this morning but missed it. At 12:30 P. M. met a government boat with a number of Mullan's men on their way down. They passed the Shreveport at Dauphan's Rapids. A little before dark we came to a lot of dry spruce, but it was a quarter of a mile from the river, and it was 9:30 before we got it in and had tied up for the night.

Sunday, June 15. Did not start as early as usual owing to the rain. Made Dauphan's Rapids early in the morning and got over without much trouble. Passed Judith River and overtook the Shreveport just below "Drowned Men's Rapids" where she was "wooding." Procured some dry wood and passed the rapids without much delay. Dropped a line to the Shreveport and helped her over. The rain fell in torrents, but the passengers walked over with cheers; quite a number were acquainted with each other on the boats. We had a very agreeable time, and I found my son and daughter in good health. Laid up for the night at 8:30 P. M. Invited all the passengers of the Shreveport over to listen to a discourse by Rev. J. F. Bartlett. Night cold and rainy.

Monday, 16. Started at 4 A. M. and "wooded" at eight, getting the wood from the side of a mountain by a difficult road. The bluffs are grand beyond description. The sandstone is washed into every conceivable shape imaginable. Animals and birds are very scarce. Went on board of the Shreveport and staid all day; she is in tow of the Emile and runs very well in slack water. Bob LaBarge killed an antelope at long range. The storm is over and the afternoon beautiful. The country is changing to prairie, and the peaks of the Little Rocky Mountains are in view to the north-west and the Judith Mountains to the south-east. At 7 P. M. passed the Marias River. Took on wood and staid all night just above. The river is now higher than ever known at this time of the year and still rising, and the mosquitoes are more plenty than agreeable. The trip is now drawing to a close and I will have a new field of operations to work in. I found flax in full bloom at our "wooding" place, and the sight brought to mind my native island home; I gathered a few flowers for my daughter.

Tuesday, 17. Was late in starting owing to difficulty in "wooding." Morning cool and clear. All is bustle and activity on board at the prospect of a speedy end to our long journey. Men on horseback are to be seen on the hills, quite a novelty to us. We came close to the fort and found a very short turn and rapid current; we tried it for half an hour, but could not pass, then dropped the Shreveport and passed up, and then dropped a hawser to her and she passed up with the use of the "nigger." Landed at Fort Benton at noon on a prairie devoid of timber. Some of the *attaches* are glad to see us, and have offered their services. Little Dog, the chief of all the Blackfeet, has pledged his friendship to us in all things and sent out runners for his people to come in. He is of low stature, well built, and has an intelligent countenance. Both boats are discharging freight as fast as they can, with nothing but the prairie for a store-house. There is no use for a saw mill at this point, there being no timber. Traded for a few robes in the evening. River four feet higher than ever before known; it is a torrent from here to Fort Union. We were thirty-four days making the trip from port to port; the passengers are well pleased and give great credit for success. Had a business meeting of all the partners and decided to build our post a mile and a half above Fort Benton, naming it Fort LaBarge.

Wednesday, 18. Discharged the Emilie, putting the freight on the prairie. Horses scarce, owing to the absence of Indians. Began the erection of a canvas store, and goods are selling fast. Very warm, one hundred degrees in the shade.

Thursday, 19. The Emilie left for St. Louis at 6 A. M. Goods all in confusion and no help to pile them. Mr. Clark arrived and stopped the sale of horses. Galpin helped all afternoon to arrange our goods.

Friday, 20. The Spread Eagle came into view early; she had four men drowned while getting over the rapids, and it was late in the day before she made port. Beat the Spread Eagle by seven days. The Key West is also in port. Goods are meeting with a ready sale.

Saturday, 21. A pleasant day. A number of men started for the mines. Key West started for St. Louis. Indians drunk, in consequence of which our trade was spoiled for the day.

Sunday, June 22. Spread Eagle left at 3 P. M. Rained all the afternoon.

Monday, 23. Trading and arranging the goods as well as circumstances will permit. Very warm.

Tuesday, 24. Business good. Mr. Filley went to the government farm with Mr. Reed and some of his people. Some persons washed a color of gold from the black sand above the fort.

Wednesday, 25. Very warm this afternoon, one hundred and four degrees in the store, but it rained and turned so cold that we made a fire in the cabin of the Shreveport. Galpin and party arrived from their trip up the Milk River; had a rough time.

Thursday, 26. Trade good until stopped by one of the most terrible hail storms I ever saw. The ground was covered to the depth of several inches. The roof of the boat was cut so that she leaked in many places.

Friday, 27. Cold and cloudy. Filley returned; the farm is under water, and there is no crop of much consequence; house not fit to live in. Indians drunk and in consequence trade spoiled.

Saturday, 28. Laid out Fort LaBarge, three hundred by two hundred feet. Madam LaBarge drove the first stake and my daughter, Margaret, the second. Eugene Jaccard and all of the officers of the Shreveport were present. The pack horses came in with the robes that Galpin bought on the Milk River. Trade dull.

Sunday, June 29. A beautiful day. A number of us went out on the hills for a walk.

Monday, 30. A party was made up to visit the Great Falls of the Missouri. It consisted of Eugene Jaccard, Father DeSmet, Giles Filley and son Frank, Madam LaBarge, Margaret Harkness, Mrs. Culbertson and son Jack, W. G. Harkness, Tom LaBarge and Cadotte, the guide, the last three being on horseback, and the others in an ambulance drawn by four mules. They started at 4 A. M., and in the afternoon met some Blood Indians, relatives of Mrs. Culbertson, who were friendly under the influence of Father DeSmet and Mrs. C. An antelope was killed and cooked for supper, and the party camped for the night. They started next morning about 4 A. M. and reached the falls about 9 or 10 A. M. Madam LaBarge and Margaret Harkness, leaving the ambulance, ran to the point from which the first glimpse could be had, and are the first white women to have seen the Great Falls of the Missouri. They found the way down to the river with difficulty, and looking up saw the falls in all their beauty, and grandeur. They started on their return trip Tuesday afternoon, and reached the boat Wednesday at 10 P. M., having had a pleasant time.

Tuesday, July 1. Discharged the Shreveport. Sold a large quantity



of goods. Put up a lot for I. Chambers to trade at Milk River. Very hot, one hundred and five in the shade. Good reports from the mines.

Wednesday, 2. Wm. Terry brought in \$1,400 in gold dust from the mines. Frank Worden's train came for freight. Weather fine. Doing a fair business.

Thursday, 3. John Williams, Graham, and others from Deer Lodge, are here to buy goods. Started the men to cut logs; three deserted this morning. Emigrants nearly all gone. Got 12.50 (dollars or ounces) in gold dust from Graham.

Friday, 4. Thermometer fell to fifty-two degrees this morning; a change that would try the constitution of any one.

Saturday, 5. Bought oxen and horses to-day, and am packing up for the mines. The Shreveport is preparing to leave for St. Louis. Business good.

Sunday, July 6. Boat left at noon. Felt a little low-spirited bidding them all good bye. Nearly all of the people who came with us are gone.

Monday, 7. Selected goods for the West. A violent storm arose this evening, and a loaded wagon was blown into the river. Had great difficulty in saving goods on the bank, and got very wet.

Tuesday, 8. Selected cattle and loaded. Got everything arranged as well as I could, which was not very well.

Wednesday, 9. Started the ox teams early. Got four mules and an old white horse. Mules so small that I had all of the harnesses to fit to them. One of them kicked the harness off on the prairie. Have had no meat for two days.

Thursday, 10. Reached Sun River at 5:30 P. M., opened pack, and got some supper.

Friday, 11. Spent a very unpleasant night; the mosquitoes were intolerable. Had to hobble the oxen and mules and watch them all night. Left at 4 A. M., crossed Sun River at ten and camped a few miles above. While coffee was preparing I caught a pan of fine fish. Camped at a spring at 5 P. M.

Saturday, 12. Started at 5:30 A. M. The mountain road begins at this camp. Camped at Bird Tail Rock. The day is fine and Cadotte's Pass is in view; some snow on the peaks. Have only seen one antelope since leaving the fort. Camped at 5:30 P. M.: two miles to wood.

Sunday, July 13. Took a cut-off and saved in distance and hills. Reached Dearborn at noon and camped one mile below crossing. Lost best mule owing to flies and wild disposition. Caught ten trout. Hobbled oxen. Very warm and grass good.

Monday, 14. Started at 5:30 A. M. Oxen better for the rest. Crossed the Little Prickly Pear this afternoon at four o'clock without accident.

Tuesday, 15. Had a fine camp last night. Started at five this morning and commenced to ascend the Prickly Pear. At the foot of the mountain found four trains trying to cut a road; helped them till noon. It is about one and one-half miles in a direct line to where we had dinner yesterday. The work done in the creek by Mullan all lost—washed away by the torrent in the rainy season. If he had made the road on the hills it might have been permanent. They had twenty yoke of oxen to one wagon and could not take it up. They have cut logs all day to place across the

gullies, putting on cross-pieces to make a road. It is now evening and they are going to try the new road. I hope there will be no accidents. A miss of six inches would have sent them five hundred feet into the creek bottom. At 4 P. M. all hands began the ascent. The trains put on from eight to ten yoke. We put on five and went up with as much ease as they. Hauled up the ambulance with oxen and camped at the top at 7 P. M., making two miles in two days. The guide says Sun River and the divide can be seen from the peaks above. Completely tired out with hard work which, however, must be done.

Wednesday, 16. Up at 4 A. M. and started at 5:30 and at eight reached a creek one and one-half miles distant. Wagon broke down and it was ten before it could be repaired and reloaded. The road is bad beyond description. The wagons had to be slid down the mountain. It is now noon and we have made but two miles this morning. The road is filled with other trains, and we have concluded to stay here the rest of the day as we cannot get ahead of them. Caught plenty of trout to eat. Vreeland passed us on his way to the fort for the balance of his goods. He does not speak encouragingly of the mines. No game of any kind. I eat all kinds of berries and drink at every brook. I want to leave the dyspepsia in these mountains if I can. The hills are covered with pitch pine. Walked over a rattlesnake to-day. Both scared.

Thursday, 17. Up at 4 A. M. and off at six. Went up the hill without accident. Overtook the trains at 10 A. M. Caught trout for dinner. Came to the big hill where Clark's teams were stalled, helped them up and camped on Silver Creek. Crossed the Prickly Pear five times to-day. There is no change in the character of the mountains except the rock is a deeper red in color. Isadore, a half-breed, made us a present of a quarter of a big-horn (mountain sheep). Game very scarce owing to the emigrants. The sun sets at about 8 P. M. Found a few small strawberries. Passed the grave of a miner, who, in taking his gun from his wagon, accidentally shot himself.

Friday, 18. Up at four o'clock, but did not start until six. The hill we helped Clark up is known as Medicine Rock Hill. The rock is a ledge of syenite and projects out of the ridge at one place about five feet. The hill is one mile in length (up and down) and is a severe tax on teams, the west side being the worst. It is two, long, weary months since I left home, and I have done a great deal of hard work and yet have accomplished but little. Will I live to reap the benefit or not?

Saturday, 19. The night was cold and a little rain fell. The men were up at the usual hour, but I was not able to rise before breakfast. We followed the other trains, the road being much better to-day. We ascended one hill fully a mile and a half and the descent was about a mile. The wind blows fresh and cool, and snow banks are only a few miles distant. The south side of most of the hills is timbered. Red currants are to be found along the water courses, the bushes growing from three to seven feet high. I found a few fine gooseberries to-day. Flowers are scarce, principally bachelor-buttons in all colors. Nooned at 11 A. M. Met three different parties returning from the mines, who say they are all humbug. Met Dr. McKellops, Jones, Chapman and others going back to the fort for the balance of their goods. They intend going to the Salmon River mines. Camped at 6 P. M., just as we crossed the

first bridge; it is of logs and about ten feet wide. We are in sight of the divide. The road is much better, and we are relieved of a lot of hard work. The day is fine and cool.

Sunday, July 20. Did not start until 6:30 this morning. The night was cold and we did not sleep well. The thermometer ranges from about eighty-six in the middle of the day to forty at night. Found some fine gooseberries this morning. We left Mullan's road at eleven and took a cut-off and camped on a small creek at noon. Clark made me a present of a grouse which he mistook for a pheasant. A spur from the range runs down to within three miles of us. A number of miners are returning to the States. This afternoon we took a cut-off, went nearly to the foot of the divide and camped. The mountain sides are covered with larch fir.

Monday, 21. Started at 6:30 this morning and passed the top of the hill an hour later. Ice formed on the water that was left in the buckets last night. The names of many of the miners are written on the post that marks the summit of the divide. The peaks to the north and south rise to a great height above the pass, and four valleys descend, in one of which flows the Little Blackfoot River which we descended during the forenoon. This stream is very miry and full of beaver. I carried the U. S. flag my daughter, Margaret, gave me on my wagon. The road was very bad and we camped at five o'clock after a hard day's work. Three teams passed on their way for provisions. Caught some fine trout for supper.

Tuesday, 22. This morning was intensely cold and we were glad to put on our overcoats. At 7:30 crossed the Little Blackfoot for the last time. At the ford we found Butts and his men. He has struck a good mine and has plenty of water, and I think he will make a fortune. I helped him to wash a pan of dirt and the result was from thirty to forty scales, worth from two to three cents. We nooned early in order to catch some trout for dinner. I caught eight weighing from one-half to two and one-half pounds each. They are, by far, superior to any I ever saw, the flesh yellow as gold and equal to salmon in flavor. We saw some young ducks at this place. The mountains are more rolling, with less timber of a better quality. Camped at six o'clock. The day has been hot, and the dust and flies nearly intolerable.

Wednesday, 23. Had to hunt the cattle and grease the wagons and did not start till 7:20. After a few miles we commenced the descent to Deer Lodge valley. From the top of the hill a fine view of the valley, surrounded by snow-capped mountains, is presented. The different creeks, with their lining of willows, can be traced with a field glass almost to their sources in the mountains and houses can be seen. After descending the hill, which was fully three miles long, we crossed the bottom and the Deer Lodge River, a wide and fine stream at this point. Nooned at 11 A. M. in the most intense heat, and after dinner went down to John Grant's house at the Forks, where N. Wall and the American Mining Company are located. Quite a number of our old acquaintances are here, and I think I will remain. I saw several hundred cows and calves belonging to Grant, the finest I have ever seen in America. Red clover is growing on the banks, proof to me that grain can be raised here. Trout are plentiful and the miners catch and dry them, and game birds are numerous. The hills roll gently back towards the east, and in

the west they rise abruptly, nearly to perpetual snow. The Blackfoot and Deer Lodge Rivers unite and form the Hell Gate River, not far from the houses.

Thursday, 24. Rented a room from N. Wall, stored the goods and fixed the prices to sell them at, if possible to do so. Bought a horse and prepared to explore Flint Creek, the El Dorado of Father De Smet. Washed clothes, etc., and turned the oxen out to recruit, the grass being good. Clark is on his way back.

Friday, 25. Started at 7:30 A. M. for Flint Creek and reached Adams and Stuart's camp on Gold Creek at ten. Sutton has just returned from the Bitter Root Mountains, having failed to cross to Salmon River. Camped near Dempsey's this evening and baked some bread, and got some milk and very dirty butter made by his squaw. He has about three acres of very poor wheat on the bank of Hell Gate River.

Saturday, 26. Off at 7:30. Morning fine but warm. Nooned a few miles up Flint Creek. Prospected and found from ten to twelve colors to the pan. Camped at the forks, both emerging from canons of trap rock from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet high. The bottom is very narrow and full of timber, and brush so thick we have to cut our road through it. No fish and very little game. Killed a few partridges.

Sunday, July 27. Off early so as to get a good start while it was cool. The valley narrows rapidly, and traveling is laborious owing to dead timber and rocks. The horse flies are so bad we have to stop and make fires to quiet our horses. The water is nearly ice cold and we are only a few miles from perpetual snow. Very little gold. The canon is gradually closing and traveling more difficult. Camped at a short bend where the rocky bank seemed impassable, but the guide found a place where he said we could cross.

Monday, 28. Started early and succeeded in crossing the creek which is now a raging torrent. The bottom is full of loose rock and dead timber, from two to four feet deep on an average, through which we have to cut our way. No game, and our "grub" fast disappearing, giving me many doubts as to the success of the trip. No signs of gold to-day. Horses tiring fast from the severe work and scant grass. Days hot and nights cool.

Tuesday, 29. Crossed the creek last night to save ourselves from falling timber and a snow storm which the guide said was coming over the mountains. My horse came near being killed by losing his footing. The horses went off in the storm and we did not find them until eleven o'clock. Sent the guide up the nearest peak with my glass to see if he could find a route over the mountain as we could go no further without more men and axes. He could find none except by cutting a way through the canon which could be seen for four or five miles. Having provisions for only three days and no game, we are forced to return by the road we came and to cross the creek at the same point, no other being practicable. We have even to cut the road over, the storm having blown down quantities of dead timber. The creek is very narrow and the canon appears to be not more than one hundred feet wide and twelve hundred to fifteen hundred feet high. The guide, who has been in the Rocky Mountains nineteen years, says he never saw such a canon. Heard signal guns from two men who were lost, but could not find them. The guide found some

very fine red currants which I began eating with avidity, but they had a sweetish, cloying taste, so I ate only a handful. In many places the timber is so thick we have to cut a road for the pack horses.

Wednesday, 30. Rained all night and very cold all day. Yesterday, no coats; to-day, blankets. Went to a bear's lair, but there was no one at home. Killed some partridges and caught a few trout. Camped at Dempsey's and got some more milk and dirty butter from his squaw. He and I were born within fifteen miles of each other in Ireland. Other parties prospected the other fork of this creek with no better success than we have had.

Thursday, 31. Started at 7:30. Stopped with Adams at Gold Creek; his sluices are not doing well and he talks of stopping work. Worden & Co. are building a store here. Crossed Hell Gate River several times, and returned to our store at 11:30 A. M. A large number of miners, who were from ninety to one hundred and twenty days on the road and who suffered greatly from high water and snow, arrived last night. Thermometer registers from sixty-five to eighty-five during the day and there is frost nearly every night.

Friday, August 1. The prospect is not good for selling anything. I tried to sell Adams the ambulance, but could not. I am anxious to start for the Missouri.

Saturday, 2. Morning cold and wet. Am preparing to pack and leave. Left some goods on commission with N. Wall, and sold him some. Parties are out prospecting in all directions, but not meeting with much success. Evening cold and clear.

Sunday, August 3. Morning very cold, hailing, and weather too bad to do anything. Miners are coming in with reports of leads having been discovered, but I have little faith in them. A train of nine wagons arrived from Illinois to-day, and I found some old friends in the party.

Monday, 4. Very cold this morning, but started and reached Lon Kennell's at one o'clock and had a good dinner. This is the widest part of the valley, and snow is in sight on the mountains. The Hot Spring is twelve miles from here, and Grant lives close by on the banks of Deer Lodge River.

Tuesday, 5. Camped on Big Cottonwood Creek and prospected on the headwaters with no success. Have neither time nor men to thoroughly prospect. Very warm for two hours, then a storm. Saw deer, wolves, a few ducks and plenty of curlew to-day. Have a headache as a result of digging too hard.

Wednesday, 6. Intensely cold with fog and snow on the mountains. Am quite sick and still making preparations to leave. Sold L. Kendall \$285.00 worth of goods. Most of the miners are going to Oregon as they fear to winter here. A Mormon train is just in.

Thursday, 7. Morning clear. Had the mules shod all around and was ready to start when I sold the ambulance to John Grant—a great relief to me as I never wish to drive another wagon over these mountains. Left Big Cottonwood camp at eleven and nooned at one o'clock, near the foot of the long hill. Was three hours and ten minutes in going to the top of the hill. Glad to be on the road home. Day very cool; summer is over. Camped at 5:30, all being tired.

Friday, 8. Off at 6 A. M. and nooned at 9:30 to get a good mess of

fish, it being our last chance for large ones. In Deer Lodge strawberries were just ripe, here they are all gone—a distance of sixteen miles. Rained in the valleys and snowed on the mountains.

Saturday, 9. Crossed the divide at 8:30; at noon killed four partridges and camped at six. Five Illinois wagons are in camp with us. It is one month since I left the Missouri River. Rain has set in for the night.

Sunday, August 10. Still raining and very cold, and the mountains are covered with snow. Left at 7:30 and had dinner at the foot of the big hill where it was warm. Found some fine currants near a spring. Feel unwell from the effects of a fall yesterday. Camped on the Prickly Pear. The oxen stand the trip well so far. A fine night.

Monday, 11. Off at 6:30. Caught a few trout. It is growing much warmer, and the heat seems oppressive after the cold weather. The grass is quite dry, and the small fruits are nearly gone. Camped at the first creek east of the Prickly Pear, and had a partridge for dinner.

Tuesday, 12. Off at six and visited the Missouri River which is about three miles distant. It is a beautiful stream here with narrow bottoms and a rapid current, and no rocks in the channel. The scenery is grand and well worth the attention of the tourist. Returned to camp, got some bread and started up Wolf Creek for a set of "big horns." The canon is narrow and from four to six hundred feet high. Very warm, one hundred degrees, and men and horses nearly melting. Found a fine pair of horns, but saw no game. Camped on Dearborn River late in the evening.

Wednesday, 13. Off very early in order to be rid of the mosquitoes and had dinner at Bercier's spring. Wood and grass very scarce. Oxens' feet are quite sore. Camped at Bird Tail Rock, said to be named by the Indians on account of its resemblance to an immense bird tail. Met the advance teams of a large train from St. Paul, Minn.

Thursday, 14. Off at 5:30 and nooned at Crown Butte at 10:30, the last water before reaching Sun River. Arrived at the government farm at 2:40, found Major Reed at home and had dinner. Crops very poor on account of the overflow.

Friday, 15. Did not start until late in order that the cattle might rest. The St. Paul train is camped near by. Killed some fine ducks this forenoon. Camped early, as the cattle had traveled a long distance without water. Poor grass.

Saturday, 16. Started early to avoid the heat of the day, and traveled down Sun River, the bottom along which is sandy without much timber. Saw some antelope and shot one—a very acceptable addition to our fare. Day warm and rattlesnakes plenty.

Sunday, August 17. A glorious morning. The horses climbed the bluff with their hobbles on in search of grass, and I found them a mile off. On the top of the bluff are specimens of petrified wood, some as heavy as I could lift. Camped in a coulee, and found plenty of ripe cherries and currants.

Monday, 18. The Falls are well worth a visit by all lover's of Nature's wonders on a grand scale. The river fills the canon from bank to bank all the way from Spring River (Giant Spring) to below Big Coulee. Arrived at the fort at 3 P. M. very tired and hungry. The teams were all in before me.

Fort LaBarge, Tuesday, 19. Morning fine but very warm. Am tired and out of spirits. Adjusted my expense accounts and turned over everything to the store. Am making preparations to have a boat built to go down the river in and meet the Shreveport on her second trip up.

Wednesday, 20. Am preparing to send all the horses to Sun River to graze. The mill is not doing much for the want of logs. The Crow Indians are here and the Piegans expected every hour, and I have sent for the agent to prevent a fight.

Thursday, 21. The prospect for a treaty is good. Got the mill in better order, and am working on my boat as I am anxious to start. Dust and heat almost intolerable, the thermometer registering one hundred and three in the shade.

Friday, 22. The Indians are so troublesome that little can be done; made the chiefs appoint "soldiers" to keep them away from the mill and store. Traded for fifty robes to-day.

Saturday, 23. Am building the boat as rapidly as possible. The Indians have a dance at Fort Benton to-day, and the agent is to distribute their annuities among them. They claim seven hundred and thirty-five lodges; they and their horses are very poor, and their continual travel on horseback makes the dust dreadful.

Sunday, August 24. Morning cooler with high wind from the mountains. More Indians have arrived, but the "soldiers" keep them off.

Monday, 25. More arrivals from the mines. Trade dull, as I have not the kind of goods wanted. Am making good progress with the boat.

Tuesday, 26. Launched the boat and christened her "Maggie." She is forty feet long and seven and one-half beam. Am glad I am so near ready to leave this place. In the store the thermometer registered one hundred and six. Wm. Galpin's boy died.

Wednesday, 27. Put all of our traps on board and started at eight o'clock A. M., with three cheers for home. The pleasure of being on the way puts me in high spirits.

Thursday, 28. Off at four, breakfasted at seven, and reached Citadel Rock at noon. The boat leaks considerably, but made a good run. The "Mary," a boat with ten men, passed us to-day.

Friday, 29. Reached the mouth of the Judith at five o'clock this morning. Shot at a deer and missed it. At Dauphan's Rapids there is a depth of only eighteen inches of water. Clear, cool and pleasant to-day.

Saturday, 30. Off at 3:30. Shot at some antelope, wounded two, but could not get them. Ran aground high and dry. Caught some fish and had a good supper. All are in good spirits to-day as we are doing well and do not feel the hard work.

Sunday, August 31. Off at 3:30, and at seven breakfasted on broiled venison, fried fish, pancakes and excellent coffee. The heat is so intense the men can not work, and I feel unwell myself, being in the sun so much. We are nearly out of the bad lands.

Monday, September 1. Left at 3:30. Plenty of game in sight, killed three deer and caught a fine string of trout. The heat is so intense that we stopped at the mouth of the Musselshell at 2 P. M., remained until evening and then continued down until nine o'clock. The river is falling, the bed is a quicksand and very dangerous.

Tuesday, 2. Stood "watch" last night. Left at four this morning, ran

through the edge of a storm, and came near being thrown overboard by the rudder. Very warm this forenoon. The banks are lined with game, and while hunting got into a quicksand and came near staying there.

Wednesday, 3. Off at three, and passed Round Butte at noon. Cool and windy: put up a sail and made fast time until 4 P. M., and then had to land on a bar. Cleary got mired and lost his shoes.

Thursday, 4. Off early; morning cool and fine; no game. Steering is difficult as the channel is full of snags.

Friday, 5. Off at 3:30, passed Dry Creek at 5:30, and arrived at Dauphan's at 11:30. Buffalo and antelope in sight as far as the eye can reach. Chambers, Larpenter, Lemon and the men all well. The Shreveport has been gone a week, which is a great disappointment, so must continue the trip in the "Maggie," notwithstanding the news that the Sioux have declared war. Culbertson joined us at this point wishing to keep company for protection. Cleaned out the boat and prepared to cook on board as it will be dangerous to have fires on shore. Left at 5 P. M.

Saturday, 6. A windy night. Off early, both boats in close company, and ran till three o'clock P. M., when we were brought to by a band of Assiniboines who had robbed a boat the day before; they were very warlike at first, but when they saw that we were well armed they turned it into a friendly visit. Gave them some presents and got away from them. At 5 P. M. we encountered a storm which nearly wrecked us, the rain fell in torrents and all hands were in the river with a tow-line, but could make no headway. Had nothing to eat and no fire, as we were lying at a sand bank and afraid of Indians.

Sunday, September 7. Morning cold and wet, and no means of cooking. There is much complaint because the Shreveport left us to make this trip of so much danger and discomfort. No mention of hunting; it would likely cost a man his scalp to try it. D. Hunkins left us and went on board Culbertson's boat. Arrived at the post kept by McKenzie at 2:30 P. M. His men are afraid and were promised \$100.00 each to remain. Staid about an hour, got some meat and made a big run as all are anxious to leave this part of the country.

Monday, 8. Cold and windy; off at 3:30; reached Larpenter's old house at seven. Ranlett is there for Choteau. They are afraid that the Indians will "clean them out." Saw plenty of game, but did not dare to kill any. Reached Fort Union at 10 P. M., just as the guard announced "Indians in sight." This caused a stampede from both of the boats to the fort, which had been attacked by the Sioux only two days before, when all the horses, except one old, blind pony, were stolen. They dare not leave the fort for anything.

Tuesday, 9. Cold and clear. Culbertson and party were anxious to have me join them and take a larger boat, but I preferred my own boat and party. Repaired the boat and procured two more oars. Put up a frame over which to spread a canvas to protect us from the rain. Secured two men from the boat the Indians robbed. A rainy evening and everybody dispirited and gloomy. Waited all night for another boat for company through the dangerous country, but none came in. No meat except salt pork.

Wednesday, 10. Left Fort Union at 5 A. M. and reached the mouth of the Yellowstone at six. We now have six oars, which makes the work



much easier for the men, who are more cheerful. Saw plenty of buffalo, but the men preferred salt pork to the risk of hunting. It rained all day and is quite cold. Steered sixteen hours to-day, and had to lie in a wet bed all night, so caught a severe cold.

Thursday, 11. Rained all night; bedding wet; no fire; out of fresh meat. I determined to kill a buffalo and did so, and Culbertson and party were glad to take half of it. While getting it on board, the boat we waited for at Fort Union joined us. There were eleven men and one woman; they had been robbed by the same war party that boarded us, and were out of nearly everything. Four boats, containing forty-nine men and one woman, make a fleet that the Indians will not care to attack. Geese and ducks are numerous, but there is no time for such small game.

Friday, 12. The days begin to shorten, and we find four o'clock as early as we can start. Had frost last night for the first time, a severe change from the first weeks of our journey. A head wind and hard work for the men. Camped at Big Bend.

Saturday, 13. Did not get off until 4:30; at 12:30 reached a party of our men cutting logs for our new fort at Berthold, and they tell us the Sioux are at war with every one. Reached Berthold at 4 P. M.: gave liberal presents to the bucks and squaws, and got some green corn. The Indians gave a war dance on account of their victory over the Sioux. Clear and calm.

Sunday, September 14. Slept at the fort and staid all day to wait for another boat that is behind us. Sioux runners have just come in, causing great excitement. Have prepared bags of stone for anchors in case of danger or a storm. Intend to leave during the night so as to elude any war party that may be about.

Monday, 15. Off at midnight and reached old Fort Clark at 1:30 P. M.—a big run. Rain set in at 6:30, when we camped. Last night was very cold and we had a hard frost. No game or Indians: all well.

Tuesday, 16. Rained all night; to-day we had our first snow storm, and I am wet through three coats and so cold I can scarcely speak. Left at 6:30 this morning and, after making a run of sixty miles, camped to dry our clothes and get some sleep, having been up two nights. No game killed through fear of the Indians; made no fires.

Wednesday, 17. Up at four o'clock, passed Cannon Ball River at 7:30 and made ninety miles to-day with a favorable wind. The men do their work much better than at first. Cold and showery.

Thursday, 18. Off at 4. A. M. Cold and clear with the wind rising. The rowing is very hard. I am sick to-day with a severe cold and a high fever, the first time I have given up since leaving home. Camped at 6:30, making only sixty miles. No game to-day and fresh meat rather scarce. I am not able to be up.

Saturday, 20. Off early, made a fine run until eleven o'clock, when the wind blew so hard we had to land, and found ourselves within one-half mile of our new post, just above Fort Pierre. Staid two hours with Lapambois: he was very glad to see me through the Sioux country; his house is the best and goods in better order than any. I am at work again. Made Fort Pierre in a gale, staid an hour, got some meat and other things, and camped a few miles below. We are now half way home

and every mile counts, as we are on the short end of our journey. Large game is scarce and we do not take time to kill small.

Sunday, September 21. Off at daybreak; a delightful morning. The "Mary," one of our fleet, left last night to go on alone, as the danger from Indians is passed. Reached Medicine River at 1 P. M.; made eighty-five miles to-day, and all are in good spirits. Bull berries are abundant and there are some grapes and plums. No game to-day.

Monday, 22. The night being fine we agreed to run all night, but got aground so often we did not make much headway. Passed a burned peak called the Brick Kiln from its resemblance to one; it is a land mark for hunters and travelers. Camped at 9 P. .

Tuesday, 23. Off at daybreak with a favorable wind, so we spread our sail, to the relief of the men, and added to our speed. Heard a cock crowing, which shows we are in the settlements. Arrived at Fort Randall at 2 P. M., and got newspapers and letters. Cleaned the boat and got beef, potatoes, butter and onions. Captain Pattee, commander of the post, is very kind. Left at six o'clock in good spirits.

Wednesday, 24. A fine morning. Got off early, reached Yankton agency at 7:30; stopped an hour; passed Running River, so called from the rapidity of its current which makes it dangerous to ford, at one o'clock, and camped at the lower end of a large island, having made a run of ninety-five miles.

Thursday, 25. Off at 5 A. M., arrived at Yankton City at 10:30 and left at 12:30; strong wind. A great many of the settlers here have gone to Sioux City through fear of the Indians. Made Vermilion River at 8:30 P. M. and staid there for the night.

Friday, 26. Left at five, as early as the channel can be seen. Morning cool and pleasant. Hade a good run and stopped all night at Vermilion, a place which appears to be dead.

Saturday, 27. Left at five and arrived at Lion City at 8:30. The Isabel was just ringing her bell, as we thought, for St. Louis, but she was going up to Fort Randall. Some of the party wished to wait for a boat, but concluded to go on. Bought enough provisions to last to Omaha, and left at 3:30 with several of the men drunk. This is a fine location for a city.

Sunday, September 28. Started at 5:30. The boat came near sinking by striking a snag, both stanchions of the platform on which I stood were broken, and I came near being thrown into the river. Made a good run with a fair wind.

Monday, 29. Off at 5:30. Met the Omaha and Sioux City packet, Emma, an hour and a half later. We are straining every nerve to reach Omaha to-night. After dark Hebert took the wrong chute and we grounded, thus letting Culbertson's boat pass us, but as soon as we got off the best men took the oars and we had a hard race to Omaha, reaching there at 7:30, an hour and a half before them, making the trip just thirty-three days and the distance twenty-two hundred and fifty miles, the quickest I know of by a mackinaw. I have omitted many things of interest during the past ten days because we were anxious to reach home and did not land except when necessary. My party consisted of D. Hunkins, H. Yost, D. Chase, Joseph LeClaire, Louis Hebert, Papin, Bercier and five men. They professed to be much pleased with our successful journey, through so many dangers, and separated for their several homes.

Tuesday, 30. The storm that set in just after we landed increased to almost a hurricane, and drenched everything in the boat. I had the baggage hauled up to the hotel and sold the "Maggie" for five dollars.

Wednesday, October 1. The weather is still wet and disagreeable, Dried the bedding and robes and repacked. Am waiting for a boat to go to St. Louis.

Thursday, 2. The day being fine, I went hunting and killed several prairie chickens. The country is fine and no fences to be seen. The "Robert Campbell" arrived at dark.

Friday, 3. A high wind prevented us from starting until 2:30 P. M. Grounded on a bar in sight of the landing and staid there all night.

Saturday, 4. Made an early start, passed the Platte at 8 A. M.; reached Nebraska City after noon, and stopped for the night below Brownsville.

Sunday, October 5. Passed White Cloud at 8:30, Forest City at 9:30, and arrived at St. Joseph in the afternoon, stopping at the "Pacific."

Monday, 6. Left at 5:20, and upon arriving at Hannibal, left for St. Louis by railroad, reaching there at 6 A. M., October 7, 1862. Found my family all well. Thus ends my first trip down the Missouri River.

## FRANCIS LYMAN WORDEN.

BY WILBUR F. SANDERS.

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Among the earlier pioneers of Montana few names are more worthily honored than that of the Honorable Francis Lyman Worden, who was born in the State of Vermont in 1830, and who came to Missoula County, in what is now Montana, in 1860, where he died on the fifth day of February, 1887.

The Wordens are of Welsh descent, who were among the earliest settlers of New England; twelve generations of them having been born in the United States. Asa Worden, the grandfather of Francis L. Worden, was born in the State of Vermont in 1738, and there reared a family of eight children, dying at the age of ninety years. His son Rufus, father of the deceased, was born in the State of Vermont on the eighth of May, 1804, where he married Susan Powers, and raised a family consisting of four sons and four daughters, of which Francis Lyman was the oldest son. Rufus Worden was an industrious, intelligent and prosperous farmer. He died in 1880.

The subject of this sketch was born in 1830, and attended school in his native State, and also at Troy in the State of New York. At the age of fourteen years he was employed as a clerk in a store in that City, which position he held for seven years, thus laying the foundation for the practical success that afterwards rewarded his services.

At the age of twenty-two, Mr. Worden went to San Francisco, California, where also he was employed in a mercantile establishment for about two years. During this time he traveled south along the Pacific coast as far as Panama, and thereafter went to Oregon, where for one year he engaged in mining. The Indian war in Oregon and Washington breaking out at this time, while Mr. Worden was on his way to Colville, he assisted in its suppression during the year 1855. Upon the cessation of hostilities he was employed as clerk in the Indian Department under Governor Isaac I. Stevens. From the Dalles, where for a time he had been employed as a clerk, he went to Walla Walla and there opened a store, subsequently buying out the parties who had engaged in a like business at that point, and became for a time the only merchant in the county.

He was appointed and served as Postmaster at Walla Walla. Here he made the acquaintance of Captain Christopher P. Higgins, an enterprising citizen, and they entered into a co-partnership in 1860 to conduct a trading and mercantile business, and such other enterprises as their judgments should mutually approve, in eastern Washington, and came to what is now the County of Missoula. They established a trading post

at Hell Gate Ronde, four or five miles below the town of Missoula. Upon the discovery of gold at Gold Creek, in 1862, they established a store at that place for the purpose of furnishing the miners, travelers and traders with goods. In 1863 they established another store at La Barge City, Cottonwood, or what is now Deer Lodge City, and kept an extensive establishment in that town. In 1864 they removed their mercantile establishment from Hell Gate Ronde to the mouth of the canon, four miles up the river, where in addition to merchandising they constructed a grist mill and a saw mill, the place being known for some time as Wordensville but the name was changed by Mr. Worden to Missoula Mills, and subsequently to that of Missoula. This grist mill and one at Gallatin City, contemporaneously constructed, were the only custom mills for a long time operated in Montana, and they were of very great value to the farmers and early settlers of the Territory.

In 1868, the City of Missoula promising to become a center of enterprise and thrift, they withdrew their business from the other localities and confined their enterprises and labors to the building up of that town. They laid out a hundred acres of the townsite into lots, and from that time forward Missoula prospered until it has become one of the principal cities of the State. They constructed bridges across the principal streams, supplied the community with an abundance of pure water, watched the varied and growing interests of the City with care and forethought, and made it one of the model towns of the State of Montana. Two or three valleys are tributary to its prosperity, and recently it has been selected as the site for the University of Montana.

While Mr. Worden was industrious and enterprising, conceiving and carrying out large schemes and accumulating a very considerable fortune, he was always liberal in giving and was one of the most generous of our citizens. He was married at Frenchtown, Missoula County, November twenty-ninth, 1866, to Miss Lucretia Miller, a native of Pennsylvania, and there were born to them seven children, who with their mother still survive. At his death the City of Missoula lost one of her most useful citizens, who in any enterprise that promised good to the town was ever foremost and active.

He was a member of the Council of the first Legislature of the Territory of Montana, at which time he took a deep interest in the creation of the Historical Society, and assisted in preparing its Act of Incorporation. In that Legislative Assembly, which gave form to the subsequent legislation of the Territory, he was one of the most reliable, active and honorable members, devoting his time to whatever would promote the cause of education and morality and commend the people to their fellow countrymen. The District which Mr. Worden represented in the first Legislative Assembly was composed of the Counties of Choteau, Deer Lodge and Missoula. In 1864, he was one of the Board of County Commissioners of the new County of Missoula, and was chosen Chairman of the Board, in which capacity he served with absolute fidelity to all the interests entrusted to his care. In 1875 he was again elected to the Legislature from Missoula County, and in 1880 was elected a member of the Legislative Council. These offices came to him as a tribute of respect for his manly qualities and of his qualifications to discharge their duties, for his entire life in Montana was spent in a

community in which a majority of the people were politically opposed to him. He possessed an undaunted courage, and faced danger wherever his duty called him, calmly and without bravado. It so became his nature that he was universally and affectionately known to his acquaintances and friends as "Frank" Worden. In his private life he was a model citizen.

Mr. Worden's active life was spent in a community and territory whose citizens were absorbed in an active and almost exclusive struggle for gold. If others forgot at times the public good and the intellectual, moral and political interests and institutions of the young community in this fierce and corroding pursuit, he always kept them in view and gave freely of his time and means to their promotion. His friendships were sincere and unvarying, his patriotism was intelligent and unceasing and his public spirit and personal integrity brought to him troops of friends who will long recall his musical voice, his cheery cordial manner, his public spirit, and be proud of his fidelity to whatsoever things were just and true.

MEMBERS AND OFFICERS  
OF THE  
LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLIES OF THE  
TERRITORY OF MONTANA

COMPILED BY JAMES U. SANDERS

TERRITORY ORGANIZED MAY 26TH, 1864

FIRST SESSION

Held at Bannack, the Capital.  
Convened December 12th, 1864.  
Adjourned February 9th, 1865.

SIDNEY EDGERTON, . . . GOVERNOR, Bannack.  
HENRY P. TORSEY,† . . . Secretary.  
ROBERT LAWRENCE,\* . . . President of the Council.  
GEORGE DETWILER, . . . Speaker of the House.

MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

FRANK M. THOMPSON, . . . Beaver Head County.  
ERASMUS D. LEAVITT, . . . Beaver Head County.  
FRANK L. WORDEN,\* . . . Choteau, Deer Lodge & Missoula Counties  
NATHANIEL MERRIMAN,\* . . . Jefferson County.  
CHARLES S. BAGG, . . . Madison County.  
ROBERT LAWRENCE,\* . . . Madison County.  
ANSON S. POTTER, . . . Madison County.  
GEORGE HAYNES, . . . Secretary.  
FRANK H. ANGEVINE.\* . . . Assistant Secretary.  
ROBERT HEREFORD,\* . . . Engrossing Clerk.  
JOHN C. RYAN, . . . Enrolling Clerk.  
HARRISON G. OTIS, . . . Sergeant at Arms.  
HARRIS GILMAN,\* . . . Door Keeper.  
SYLVESTER CHAMBERLAIN, . . . Fireman.  
WRIGHT P. EDGERTON, . . . Page.

\*Deceased.

†Declined.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

WILLIAM FAULDS.* . . . .	Beaver Head County.
ANDREW J. SMITH.* . . . .	Beaver Head County.
JAMES STUART.* . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ISAAC N. BUCK.* . . . .	Jefferson County.
MIL0 COURTRIGHT. . . . .	Jefferson County.
GEORGE DETWILER. . . . .	Jefferson County.
JOHN H. ROGERS.* . . . .	Madison County.
PATRICK RYAN.* . . . .	Madison County.
WILA HUFFAKER.* . . . .	Madison County.
ALEXANDER E. MAYHEW. . . . .	Madison County.
FRANCIS BELL.* . . . .	Madison County.
WASHINGTON J. McCORMICK.*	Madison County.
E. B. JOHNSON. . . . .	Missoula County.
WILLIAM L. BROWN, I . . . .	Chief Clerk.
GEORGE G. STEVENS. . . . .	Assistant Clerk.
J. J. BLAKE. . . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
RICHARD RICHARDSON. . . . .	Enrolling Clerk.
GEORGE W. HILL. . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
AARON FLOUGH. . . . .	Door Keeper.
S. M. JOHNSON. . . . .	Fireman.
E. WATSON. . . . .	Page.
SIDNEY C. EDGERTON.* . . . .	Page.

## SECOND SESSION EXTRAORDINARY. † ‡

Held at Virginia City, the Capital.  
 Convened March 5th, 1866.  
 Adjourned April 14th, 1866.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.**	Secretary, and Acting Governor, Virginia City.
ANSON S. POTTER. . . . .	President of the Council.
ALEXANDER E. MAYHEW. . . . .	Speaker of the House.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

ERASMUS D. LEAVITT. . . . .	Beaver Head County.
EPHRAIM F. PHELPS.* . . . .	Beaver Head County.
WASHINGTON J. McCORMICK.*	Choteau, Deer Lodge & Missoula Counties
NATHANIEL MERRIMAN.* . . . .	Jefferson County.
CHARLES S. BAGG. . . . .	Madison County.
ANSON S. POTTER. . . . .	Madison County.
JAMES G. SPRATT.* † . . . .	Madison County.

\* Deceased.

† In 1866, one of the proprietors of the New York Daily News Resigned.

- James Gallaher and Jabez Robinson presented credentials from Gallatin County, but were not seated.

‡ Laws of, annulled by Act of Congress, approved March 2nd, 1867. See 14 U. S. Statutes, p. 426.

\*\* Drowned at Fort Benton July 1st, 1867.



## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL—Continued.

ROBERT J. MITCHELL. . . .	Secretary.
EDWARD S. CALHOUN. . . .	Assistant Secretary.
ANTHONY H. BARRET. . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
WILLIAM D. LEECH.* . . .	Enrolling Clerk.
JOHN BIGLER. . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
GEORGE REID. . . . .	Door Keeper.
CHARLES FREELER. . . . .	Fireman.
PERRY L. JOHNSON. . . .	Page.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

ANDREW J. SMITH.* . . .	Beaver Head County.
WILLIAM GARDNER. . . .	Beaver Head County.
H. D. WEED. . . . .	Beaver Head County.
ALEXANDER E. MAYHEW. . .	Deer Lodge and Choteau Counties.
ROBERT W. MIMMS. . . . .	Jefferson, Gallatin and Edgerton Counties
A. S. MAXWELL.† . . . .	Jefferson, Gallatin and Edgerton Counties
ROBERT B. PARROTT. . . .	Jefferson, Gallatin and Edgerton Counties
GEORGE H. HANNA.* . . .	Madison County.
JOHN L. McCULLOUGH. . . .	Madison County.
JOHN N. RICE. . . . .	Madison County.
LEVINUS DAEMS.* . . . .	Madison County.
ANDREW V. COREY. . . . .	Madison County.
JAMES McELROY.* . . . .	Madison County.
JAMES LaFONTAINE. . . .	Missoula County.
JOHN F. RUCKER. . . . .	Chief Clerk.
WILLIAM H. CHILES. . . .	Assistant Clerk.
GEORGE W. HYNSON. . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
FRANK DWINELLE. . . . .	Enrolling Clerk.
WILLIAM DEASCEY. . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. FATHER JOSEPH GIORDA.	Chaplain.
HAMILTON J. JOHNSON.* . .	Door Keeper.
WILLIAM F. REDICK.* . . .	Fireman.
WOODY HUDGENS. . . . .	Page.

## THIRD SESSION EXTRAORDINARY. † ‡

Held at Virginia City, the Capital.

Convened November 5th, 1866.

Adjourned December 15th, 1866.

GREEN CLAY SMITH.\* . . . . GOVERNOR, Virginia City.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.\* Secretary, Virginia City.

\* Deceased.

§ This seat was contested by Hon. Robert Lawrence, but was awarded to Mr. Spratt, he being elected at a special election February 24th, 1866, that was called to fill the vacancy caused by the removal of Mr. Lawrence from the County.

Vacancy declared on removal from Territory, and seat filled by special election.

† Speaker Pro Tem.

‡ Laws of, annulled by Act of Congress, Approved March 2nd, 1867. See 14 U. S. Statutes, p. 426.

-Choteau and Musselshell Counties were not represented in this session, no votes being cast therein.

CHARLES S. BAGG, . . . . President of the Council.  
ALEXANDER E. MAYHEW, . . . . Speaker of the House.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

WILLIAM H. CHILES, . . . . Madison County.  
MARK A. MOORE, . . . . Madison County.  
JAMES G. SPRATT,\* . . . . Madison County.  
CHARLES S. BAGG, . . . . Deer Lodge County.  
ASA A. BROWN,\* . . . . Deer Lodge County.  
ELIHU B. WATERBURY,\* . . . . Deer Lodge County.  
THOMAS J. LOWRY,\* . . . . Edgerton County.  
EZEKIEL S. WILKINSON,\* . . . . Edgerton County.  
SAMPLE ORR, . . . . Meagher County.  
JAMES E. GALLOWAY, . . . . Meagher County.  
G. G. WILSON, . . . . Meagher County.  
EPHRAIM F. PHELPS,\* . . . . Beaver Head County.  
DAVID TUTTLE, . . . . Jefferson County.  
WILLIAM Y. LOVELL,\* . . . . Chief Clerk.  
CHARLES V. D. LOVEJOY,† . . . . Assistant Chief Clerk.  
J. A. INSLEY, . . . . Assistant Chief Clerk.  
CHAPMAN C. MENAUGH,\* . . . . Engrossing Clerk.  
FRANK W. A. CUNNINGHAM, . . . . Enrolling Clerk.  
JAMES B. ('Buzz') BUZZ CAVEN,\* . . . . Sergeant at Arms.  
HENRY CATLETT, . . . . Door Keeper.  
SYLVESTER CHAMBERLAIN, . . . . Fireman.  
JOHN DALY, . . . . Page.  
MARSHALL ORR, . . . . Page.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

ANDREW J. SMITH,\* † . . . . Beaver Head County.  
ALFRED M. ESLER,° . . . . Beaver Head County.  
ALEXANDER E. MAYHEW, . . . . Deer Lodge County.  
LOUIS McMURTRY,\* . . . . Deer Lodge County.  
THOMAS L. GORHAM,\* . . . . Deer Lodge County.  
JAMES B. WYLIE, . . . . Deer Lodge County.  
PETER McMANNUS,\* . . . . Deer Lodge County.  
A. S. MAXWELL, . . . . Edgerton County.  
ROBERT W. MIMMS, . . . . Edgerton County.  
RAY W. ANDREWS, . . . . Edgerton County.  
JOHN W. RHODES, . . . . Edgerton County.  
J. B. VAN HAGEN,\* . . . . Edgerton County.  
JAMES GALLAHER, . . . . Gallatin County.  
CHARLES P. BLAKELY, . . . . Gallatin County.  
ISAAC N. BUCK,\* . . . . Jefferson County.  
JOHN L. McCULLOUGH, . . . . Madison County.  
HARRISON JORDAN, . . . . Madison County.  
JOHN H. ROGERS,\* . . . . Madison County.

\*Deceased.

†Resigned Nov. 10th.

‡Speaker Pro Tem.

° Seat unsuccessfully contested by Joseph A. Browne.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE—(Continued.)

M. ROACH, . . . . .	Madison County.
JOHN DONEGAN, . . . . .	Madison County.
WALTER W. JOHNSON,* . . . . .	Missoula County.
JOHN OWEN,* . . . . .	Missoula County.
THOMAS D. CLANTON, . . . . .	Meagher County.
JAMES W. WELCH, . . . . .	Meagher County.
MATTHEW CARROLL,† . . . . .	Choteau County.
H. F. SNELLING,† . . . . .	Choteau County.
ANTHONY H. BARRET, . . . . .	Chief Clerk.
JAMES K. DUKE, . . . . .	Assistant Clerk.
ROBERT HEDGE, . . . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
C. L. CRAIG, (temporary), . . . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
JAMES MCCALED, . . . . .	Enrolling Clerk.
EDWARD S. CALHOUN, . . . . .	Assistant Enrolling Clerk.
OLIVER P. ('ROCKY') THOMAS* . . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. HUGH DUNCAN,* . . . . .	Chaplain.
WILLIAM DEASCEY, . . . . .	Door Keeper
EDWARD WOOD, . . . . .	Fireman.
DOUGLAS ANDREWS, . . . . .	Page.
ALBERT CROW, . . . . .	Page.

## FOURTH SESSION.

Held at Virginia City, the Capital.

Convened November 4th, 1867.

Adjourned December 13th, 1867.

GREEN CLAY SMITH.* . . . .	GOVERNOR, Virginia City.
JAMES TUFTS,* . . . . .	Secretary, Virginia City.
CHARLES S. BAGG, . . . . .	President of the Council.
WELLINGTON STEWART,* . . . . .	Speaker of the House.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

THOMAS WATSON,* . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
ALEXANDER DAVIS,° . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
CHARLES S. BAGG, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JASPER RAND, . . . . .	Missoula County.
JOHN W. CORUM,* . . . . .	Edgerton and Jefferson Counties.
WILLIAM E. CULLEN, . . . . .	Edgerton and Jefferson Counties.
SAMPLE ORR, . . . . .	Choteau, Gallatin and Big Horn Counties
THOMAS B. WADE, . . . . .	Secretary.
CHAPMAN C. MENAUGH,* . . . . .	Assistant Secretary.
HENRY H. SHOWERS, . . . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
DAVID B. JENKINS, . . . . .	Enrolling Clerk.

\*Deceased.

†Did not appear and qualify.

°President Pro Tem.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL—(Continued.)

C. B. ROBINSON, . . . . .	Assistant Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk
STEPHEN R. ELWELL,* . . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
BISHOP DANIEL S. TUTTLE, . . . . .	Chaplain.
JOHN THOMPSON, . . . . .	Door Keeper.
SYLVESTER CHAMBERLAIN, . . . . .	Fireman.
PERRY L. JOHNSON, . . . . .	Page.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

FRANK E. W. PATTON, . . . . .	Madison County.
SAMUEL WORD, . . . . .	Madison County.
WILLIAM H. EDWARDS, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
N. C. BOSWELL,* . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOHN A. SIMMS,† . . . . .	Beaver Head and Missoula Counties.
WELLINGTON STEWART,* . . . . .	Jefferson County.
JAMES GALLAHER, . . . . .	Gallatin and Big Horn Counties.
JAMES R. WESTON, . . . . .	Gallatin and Big Horn Counties.
JAMES M. ANDERSON, . . . . .	Edgerton County.
HARRY R. COMLY, . . . . .	Edgerton County.
JOHN W. RHODES, . . . . .	Edgerton County.
WHITMAN TENNANT, . . . . .	Edgerton County.
HENRY A. KENNERLY,° . . . . .	Choteau County.
ANTHONY H. BARRET, . . . . .	Chief Clerk.
FREDERICK A. SHIELDS, . . . . .	Assistant Clerk.
JOHN M. CLARKSON, . . . . .	Assistant Clerk.
JOHN G. MCLAIN, . . . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
WILLIAM BUTTZ, . . . . .	Enrolling Clerk.
OLIVER P. THOMAS,* . . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
BISHOP DANIEL S. TUTTLE, . . . . .	Chaplain.
HAMILTON J. JOHNSON,* . . . . .	Door Keeper.
A. C. HILL, . . . . .	Fireman.
A. J. SNIDER, JR., . . . . .	Page.
RICHARD WATSON, . . . . .	Page.

## FOURTH SESSION (EXTRAORDINARY.)

Held at Virginia City, the Capital.

Convened December 14th, 1867.

Adjourned December 24th, 1867.

GREEN CLAY SMITH,* . . . . .	GOVERNOR, Virginia City.
JAMES TUFTS,* . . . . .	Secretary, Virginia City.
CHARLES S. BAGG, . . . . .	President of the Council.
WELLINGTON STEWART,* . . . . .	Speaker of the House.

\*Deceased.

†Did not appear and qualify.

°Speaker Pro Tem.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

THOMAS WATSON,*	. . . .	Beaver Head County.
ALEXANDER DAVIS,	. . . .	Beaver-Head-County.
CHARLES S. BAGG,	. . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JASPER RAND,	. . . .	Missoula County.
JOHN W. CORUM,*	. . . .	Edgerton and Jefferson Counties.
WILLIAM E. CULLEN,	. . . .	Edgerton and Jefferson Counties.
SAMPLE ORR,	. . . .	Choteau, Gallatin and Big Horn Counties.
THOMAS B. WADE,	. . . .	Secretary.
CHAPMAN C. MENAUGH,*	. . . .	Assistant Secretary.
HENRY H. SHOWERS,	. . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
DAVID B. JENKINS,	. . . .	Enrolling Clerk.
STEPHEN R. ELWELL,*	. . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
BISHOP DANIEL S. TUTTLE,	. . . .	Chaplain.
JOHN THOMPSON,	. . . .	Door Keeper.
SYLVESTER CHAMBERLAIN,	. . . .	Fireman.
PERRY L. JOHNSON,	. . . .	Page.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

FRANK E. W. PATTON,	. . . .	Madison County.
SAMUEL WORD,	. . . .	Madison County.
N. C. BOSWELL,*	. . . .	Deer Lodge County.
WILLIAM H. EDWARDS,	. . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOHN A. SIMMS,†	. . . .	Beaver Head and Missoula Counties.
WELLINGTON STEWART,*	. . . .	Jefferson County.
JAMES GALLAHER,	. . . .	Gallatin and Big Horn Counties.
JAMES R. WESTON,	. . . .	Gallatin and Big Horn Counties.
JAMES M. ANDERSON,	. . . .	Edgerton County.
HARRY R. COMLY,	. . . .	Edgerton County.
JOHN W. RHODES,	. . . .	Edgerton County.
WHITMAN TENNANT,	. . . .	Edgerton County.
HENRY A. KENNERLY,	. . . .	Choteau County.
FREDERICK A. SHIELDS,	. . . .	Chief Clerk.
GEORGE J. REA,	. . . .	Assistant Clerk.
JOHN G. MCLAIN,	. . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
WILLIAM BUTTZ,	. . . .	Enrolling Clerk.
OLIVER P. THOMAS,*	. . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
BISHOP DANIEL S. TUTTLE,	. . . .	Chaplain.
HAMILTON J. JOHNSON,*	. . . .	Door Keeper.
A. C. HILL,	. . . .	Fireman.
A. J. SNIDER, JR.,	. . . .	Page.
RICHARD WATSON,	. . . .	Page.

\*Deceased.

†Did not appear and qualify.

NOTE—Name of Edgerton County changed to Lewis and Clarke County: approved December 20th, 1867, to take effect March 1st, 1868.



## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE—(Continued.)

HARRY R. COMLY, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JAMES M. ELLIS, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WILLIAM F. POWERS, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOHN W. RHODES, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOHN M. SWEENEY,* . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
SIMEON ESTES, . . . .	Beaver Head County.
GEORGE W. STAPLETON, . . . .	Beaver Head County.
GEORGE W. WENTWORTH, . . . .	Missoula County.
MORROW P. LOWRY,* . . . .	Choteau County.
JOHN P. BARNES, . . . .	Meagher County.
ANDREW COOPER, . . . .	Meagher County.
CHESTER W. HIGLEY,* . . . .	Jefferson County.
WELLINGTON STEWART,* . . . .	Jefferson County.
DAVID L. SHAFER, . . . .	Gallatin and Big Horn Counties.
LESTER S. WILLSON, . . . .	Gallatin and Big Horn Counties.
RUFUS E. ARICK,* . . . .	Chief Clerk.
ANTHONY H. BARRET, . . . .	Assistant Clerk.
THOMAS E. POUNDS, . . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
WILLIAM BUTTZ, . . . .	Enrolling Clerk.
OLIVER P. THOMAS,* . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
THOMAS CHURCH, . . . .	Postmaster.
LAWRENCE O. HOLT, . . . .	Door Keeper.
PETER ROGAN, . . . .	Fireman.
JOHN DALY. . . . .	Page.
RICHARD WATSON, . . . .	Page.

## SIXTH SESSION.

Held at Virginia City, the Capital.

Convened December 6th, 1869.

Adjourned January 7th, 1870.

JAMES M. ASHLEY, . . . .	GOVERNOR, Helena.
WILEY S. SCRIBNER,* . . . .	Secretary, Virginia City.
WALTER B. DANCE,* . . . .	President of the Council.
JAMES R. BOYCE, SR. . . . .	Speaker of the House.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

THOMAS WATSON,* . . . .	Beaver Head County.
LEVINUS DAEMS,* . . . .	Madison County.
SAMUEL WORD, . . . .	Madison County.
WALTER B. DANCE,* . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ARMISTEAD H. MITCHELL, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ASA A. BROWN,* . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
FRANK H. WOODY, <sup>o</sup> . . . .	Missoula County.
HARVEY W. ENGLISH,* . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOHN JONES,* . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.

\* Deceased.

<sup>o</sup> Did not appear and qualify.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL—(Continued.)

ALBERT G. P. GEORGE,	. . .	Jefferson County.
CHESTER W. HIGLEY,*	. . .	Jefferson County.
THOMAS R. EDWARDS,*	. . .	Gallatin and Choteau Counties.
JOHN P. BARNES,	. . .	Meagher and Big Horn Counties.
RUBEN S. LEVERIDGE,	. . .	Secretary.
A. M. S. CARPENTER,	. . .	*Assistant Secretary.
GEORGE W. HILL,	. . .	Engrossing Clerk.
ANDREW J. URLIN,	. . .	Enrolling Clerk.
JOHN THOMPSON,	. . .	Sergeant at Arms.
JOHN S. BARTRUFF,	. . .	Door Keeper.
THOMAS BENNETT,	. . .	Fireman.
JAMES P. FARLEY,	. . .	Page.
GEORGE THEXTON,*	. . .	Page.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

RUFUS O. BAILEY,	. . .	Madison County.
GEORGE F. COPE,	. . .	Madison County.
RICHARD O. HICKMAN,*	. . .	Madison County.
WILLIAM D. WANN,	. . .	Madison County.
N. C. BOSWELL,*	. . .	Deer Lodge County.
STEPHEN R. ELWELL,*	. . .	Deer Lodge County.
ISRAEL GIBBS,	. . .	Deer Lodge County.
THOMAS E. POUNDS,	. . .	Deer Lodge County.
PRESTON SCOTT,*	. . .	Deer Lodge County.
JAMES R. BOYCE, SR.,	. . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JONATHAN F. FORBIS,*	. . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
ALFRED B. HAMILTON, <sup>o</sup>	. . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOHN MURPHY,	. . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
PEYTON T. WILLIAMS,*	. . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOSEPH A. BROWNE,	. . .	Beaver Head County.
ANDREW J. SMITH,*	. . .	Beaver Head County.
WILLIAM E. BASS, <sup>o</sup>	. . .	Missoula County.
JOHN J. HEALEY, <sup>o</sup>	. . .	Choteau County.
TIMOTHY E. COLLINS,	. . .	Meagher County.
ANDREW COOPER, <sup>o</sup>	. . .	Meagher County.
HARRISON JORDAN,	. . .	Jefferson County.
ANTHONY H. BARRET,	. . .	Jefferson County.
ACHILLES LAMME,*	. . .	Gallatin and Big Horn Counties.
VARDAMAN A. COCKERILL,	. . .	Gallatin and Big Horn Counties.
GEORGE W. ROCKFELLOW,	. . .	Chief Clerk.
BENJAMIN EZEKIEL,*	. . .	Assistant Clerk.
PHILIP E. EVANS,*	. . .	Engrossing Clerk.
ROBERT HEDGE,	. . .	Enrolling Clerk.
REV. GEORGE COMFORT,	. . .	Chaplain.
WILLIAM DEASCEY,	. . .	Sergeant at Arms.
OLIVER P. THOMAS,*	. . .	Door Keeper.
WILLIAM F. REDICK,	. . .	Fireman.
RICHARD WATSON,	. . .	Page.
NATHANIEL EVANS,	. . .	Page.

\* Deceased.

<sup>o</sup> Did not appear and qualify.



## SEVENTH SESSION.

Held at Virginia City, the Capital.  
 Convened December 4th, 1871.  
 Adjourned January 12th, 1872.

BENJAMIN F. POTTS,\* . GOVERNOR, Virginia City.  
 JAMES E. CALLAWAY, . . . Secretary, Virginia City.  
 ARMISTEAD H. MITCHELL, . President of the Council.  
 HARRY R. COMLY, . . . . Speaker of the House.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

CHAPMAN J. KINNEY, . . . Madison and Beaver Head Counties.  
 GEORGE W. STAPLETON, . . Madison and Beaver Head Counties.  
 HENRY L. WARREN, . . . Madison and Beaver Head Counties.  
 ARMISTEAD H. MITCHELL, . Deer Lodge and Missoula Counties.  
 JOHN OWEN,\* . . . . . Deer Lodge and Missoula Counties.  
 A. T. SHOUP,\* . . . . . Deer Lodge and Missoula Counties.  
 GRANVILLE STUART,<sup>o</sup> . . . Deer Lodge and Missoula Counties.  
 SETH BULLOCK, . . . . . Lewis and Clarke and Jefferson Counties.  
 ROBERT FISHER, . . . . . Lewis and Clarke and Jefferson Counties.  
 JAMES M. HOWE, . . . . . Lewis and Clarke and Jefferson Counties.  
 ROBERT LAWRENCE,\* . . . Lewis and Clarke and Jefferson Counties.  
 STEPHEN J. BECK, . . . . Gallatin, Meagher and Choteau Counties.  
 TIMOTHY E. COLLINS, . . . Gallatin, Meagher and Choteau Counties.  
 RUFUS E. ARICK,\* . . . . Chief Clerk.  
 A. M. S. CARPENTER, . . . Assistant Clerk.  
 NEWTON DICKINSON, . . . Engrossing Clerk.  
 HENRY C. WILKINSON,\* . . Enrolling Clerk.  
 JAMES CADIGAN,\* . . . . Sergeant at Arms.  
 REV. HENRY H. PROUT, . . Chaplain.  
 JOHN THOMPSON, . . . . Door Keeper.  
 L. H. GEER, . . . . . Fireman.  
 CHARLES BARBER, . . . . Page.  
 EDWIN C. JOHNSON, . . . Page.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

JAMES GAROUTTE, . . . . Madison County.  
 N. D. JOHNSON, . . . . Madison County.  
 SAMUEL M. TRIPP, . . . . Madison County.  
 OTIS C. WHITNEY,\* . . . . Madison County.  
 EDWARD D. AIKEN, . . . . Deer Lodge County.  
 WILLIAM W. DIXON, . . . Deer Lodge County.  
 CHARLES A. McCABE, . . . Deer Lodge County.  
 HENRY D. SMITH, . . . . Deer Lodge County.  
 JOHN WILLIAMS, . . . . Deer Lodge County.  
 JOHN BILLINGS, . . . . Lewis and Clarke County.  
 HARRY R. COMLY, . . . . Lewis and Clarke County.

\*Deceased.

<sup>o</sup> 1894-6, U. S. Minister to Uruguay and Paraguay.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE—(Continued)

THOMAS J. LOWRY,*	. . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
SILAS F. RALSTON,	. . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
DANIEL SEARLES,	. . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JAMES C. METLIN,	. . . .	Beaver Head County.
PHILIP H. POINDEXTER,	. . . .	Beaver Head County.
WILLIAM E. BASS.	. . . .	Missoula County.
WILLIAM C. WRIGHT, <sup>o</sup>	. . . .	Choteau County.
ISRAEL CLEM,	. . . .	Meagher County.
COLEMAN PUETT,	. . . .	Meagher County.
HARRISON JORDAN,	. . . .	Jefferson County.
FRANK M. LOWRY,	. . . .	Jefferson County.
CARY M. TATE,	. . . .	Big Horn and Gallatin Counties.
ROBERT P. VIVION,*	. . . .	Big Horn and Gallatin Counties.
BENJAMIN EZEKIEL,*	. . . .	Chief Clerk.
BENJAMIN S. WORD,*	. . . .	Assistant Clerk.
JOHN D. ALPORT,*	. . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
WILLIAM FREEMAN,	. . . .	Enrolling Clerk.
PATRICK H. MALONEY,	. . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. HUGH DUNCAN,*	. . . .	Chaplain.
LILBURN B. BELL,	. . . .	Door Keeper.
K. DAVID D. WRIGHT,	. . . .	Fireman.
B. REECE,	. . . .	Page.
VAN ORTON,	. . . .	Page.

## EIGHTH SESSION (EXTRAORDINARY.)

Held at Virginia City, the Capital.

Convened April 14th, 1873.

Adjourned May 8th, 1873.

BENJAMIN F. POTTS,*	. . . .	GOVERNOR, Virginia City.
JAMES E. CALLAWAY,	. . . .	Secretary, Virginia City.
GEORGE W. STAPLETON,	. . . .	President of the Council.
JOHN H. ROGERS,*	. . . .	Speaker of the House.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL. ‡

GEORGE W. STAPLETON,	. . . .	Beaver Head and Madison Counties.
EDWARD T. YAGER,*	. . . .	Beaver Head and Madison Counties.
WILLIAM E. BASS,	. . . .	Deer Lodge and Missoula Counties.
WALTER B. DANCE,*	. . . .	Deer Lodge and Missoula Counties.
DALLAS P. NEWCOMER,	. . . .	Deer Lodge and Missoula Counties.
JOHN OWEN,*	. . . .	Deer Lodge and Missoula Counties.
SETH BULLOCK,	. . . .	Lewis and Clarke and Jefferson Counties.
ROBERT FISHER,	. . . .	Lewis and Clarke and Jefferson Counties.
ROBERT LAWRENCE,*	. . . .	Lewis and Clarke and Jefferson Counties.
JAMES C. STUART,	. . . .	Lewis and Clarke and Jefferson Counties.
STEPHEN J. BECK,	. . . .	Choteau, Gallatin, Big Horn and Meagher Counties.

\*Deceased.

<sup>o</sup>Did not appear and qualify.

‡One vacancy in Beaver Head and Madison Counties.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL—(Continued.)

OWEN GARRIGAN, . . . .	Choteau, Gallatin, Big Horn and Meagher Counties.
A. M. S. CARPENTER, . . . .	Chief Clerk.
ROBERT W. HILL, . . . .	Assistant Clerk.
ANSALEM J. DAVIDSON, . . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
HENRY C. WILKINSON,* . . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
WILLIAM G. BARCLAY,* . . . .	Enrolling Clerk.
JAMES CADIGAN, . . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
HAMILTON J. JOHNSON,* . . . .	Door Keeper.
JOHN DONNELLY, . . . . .	Watchman.
EDWARD L. YAGER, . . . . .	Messenger.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL,*	Madison County.
BENJAMIN EZEKIEL,* . . . .	Madison County.
SAMUEL MALLORY,* . . . .	Madison County.
ISAAC S. STAFFORD, . . . .	Madison County.
EDWARD D. AIKEN, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOSEPH M. ALGER, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ISAAC DEAN, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOHN C. KERLEY, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOHN H. ROGERS,* . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
WILLIAM A. CHESSMAN, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
ANDREW DUSOLD,* . . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOSEPH W. HARTWELL, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
F. GEORGE HELDT, . . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WILBUR F. SANDERS, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOSEPH A. BROWNE, . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
CHRISTIAN MEAD,* . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
JAMES KENNEDY, . . . . .	Missoula County.
CORNELIUS C. O'KEEFE,* . . . .	Missoula County.
CHARLES A. DELANEY, . . . .	Choteau and Dawson Counties.
CURTIS L. HARRINGTON,* . . . .	Meagher County.
CHARLES W. SUTTON, . . . . .	Meagher County.
OTHO CURTIS, . . . . .	Jefferson County.
RUFUS K. EMERSON, . . . . .	Jefferson County.
GEORGE W. MCCAULEY, . . . .	Jefferson County.
GEORGE S. COLEMAN, . . . .	Gallatin and Big Horn Counties.
CARY N. TATE, . . . . .	Gallatin and Big Horn Counties.
WILLIAM W. CHAPMAN, . . . .	Chief Clerk.
LEWIS A. HAWKINS, . . . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
EBENEZER H. HURLEY,† . . . .	Enrolling Clerk.
SAMUEL R. SHANKLAND,‡ . . . .	Enrolling Clerk.
WILLIAM T. SHIRLEY, . . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
LILBURN B. BELL, . . . . .	Door Keeper.
LEWIS C. CARR, . . . . .	Watchman.
RICHARD WATSON. . . . .	Messenger.

\*Deceased.

†Resigned April 19th.

‡Elected April 19th.

## EIGHTH SESSION.

Held at Virginia City, the Capital.

Convened January 5th, 1874.

Adjourned February 13th, 1874.

BENJAMIN F. POTTS,*	. . .	GOVERNOR, Virginia City.	1
JAMES E. CALLAWAY,	. . .	Secretary, Virginia City.	1
GEORGE W. STAPLETON,	. . .	President of the Council.	1
JOHN H. ROGERS,*	. . .	Speaker of the House.	1

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

ORLANDO B. BARBER,	. . .	Madison and Beaver Head Counties.
GEORGE W. STAPLETON,	. . .	Madison and Beaver Head Counties.
EDWARD T. YAGER,*	. . .	Madison and Beaver Head Counties.
CHARLES COOPER,	. . .	Deer Lodge and Missoula Counties.
WALTER B. DANCE,*	. . .	Deer Lodge and Missoula Counties.
LOUIS R. MAILLET,	. . .	Deer Lodge and Missoula Counties.
DALLAS P. NEWCOMER,	. . .	Deer Lodge and Missoula Counties.
RUFUS E. ARICK,*	. . .	Jefferson and Lewis and Clarke Counties.
ALEXANDER H. BEATTIE* <sup>o</sup> ,	. . .	Jefferson and Lewis and Clarke Counties.
JAMES C. STEWART,	. . .	Jefferson and Lewis and Clarke Counties.
JAMES C. WALKER,	. . .	Jefferson and Lewis and Clarke Counties.
JOSEPH J. DAVIS,	. . .	Gallatin, Meagher, Choteau and Big Horn Counties.
OWEN GARRIGAN,	. . .	Gallatin, Meagher, Choteau and Big Horn Counties.
A. M. S. CARPENTER,	. . .	Chief Clerk.
ROBERT W. HILL,	. . .	Assistant Clerk.
TIMOTHY E. COLLINS,	. . .	Engrossing Clerk.
WILLIAM B. MORRISON,*	. . .	Enrolling Clerk.
JOSEPH E. ALLEN,	. . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. FRANK KELLEHER,	. . .	Chaplain.
JAMES M. CASTNER,*	. . .	Door Keeper.
S. T. FAULKERSON,	. . .	Watchman.
J. M. AUSTIN,	. . .	Messenger.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL,*	. . .	Madison County.
BENJAMIN EZEKIEL,*	. . .	Madison County.
SAMUEL MALLORY,*	. . .	Madison County.
ISAAC S. STAFFORD,	. . .	Madison County.
EDWARD D. AIKEN,	. . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOSEPH A. ALGER,	. . .	Deer Lodge County.
ISAAC DEAN,	. . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOHN C. KERLEY,	. . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOHN H. ROGERS,*	. . .	Deer Lodge County.
WILLIAM A. CHESSMAN	. . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
ANDREW DUSOLD,*	. . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOSEPH W. HARTWELL,	. . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
F. GEORGE HELDT,	. . .	Lewis and Clarke County.

\*Deceased.

<sup>o</sup> This seat was unsuccessfully contested by John P. Barnes.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE—(Continued.)

WILBUR F. ANDERS, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOSEPH A. FLOWNE, . . . .	Beaver Head County.
CHRISTIAN LEAD,* . . . .	Beaver Head County.
JAMES KENNEDY, . . . .	Missoula County.
COPNEY O'KEEFE,* . . . .	Missoula County.
JAMES M. ARNOUX, . . . .	Choteau and Dawson Counties.
CHARLES W. SUTTON, . . . .	Meagher County.
CURTIS L. HARRINGTON,* . . . .	Meagher County.
OTHO CURTIS, . . . .	Jefferson County.
RUFUS K. EMERSON, . . . .	Jefferson County.
GEORGE W. MCCAULEY, . . . .	Jefferson County.
GEORGE S. COLEMAN, . . . .	Gallatin and Big Horn Counties.
CARY M. TATE, . . . .	Gallatin and Big Horn Counties.
ANTHONY H. BARRET, . . . .	Chief Clerk.
WILLIAM W. CHAPMAN, . . . .	Assistant Clerk.
E. P. OWENS, . . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
SILVAN HUGHES, . . . .	Enrolling Clerk.
GEORGE A. BRUFFEY, . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. HENRY E. PROUT, . . . .	Chaplain.
GEORGE LINDER, . . . .	Door Keeper.
CHARLES P. BLAKELY, <sup>o</sup> . . . .	Watchman.
N. MALONEY, . . . .	Watchman.
RICHARD WATSON, . . . .	Messenger.

## NINTH SESSION.

Held at Helena, the Capital.

Convened January 3d, 1876.

Adjourned February 11th, 1876.

BENJAMIN F. POTTS,* . . . .	GOVERNOR, Helena.
JAMES E. CALLAWAY, . . . .	Secretary, Virginia City.
ASA A. BROWN,* . . . .	President of the Council.
SAMUEL W. LANGHORNE, . . . .	Speaker of the House.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

THOMAS WATSON,* . . . .	Beaver Head and Madison Counties.
JAMES HORNBUCKLE,* . . . .	Choteau and Meagher Counties.
JOAQUIN ABASCAL,* . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ASA A. BROWN,* . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
WILLIAM GRAHAM,* . . . .	Deer Lodge and Missoula Counties.
W. O. P. HAYS,* . . . .	Gallatin County.
ISAAC I. LEWIS, . . . .	Gallatin and Jefferson Counties.
EDWARD CARDWELL, . . . .	Jefferson County.
PHILIP CONSTANS, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WILLIAM E. CULLEN, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.

\*Deceased.

<sup>o</sup>Resigned January 8th, 1874.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL—(Continued.)

BENJAMIN H. TATEM, . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOHN B. ALLEBAUGH,* . . .	Madison County.
WILLIAM E. BASS, . . .	Missoula County.
HARRY R. COMLY, . . .	Chief Clerk.
EDWARD WATSON, . . .	Assistant Clerk.
HENRY C. WILKINSON,* . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
PATRICK TALENT, . . .	Enrolling Clerk.
OTIS STRICKLAND, . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. E. L. TOY, . . .	Chaplain.
REV. L. PALLADINO, . . .	Chaplain.
REV. W. C. ROMMEL, . . .	Chaplain.
REV. CLARK WRIGHT, . . .	Chaplain.
PATRICK H. MALONEY, . . .	Door Keeper.
JAMES A. DIXON, . . .	Watchman.
GEORGE J. LEWIS, . . .	Messenger.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

CHRISTIAN MEAD,* . . .	Beaver Head County
ROBERT S. FORD, . . .	Choteau County.
GEORGE W. BEAL, . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ISRAEL C. BURKETT, . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOHN C. MOORE, . . .	Deer Lodge County.
GRANVILLE STUART, . . .	Deer Lodge County.
PATRICK WOODLOCK,* . . .	Deer Lodge County.
AMOS B. MOORE, . . .	Gallatin County.
BRIGHAM REED, . . .	Gallatin County.
SAMUEL W. LANGHORNE, . . .	Gallatin and Jefferson Counties.
EDWARD G. BROOKE, . . .	Jefferson County.
OTHO CURTIS, . . .	Jefferson County.
WILLIAM A. CHESSMAN, . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
TILGHMAN H. CLEWELL, . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOSEPH H. MCKNIGHT, . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WILBUR F. SANDERS, . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOHN M. SWEENEY,* . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL,* . . .	Madison County.
DAVID KENNEALY, . . .	Madison County.
LORIN B. OLDS, <sup>o</sup> . . .	Madison County.
SAMUEL WORD, . . .	Madison County.
LOUIS ROTWITT, . . .	Meagher County.
WILLIAM E. TIERNEY, . . .	Meagher County.
ALFRED CAVE, . . .	Missoula County.
WASHINGTON J. MCCORMICK,* . . .	Missoula County.
FRANK L. WORDEN,* . . .	Missoula County.
ANTHONY H. BARRET, . . .	Chief Clerk.
JOHN N. HELDT, . . .	Assistant Clerk.

\* Deceased.

<sup>o</sup>Elected in place of Hon. Henry N. Blake, resigned and appointed Associate Justice of Supreme Court.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE—(Continued)

JAMES E. KANOUSE, . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
NICHOLAS H. CONNELLY, .	Enrolling Clerk.
RUFUS K. EMERSON, . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. W. HARRIS, . . . .	Chaplain.
J. M. THOMPSON, . . . .	Door Keeper.
HARRY McVEIGH, . . . .	Watchman.
JAMES B. WALKER, . . . .	Messenger.

## TENTH SESSION.†

Held at Helena, the Capital.

Convened January 8th, 1877.

Adjourned February 16th, 1877.

BENJAMIN F. POTTS,* . .	GOVERNOR, Helena.
JAMES H. MILLS, . . . .	Secretary, Deer Lodge.
WILLIAM E. BASS, . . . .	President of the Council.
ALEXANDER E. MAYHEW, .	Speaker of the House.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

THOMAS WATSON,* . . . .	Beaver Head and Madison Counties.
ROBERT S. FORD, . . . .	Choteau and Meagher Counties.
ASA A. BROWN, . . . .	Deer Lodge and Missoula Counties.
ARMISTEAD H. MITCHELL, .	Deer Lodge County.
ELIHU B. WATERBURY,* .	Deer Lodge County.
W. O. P. HAYS,* . . . .	Gallatin County.
PERRY W. McADOW, . . . .	Gallatin and Jefferson Counties.
ISAAC I. LEWIS, . . . .	Jefferson County.
PHILIP CONSTANS, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WILLIAM E. CULLEN, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
BENJAMIN H. TATEM, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOHN B. ALLEBAUGH,* . .	Madison County.
WILLIAM E. BASS, . . . .	Missoula County.
HARRY R. COMLY, . . . .	Chief Clerk.
HORACE C. LEWIS, . . . .	Assistant Clerk.
HENRY C. WILKINSON,* . .	Engrossing Clerk.
DAVID MARKS, . . . .	Enrolling Clerk.
OTIS STRICKLAND, . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. DAVID MORTON, . . . .	Chaplain.
REV. E. L. TOY, . . . .	Chaplain.
THOMAS DALY, . . . .	Door Keeper.
JOHN McCLAIRNON, . . . .	Watchman.
LUDDY DAVIS, . . . .	Messenger.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

AARON C. WITTER,* . . . .	Beaver Head County.
WILLIAM A. THOMPSON, . .	Choteau County.

\* Deceased.

† Name of Big Horn County changed to Custer County Feb. 16th, 1877.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE—(Continued.)

JOSEPH A. HYDE, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ALEXANDER E. MAYHEW, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JAMES MCELROY,* . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
BENJAMIN T. PORTER, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOHN C. ROBINSON, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
DANIEL P. ROBBINS, . . . .	Gallatin County.
ROBERT P. VIVION,* . . . .	Gallatin County.
EDWIN N. BATCHELDER,* . . . .	Gallatin and Jefferson Counties.
HUGH F. GALEN, . . . .	Jefferson County.
JUNIUS G. SANDERS, . . . .	Jefferson County.
WALTER F. CHADWICK,* . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOSEPH DAVIS, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
NICHOLAS KESSLER, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WILBUR F. SANDERS, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
GEORGE STEELL, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
RICHARD O. HICKMAN,* . . . .	Madison County.
HORATIO S. HOWELL, . . . .	Madison County.
HENRY H. MOOD,* . . . .	Madison County.
SAMUEL WORD, . . . .	Madison County.
HENRY B. BRAINARD, . . . .	Meagher County.
LOUIS ROTWITT, . . . .	Meagher County.
JAMES A. DIXON, . . . .	Missoula County.
FRANK C. IVES, . . . .	Missoula County.
WASHINGTON J. MCCORMICK,*	Missoula County.
ANTHONY H. BARRET, . . . .	Chief Clerk.
HARRY A. LAMBERT, . . . .	Assistant Clerk.
CLARENCE O. EWING, . . . .	Engrossing Clerk.
EDWARD J. MCKIERNEN, . . . .	Enrolling Clerk.
STEPHEN BYNUM, . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. CLARK WRIGHT, . . . .	Chaplain.
DANIEL FARRY,* . . . .	Door Keeper.
HARRY MCVEIGH, . . . .	Watchman.
BENJAMIN R. ROBERTS, . . . .	Messenger.

## ELEVENTH SESSION.

Held at Helena, the Capital.

Convened January 13th, 1879.

Adjourned February 21st, 1879.

BENJAMIN F. POTTS,* . . . .	GOVERNOR, Helena.
JAMES H. MILLS, . . . .	Secretary, Deer Lodge.
ARMISTEAD H. MITCHELL, . . . .	President of the Council.
SAMUEL WORD, . . . .	Speaker of the House.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

WILLIAM G. CONRAD, . . . .	Choteau and Lewis and Clarke Counties.
MARTIN BARRETT, . . . .	Beaver Head County.

\*Deceased.



## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL—(Continued.)

JOSEPH A. HYDE, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
RICHARD T. KENNON, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ARMISTEAD H. MITCHELL, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
W. O. P. HAYS,* . . . .	Gallatin County.
JUNIUS G. SANDERS, . . . .	Jefferson County.
WARREN C. GILLETTE, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
ANTON M. HOLTER, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
RICHARD O. HICKMAN,* . . . .	Madison County.
OSCAR A. SEDMAN,* . . . .	Madison County.
WILLIAM PARBERRY, . . . .	Meagher County.
FRANK C. IVES, . . . .	Missoula County.
HARRY R. COMLY, . . . .	Chief Clerk.
HADEN E. RIDDLE, . . . .	Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk.
J. C. SMITH, . . . .	Sergeant at Arms and Door Keeper.
REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG, . . . .	Chaplain.
RICHARD T. CARR, . . . .	Messenger.
MICHAEL KELLY, . . . .	Watchman.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

SAMUEL A. BARBOUR, . . . .	Beaver Head County.
ALFRED B. HAMILTON, . . . .	Choteau County.
WILLIAM T. BOARDMAN, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
SAMUEL B. CORNICK, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOHN F. FORBIS, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JAMES McELROY,* . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOHN NOYES, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOHN C. ROBINSON, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
CALDWELL EDWARDS, . . . .	Gallatin County.
WILLIAM L. PERKINS,* . . . .	Gallatin County.
EDWARD G. BROOKE, . . . .	Jefferson County.
ENOCH WILSON, . . . .	Jefferson County.
ELIZUR BEACH, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JAMES FERGUS, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WILBUR F. SANDERS, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
GEORGE STEELL, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
GRANVILLE STUART, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOHN M. SWEENEY,* . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOSEPH J. BOYER, . . . .	Madison County.
EDWIN H. COOMBS, . . . .	Madison County.
HENRY H. MOOD,* . . . .	Madison County.
SAMUEL WORD, . . . .	Madison County.
CURTIS L. HARRINGTON,* . . . .	Meagher County.
JAMES T. THORPE, . . . .	Meagher County.
JOSEPH E. MARION, . . . .	Missoula County.
WASHINGTON J. McCORMICK,* . . . .	Missoula County.
PAUL McCORMICK, . . . .	Delegate from Custer County.
JAMES E. KANOUSE, . . . .	Chief Clerk.

\*Deceased.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE—(Continued)

JAMES W. KEMPER, . . .	Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk.
WILLIAM HARDENBROOK, .	Sergeant at Arms and Door Keeper.
REV. MAILON N. GILBERT, †	Chaplain.
BENJAMIN R. ROBERTS, . .	Messenger.
JOHN A. QUIRK, . . . . .	Watchman.

## ELEVENTH SESSION (EXTRAORDINARY.)

Held at Helena, the Capital.

Convened July 1st, 1879.

Adjourned July 22d, 1879.

BENJAMIN F. POTTS,* .	GOVERNOR, Helena.
JAMES H. MILLS, . . . . .	Secretary, Deer Lodge.
ARMISTEAD H. MITCHELL, .	President of the Council.
SAMUEL WORD, . . . . .	Speaker of the House.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

MARTIN BARRETT, . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
WILLIAM G. CONRAD, . . . .	Choteau and Lewis and Clarke Counties.
JOSEPH A. HYDE, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
RICHARD T. KENNON, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ARMISTEAD H. MITCHELL, .	Deer Lodge County.
W. O. P. HAYS,* . . . . .	Gallatin County.
JUNIUS G. SANDERS, . . . .	Jefferson County.
WARREN C. GILLETTE, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
ANTON M. HOLTER, . . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
RICHARD O. HICKMAN,* . . . .	Madison County.
OSCAR A. SEDMAN,* . . . . .	Madison County.
WILLIAM PARBERRY, . . . . .	Meagher County.
FRANK C. IVES, . . . . .	Missoula County.
HARRY R. COMLY, . . . . .	Chief Clerk.
HADEN E. RIDDLE, . . . . .	Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk.
DENNIS C. SHEEHY, . . . . .	Sergeant at Arms and Door Keeper.
REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG, . . . .	Chaplain.
MICHAEL KELLY, . . . . .	Watchman.
RICHARD T. CARR, . . . . .	Messenger.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

SAMUEL A. BARBOUR, . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
ALFRED B. HAMILTON, . . . .	Choteau County.
WILLIAM T. BOARDMAN, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
SAMUEL B. CORNICK, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOHN F. FORBIS, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JAMES McELROY,* . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOHN NOYES, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.

\*Deceased.

†Now Assistant Bishop of Minnesota.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE—(Continued)

JOHN C. ROBINSON, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
CALDWELL EDWARDS, . . . .	Gallatin County.
WILLIAM L. PERKINS,* . . . .	Gallatin County.
EDWARD G. BROOKE, . . . .	Jefferson County.
ENOCH WILSON, . . . . .	Jefferson County.
ELIZUR BEACH, . . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JAMES FERGUS, . . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WILBUR F. SANDERS, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
GEORGE STEELL, . . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
GRANVILLE STUART, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOHN M. SWEENEY,* . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOSEPH J. BOYER, . . . . .	Madison County.
EDWIN H. COOMBS, . . . . .	Madison County.
HENRY H. MOOD,* . . . . .	Madison County.
SAMUEL WORD, . . . . .	Madison County.
CURTIS L. HARRINGTON,* . . .	Meagher County.
JAMES T. THORPE, . . . . .	Meagher County.
JOSEPH E. MARION, . . . . .	Missoula County.
WASHINGTON J. MCCORMICK,*	Missoula County.
JAMES E. KANOUSE, . . . . .	Chief Clerk.
JAMES W. KEMPER, . . . . .	Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk.
DANIEL SEARLES, . . . . .	Sergeant at Arms and Door Keeper.
REV. MAHLON N. GILBERT, . . .	Chaplain.
JOHN A. QUIRK, . . . . .	Watchman.
BENJAMIN R. ROBERTS, . . . .	Messenger.

## TWELFTH SESSION.

Held at Helena, the Capital.  
 Convened January 10th, 1881.  
 Adjourned February 23d, 1881.

BENJAMIN F. POTTS,* . . . . .	GOVERNOR. Helena.
JAMES H. MILLS, . . . . .	Secretary, Deer Lodge.
JOSEPH K. TOOLE, . . . . .	President of the Council.
JOHN J. DONNELLY, . . . . .	Speaker of the House.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

JAMES B. HUBBELL, . . . . .	Custer County.
W. O. P. HAYS,* . . . . .	Gallatin County.
EDWARD CARDWELL, . . . . .	Jefferson County.
WILLIAM W. MORRIS, . . . . .	Madison County.
JOSEPH A. BROWNE, . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
EDWARD D. AIKEN, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ARMISTEAD H. MITCHELL, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
FRANK L. WORDEN,* . . . . .	Missoula County.
ROBERT S. FORD, . . . . .	Choteau and Dawson Counties.

\*Deceased.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL—(Continued.)

WILLIAM B. HUNDLEY, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOSEPH K. TOOLE, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOHN C. KERLEY, . . . .	Meagher County.
HARRY R. COMLY, . . . .	Chief Clerk.
HADEN E. RIDDLE, . . . .	Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk.
THOMAS B. HARPER,* . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. J. T. MASON, . . . .	Chaplain.
BUCHANAN DILLARD, . . . .	Watchman.
DANIEL SWEENEY, . . . .	Messenger.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

J. C. ROGERS, . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
W. D. DAVIS, . . . . .	Beaver Head and Missoula Counties.
JOHN J. DONNELLY, . . . .	Choteau and Dawson Counties.
HENRY A. KENNERLY . . . .	Choteau and Dawson Counties.
JAMES H. GARLOCK,* . . . .	Custer County.
CURTIS L. HARRINGTON,* . .	Custer and Meagher Counties.
JOHN M. BELL, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ISRAEL CLEM, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
STEPHEN DEWOLFE, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
CHRISTIAN B. HOUSER,* . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ROBERT G. HUMBER, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JAMES K. PARDEE, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ANDREW L. CORBLEY, . . . .	Gallatin County.
MICHAEL HANLEY,* . . . . .	Gallatin County.
ENOCH WILSON, . . . . .	Jefferson County.
AMOS EASTMAN. . . . .	Jefferson and Madison Counties.
ELIZUR BEACH, . . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WILLIAM E. CULLEN, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
HENRY M. PARCHEN, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOHN STEDMAN, . . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
HENRY N. BLAKE, . . . . .	Madison County.
OSCAR ALFRED SEDMAN, <sup>o</sup> . . .	Madison County.
JACOB M. POWERS, . . . . .	Meagher County.
HENRY CHAMBERS, . . . . .	Missoula County.
JAMES E. KANOUSE, . . . .	Chief Clerk.
JAMES W. KEMPER, . . . .	Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk.
DAVID H. LINEBARGER, . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. W. SCOTT STITES, . . .	Chaplain.
H. B. GIBSON, . . . . .	Watchman.
LEON A. LACROIX, . . . . .	Messenger.

\*Deceased.

<sup>o</sup>Died Feb. 13th, 1881.

## THIRTEENTH SESSION.

Held at Helena, the Capital.

Convened January 8th, 1883.

Adjourned March 8th, 1883.

BENJAMIN F. POTTS,\* . GOVERNOR, Helena.  
 J. SCHUYLER CROSBY,° . GOVERNOR, Helena.  
 ISAAC D. McCUTCHEON, . . Secretary, Helena.  
 GRANVILLE STUART, . . . President of the Council.  
 ALEXANDER E. MAYHEW, . Speaker of the House.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

BENJAMIN F. WHITE, . . . Beaver Head County.  
 HENRY S. BACK,† . . . . Choteau and Dawson Counties.  
 ALFRED B. HAMILTON, . . Choteau and Dawson Counties.  
 CHARLES G. COX,\* . . . . Custer County.  
 ARMISTEAD H. MITCHELL, . Deer Lodge County.  
 GEORGE D. THOMAS, . . . Gallatin County.  
 EDWARD CARDWELL, . . . Jefferson County.  
 WILLIAM A. CHESSMAN, . . Lewis and Clarke County.  
 WARREN C. GILLETTE, . . Lewis and Clarke County.  
 WILLIAM W. MORRIS, . . . Madison County.  
 GRANVILLE STUART, . . . Meagher County.  
 WILLIAM E. BASS, . . . . Missoula County.  
 AARON C. WITTER,\* . . . Silver Bow County.  
 JAMES B. WELLS, . . . . Chief Clerk.  
 W. I. LIPPINCOTT, . . . . Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk.  
 SAMUEL ALEXANDER, . . . Sergeant at Arms.  
 REV. L. L. WOOD, . . . . Chaplain.  
 WILLIAM WOODCOCK, . . . Watchman.  
 DANIEL SWEENEY, . . . . Messenger.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

JOHN E. CLUTTER,\* . . . Beaver Head County.  
 WILLIAM T. JACOBS; . . . Beaver Head County.  
 JOSEPH A. BAKER, . . . . Choteau County.  
 WILLIAM B. SETTLE,\* . . . Choteau County.  
 SIDNEY H. ERWIN, . . . . Custer County.  
 PERRY W. McADOW, . . . Custer County.  
 JOHN F. MALONEY, . . . . Dawson County.  
 JOSEPH B. ARMSTRONG, . . Deer Lodge County.  
 ALEXANDER E. MAYHEW, . Deer Lodge County.  
 CALDWELL EDWARDS. . . . Gallatin County.  
 HENRY J. WRIGHT, . . . . Gallatin County.  
 JOSEPH S. ALLEN, . . . . Jefferson County.  
 PETER B. MILLS, . . . . Jefferson County.

\*Deceased.

°Governor Crosby assumed office Jan. 15th, 1883.

†This seat was given to Mr. Alfred B Hamilton, contestant, Jan. 26th, 1883.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE—(Continued)

HARRY R. COMLY, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
FRANK D. COOPER, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
ROBERT C. WALLACE, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
HENRY N. BLAKE, . . . .	Madison County.
RICHARD O. HICKMAN,* . . . .	Madison County.
THOMAS DEAN, . . . .	Meagher County.
JAMES E. KANOUSE, . . . .	Meagher County.
ORLANDO B. BATTEN, . . . .	Missoula County.
JOHN F. FORBIS, . . . .	Silver Bow County.
LEE MANTLE, . . . .	Silver Bow County.
DANIEL O'GRADY, . . . .	Silver Bow County.
DAVID MARKS, . . . .	Chief Clerk.
JAMES W. KEMPER, . . . .	Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk.
NEWTON DICKINSON, . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. FREDERICK T. WEBB, . . . .	Chaplain.
JOHN C. SHANNON, . . . .	Watchman.
STONEWALL ROE, . . . .	Messenger.

## FOURTEENTH SESSION.

Held at Helena, the Capital.  
 Convened January 12th, 1885.  
 Adjourned March 12th, 1885.

B. PLATT CARPENTER, . . . .	GOVERNOR, Helena.
JOHN S. TOOKER, . . . .	Secretary, Helena.
FRANK K. ARMSTRONG, . . . .	President of the Council.
JAMES E. CALLAWAY, . . . .	Speaker of the House.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

MARTIN BARRETT, . . . .	Beaver Head County.
HORACE R. BUCK, . . . .	Choteau County.
WILLIAM H. COTANT, . . . .	Custer County.
FREDERICK L. GREENE,* . . . .	Dawson and Yellowstone Counties.
ARMISTEAD H. MITCHELL, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
FRANK K. ARMSTRONG, . . . .	Gallatin County.
EDWARD CARDWELL, . . . .	Jefferson County.
WILLIAM A. CHESSMAN, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WILLIAM W. MORRIS, . . . .	Madison County.
JAMES FERGUS, . . . .	Meagher County.
WILL KENNEDY, . . . .	Missoula County.
STEPHEN DEWOLFE, . . . .	Silver Bow County.
DAVID MARKS, . . . .	Chief Clerk.
SAMUEL W. LANGHORNE, . . . .	Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk.
AMOS CALVIN, . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. L. L. WOOD, . . . .	Chaplain.
WILLIAM H. JOHNSON, . . . .	Watchman.
JAMES J. McEVILY, . . . .	Messenger.

\*Deceased.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

JAY WELLS, . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
JAMES M. PAGE, . . . . .	Beaver Head and Madison Counties.
JESSE F. TAYLOR,* . . . . .	Choteau County.
S. F. BIDDLE, . . . . .	Custer County.
JOHN M. HOLT, . . . . .	Custer County.
GEORGE R. TINGLE, . . . . .	Dawson County.
CONRAD KOHRS, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
F. L. PERKINS, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
GEORGE R. NICHOLS, . . . . .	Gallatin County.
JOHN M. ROBINSON, . . . . .	Gallatin County.
H. M. SLOAN, . . . . .	Gallatin County.
VAN H. FISK,* . . . . .	Jefferson County.
ALBERT J. SELIGMAN, . . . . .	Jefferson and Lewis and Clarke Counties.
J. HENRY JURGENS, . . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
BENJAMIN F. POTTS,* . . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JAMES E. CALLAWAY, . . . . .	Madison County.
GEORGE M. HATCH, . . . . .	Meagher County.
PERRY J. MOORE, . . . . .	Meagher County.
CLYDE EASTMAN, . . . . .	Missoula County.
MARTIN L. ENIGH, . . . . .	Missoula County.
JOHN T. BALDWIN, . . . . .	Silver Bow County.
JOHN F. FORBIS, . . . . .	Silver Bow County.
WILLIAM O. SPEER, . . . . .	Silver Bow County.
WILLIAM H. NORTON, . . . . .	Yellowstone County.
HARRY H. DAVIS, . . . . .	Chief Clerk.
FREDERICK H. FOSTER, . . . . .	Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk.
THOMAS B. WARREN, . . . . .	Sergeant at Arms and Door Keeper.
REV. FREDERICK T. WEBB, . . . . .	Chaplain.
MATTHEW MCGUIRK, . . . . .	Watchman.
ROBERT O. MERRIMAN, . . . . .	Messenger.

## FIFTEENTH SESSION.

Held at Helena, the Capital.  
 Convened January 10th, 1887.  
 Adjourned March 10th, 1887.

SAMUEL T. HAUSER,†. . . . .	GOVERNOR, Helena.
PRESTON H. LESLIE, . . . . .	GOVERNOR, Helena.
WILLIAM B. WEBB, . . . . .	Secretary, Helena.
RICHARD O. HICKMAN,* . . . . .	President of the Council.
FRANK K. ARMSTRONG, . . . . .	Speaker of the House.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

*GEORGE L. BACHELDER,* . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
†TIMOTHY E. COLLINS, . . . . .	Choteau County.

\*Deceased.

† Resigned.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL—(Continued)

JOHN J. THOMPSON, . . .	Custer County.
JAMES K. PARDEE, . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ELA C. WATERS, . . .	Dawson and Yellowstone Counties.
WILL H. SUTHERLIN, . . .	Fergus and Meagher Counties.
SAMUEL L. HOLLIDAY, . . .	Gallatin County.
EDWARD CARDWELL, . . .	Jefferson County.
RICHARD O. HICKMAN,* . . .	Madison County.
WILL KENNEDY, . . .	Missoula County.
WILLIAM B. HUNDLEY, . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOHN E. RICKARDS, . . .	Silver Bow County.
REUBEN L. DAVIS, . . .	Chief Clerk.
HENRY D. ARKWRIGHT, . . .	Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk.
MATTHEW MCGUIRK, . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. RANDOLPH E. SMITH, . . .	Chaplain.
BENJAMIN F. HOOPER, . . .	Watchman.
GEORGE W. FAUST, . . .	Messenger.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

LAWRENCE A. BROWN, . . .	Beaver Head County.
JAMES M. PAGE, . . .	Beaver Head and Madison Counties.
JESSE F. TAYLOR,* . . .	Choteau County.
JOHN M. HOLT, . . .	Custer County.
E. H. JOHNSON, . . .	Custer County.
CHARLES R. A. SCOBEEY, . . .	Dawson County.
JOHN R. TOOLE, . . .	Deer Lodge County.
M. W. WHITE, . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JAMES E. KANOUSE, . . .	Fergus and Meagher Counties.
JACOB TITMAN, . . .	Fergus and Meagher Counties.
WILLIAM W. ALDERSON, . . .	Gallatin County.
FRANK K. ARMSTRONG, . . .	Gallatin County.
CHARLES W. HOFFMAN, . . .	Gallatin County.
ENOCH WILSON, . . .	Jefferson County.
JOHN W. BUSKETT, . . .	Jefferson and Lewis and Clarke Counties.
THOMAS L. GORHAM,* . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WILLIAM MUTH, . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
HENRY N. BLAKE, . . .	Madison County.
THOMAS C. MARSHALL, . . .	Missoula County.
HARRISON SPAULDING,* . . .	Missoula County.
CHARLES W. HANSCOMB, . . .	Silver Bow County.
LEE MANTLE, . . .	Silver Bow County.
WILLIAM THOMPSON, . . .	Silver Bow County.
EDGAR N. HARWOOD, . . .	Yellowstone County.
DAVID MARKS, . . .	Chief Clerk.
HARRY L. ROGERS, . . .	Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk.
SAMUEL ALEXANDER, . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. THOMAS V. MOORE, . . .	Chaplain.
JAMES CRUMP, . . .	Watchman.
ARTHUR PELLETIER, . . .	Messenger.

\* Deceased.



## FIFTEENTH SESSION (EXTRAORDINARY.)

Held at Helena, the Capital.

Convened August 29th, 1887.

Adjourned September 14th, 1887.

PRESTON H. LESLIE, . . . GOVERNOR, Helena.  
 WILLIAM B. WEBB, . . . Secretary, Helena.  
 RICHARD O. HICKMAN,\* . . . President of the Council.  
 FRANK K. ARMSTRONG, . . . Speaker of the House.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

GEORGE L. BACHELDER,\* . . . Beaver Head County.  
 TIMOTHY E. COLLINS, . . . Choteau County.  
 WALTER A. BURLEIGH,† . . . Custer County.  
 ELA C. WATERS, . . . Dawson and Yellowstone Counties.  
 JAMES K. PARDEE, . . . Deer Lodge County.  
 WILL H. SUTHERLIN, . . . Fergus and Meagher Counties.  
 EDWARD CARDWELL, . . . Jefferson County.  
 SAMUEL L. HOLLIDAY, . . . Gallatin County.  
 WILLIAM B. HUNDLEY, . . . Lewis and Clarke County.  
 RICHARD O. HICKMAN,\* . . . Madison County.  
 WILL KENNEDY, . . . Missoula County.  
 JOHN E. RICKARDS, . . . Silver Bow County.  
 REUBEN L. DAVIS, . . . Chief Clerk.  
 HENRY D. ARKWRIGHT, . . . Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk.  
 MATTHEW MCGUIRK, . . . Sergeant at Arms.  
 REV. RANDOLPH E. SMITH, . . . Chaplain.  
 BENJAMIN F. HOOPER, . . . Watchman.  
 GEORGE W. FAUST, . . . Messenger.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

LAWRENCE A. BROWN, . . . Beaver Head County.  
 JAMES M. PAGE, . . . Beaver Head and Madison Counties.  
 JESSE F. TAYLOR,\* . . . Choteau County.  
 JOHN M. HOLT, . . . Custer County.  
 E. H. JOHNSON, . . . Custer County.  
 CHARLES R. A. SCOBEEY, . . . Dawson County.  
 JOHN R. TOOLE, . . . Deer Lodge County.  
 M. W. WHITE, . . . Deer Lodge County.  
 JAMES E. KANOUSE, . . . Fergus and Meagher Counties.  
 JACOB TITMAN, . . . Fergus and Meagher Counties.  
 WILLIAM W. ALDERSON, . . . Gallatin County.  
 FRANK K. ARMSTRONG, . . . Gallatin County.  
 CHARLES W. HOFFMAN, . . . Gallatin County.  
 ENOCH WILSON, . . . Jefferson County.  
 JOHN W. BUSKETT, . . . Jefferson and Lewis and Clarke Counties.  
 THOMAS L. GORHAM,\* . . . Lewis and Clarke County.

\*Deceased.

†Elected to fill vacancy caused by resignation of John J. Thompson.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE—(Continued)

WILLIAM MUTH. . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
HENRY N. BLAKE. . . . .	Madison County.
THOMAS C. MARSHALL. . . . .	Missoula County.
HARRISON SPAULDING.* . . . .	Missoula County.
CHARLES W. HANSCOMB. . . . .	Silver Bow County.
LEE MANTLE. . . . .	Silver Bow County.
WILLIAM THOMPSON. . . . .	Silver Bow County.
EDGAR N. HARWOOD. . . . .	Yellowstone County.
DAVID MARKS. . . . .	Chief Clerk.
HARRY L. ROGERS.* . . . .	Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk.
SAMUEL ALEXANDER. . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. THOMAS V. MOORE. . . . .	Chaplain.
JAMES CRUMP. . . . .	Watchman.
ARTHUR PELLETIER. . . . .	Messenger.

## SIXTEENTH SESSION.

Held at Helena, the Capital.  
 Convened January 14th, 1889.  
 Adjourned March 14th, 1889.

PRESTON H. LESLIE. . . . .	GOVERNOR, Helena.
LOUIS A. WALKER. . . . .	Secretary, Helena.
CHARLES K. COLE. . . . .	President of the Council.
LEE MANTLE. . . . .	Speaker of the House.

## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

LAWRENCE A. BROWN. . . . .	Beaver Head County.
CHARLES R. MIDDLETON. . . . .	Custer County.
WILLIAM M. THOMPSON. . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
WILL KENNEDY. . . . .	Jefferson County.
CHARLES K. COLE. . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
LORIN B. OLDS. . . . .	Madison County.
WALTER M. BICKFORD.‡ . . . .	Missoula County.
WILLIAM THOMPSON. . . . .	Silver Bow County.
JEREMIAH COLLINS. . . . .	Cascade and Choteau Counties.
W. ASHBY CONRAD. . . . .	Dawson and Yellowstone Counties.
GEORGE M. HATCH. . . . .	Fergus and Park Counties.
CHARLES W. HOFFMAN. . . . .	Gallatin and Meagher Counties.
JOHN R. EARDLEY. . . . .	Chief Clerk.
FRED GILBERT. . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
L. F. WYMAN.* . . . .	Chaplain.
GEO. W. SCOTT. . . . .	Watchman.
EUGENE E. DICKERSON. . . . .	Messenger.

\*Deceased

‡This seat was unsuccessfully contested by Geo. A. Bennett.

## MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

H. D. PICKMAN, . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
E. H. JOHNSON, . . . . .	Custer County.
LORING B. REA,* . . . . .	Custer County.
HENRI J. HASKELL, . . . . .	Dawson County.
CHARLES D. JOSLYN, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
CLINTON H. MOORE, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOHN D. WAITE, . . . . .	Fergus County.
CHARLES P. BLAKELY, . . . . .	Gallatin County.
WILLIAM D. FLOWERS, . . . . .	Gallatin County.
SAMUEL A. SWIGGETT, . . . . .	Jefferson County.
JOSEPH DAVIS, . . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WARREN C. GILLETTE, . . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
J. R. COMFORT, . . . . .	Madison County.
J. E. SAXTON, . . . . .	Meagher County.
GARL T. JONES, . . . . .	Missoula County.
S. G. MURRAY, . . . . .	Missoula County.
GEORGE H. CARVER, . . . . .	Park County.
LEE MANTLE, . . . . .	Silver Bow County.
E. E. CONGDON, . . . . .	Silver Bow County.
WILLIAM H. ROBERTS, . . . . .	Silver Bow County.
FRANK S. WHITNEY,† . . . . .	Yellowstone County.
OZIAS WILLIS, . . . . .	Beaver Head and Madison Counties.
E. C. GARRETT, . . . . .	Cascade and Choteau Counties.
WILLIAM H. HUNT, . . . . .	Lewis and Clarke and Jefferson Counties.
BENJAMIN WEBSTER, . . . . .	Chief Clerk.
H. D. ARKWRIGHT, . . . . .	Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk.
OLAF LUND, . . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. C. B. ALLEN, JR., . . . . .	Chaplain.
A. B. DAVIS, . . . . .	Watchman.
DEFORREST MERRIMAN, . . . . .	Messenger.

NOTE—Hon. Alexander Davis, member of the Council in the Fourth Session, page 369, and Fourth Session (Extraordinary), page 371, represented Madison County, not Beaver Head County. He died February 12th, 1896, at St. Louis, Mo.

\*Deceased.

†Presented credentials and qualified February 12th, 1889.

# CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTIONS OF MONTANA.

## CONVENTION OF 1866.†

Held at Helena.

Convened April 9th, 1866.

Adjourned April 14th, 1866.

ROBERT C. EWING,\* PRESIDENT.

### MEMBERS.

SAMUEL W. BATCHELDER,°	Beaver Head County.
C. R. COOPER,° . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
JOHN KEYSER, . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
W. H. KING,° . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
RICHARD MCNEIL,* ‡ . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
H. F. WRIGHT,° . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
— BLAKELY, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
REUBEN BORTON. . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
FRED H. BURR, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
MICHAEL HOLLAND, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
DAVID L. IRVINE,* . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
WILLIAM L. IRVINE,* . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ALEXANDER E. MAYHEW, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
WASHINGTON J. McCORMICK,*	Deer Lodge County.
JAMES STUART,* . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ROBERT C. EWING,* . . . . .	Edgerton County.
JOHN H. SHOBER. . . . .	Edgerton County.
JOHN A. JOHNSTON, . . . . .	Edgerton County.
A. S. MAXWELL,* . . . . .	Edgerton County.
ROBERT B. PARROTT, . . . . .	Edgerton County.
WILLIAM Y. PEMBERTON, . . . . .	Edgerton County.
WILLIAM L. STEELE, . . . . .	Edgerton County.
THOMAS E. TUTT, . . . . .	Edgerton County.
ELIHU B. WATERBURY,* . . . . .	Edgerton County.
ALEXANDER M. WOOLFOLK, . . . . .	Edgerton County.
J. D. DAVIDSON, . . . . .	Gallatin County.
H. P. DOWNS, . . . . .	Gallatin County.
ANDREW J. HUNTER,* . . . . .	Gallatin County.
A. METCALF, . . . . .	Gallatin County.
W. B. MORRIS, . . . . .	Gallatin County.
WILLIAM G. BARCLAY,* . . . . .	Jefferson County.
THOMAS F. BOWLER,* . . . . .	Jefferson County.

\* Deceased.

†This Convention was called without authority of law by proclamation of Secretary and Acting Governor Thomas Francis Meagher, on the petition of a number of citizens. It was looked on generally with disfavor by the people.—J. U. S.

°Did not appear and qualify.

‡Appointed by attending delegate.

W. F. EVANS, . . . . .	Jefferson County.
JOHN C. GILMAN,* . . . . .	Jefferson County.
O. F. HART, . . . . .	Jefferson County.
JOHN CAPLICE, . . . . .	Madison County.
WILLIAM M. COUCH, . . . . .	Madison County.
PHILIP E. EVANS,* . . . . .	Madison County.
GEORGE W. HILL,* . . . . .	Madison County.
WILLIAM B. NAPTON, JR., . . . . .	Madison County.
JOHN H. ROGERS,* . . . . .	Madison County.
JOHN F. RUCKER, . . . . .	Madison County.
THOMAS THOROUGHMAN, . . . . .	Madison County.
GEORGE WILHELM, . . . . .	Madison County.
SAMUEL WORD, <sup>o</sup> . . . . .	Madison County.
JOHN POMEROY, . . . . .	Missoula County.
CALEB E. IRVINE,* . . . . .	Missoula County.
HORATIO N. MAGUIRE, . . . . .	Secretary.
JOHN W. CORUM,* . . . . .	Assistant Secretary.
EDWARD COLSTON,* . . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
THOMAS F. CAMPBELL,* . . . . .	Chaplain.

Choteau County entitled to five delegates, but none appeared.  
 One vacancy from Deer Lodge County.  
 Three vacancies from Missoula County.

CONVENTION OF 1884.‡

Held at Helena.

Convened January 14th, 1884.

Adjourned February 9th, 1884.

WILLIAM A. CLARK, PRESIDENT.

MEMBERS.

JOSEPH A. BROWNE, . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
ROBERT B. SMITH, . . . . .	Beaver Head County.
TIMOTHY E. COLLINS, . . . . .	Choteau County.
WILLIAM H. HUNT, . . . . .	Choteau County.
THOMAS C. POWER,† . . . . .	Choteau County.
ANDREW F. BURLEIGH,‡ . . . . .	Custer County.
SAMUEL R. DOUGLAS, . . . . .	Custer County.
CHARLES W. SAVAGE, . . . . .	Custer County.
WILLIAM VAN GASKEN, . . . . .	Custer County.
J. F. MALLORY, . . . . .	Dawson County.
JOAQUIN ABASCAL, . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JAMES H. MILLS,¶ . . . . .	Deer Lodge County.

\*Deceased.

<sup>o</sup> Did not appear and qualify.

†Delegate at Large from Third Judicial District, comprising the Counties of Choteau, Jefferson, Lewis and Clarke and Meagher.

‡Delegate at Large from First Judicial District, comprising the Counties of Custer, Dawson, Gallatin, Madison and Yellowstone.

¶Delegate at Large from Second Judicial District, comprising the Counties of Beaver Head, Deer Lodge, Missoula and Silver Bow.

§Authorized by House Joint Resolution, approved March 7th, 1883. See Laws of Montana 1883, page 199.

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JOHN C. ROBINSON, . . . .	Deer Lodge County.
ELIHU B. WATERBURY,* . . .	Deer Lodge County.
WALTER COOPER, ‡ . . . .	Gallatin County.
GEORGE O. EATON, . . . .	Gallatin County.
EDWARD F. FERRIS, . . . .	Gallatin County.
SAMUEL W. LANGHORNE, . . .	Gallatin County.
FELLOWS D. PEASE, . . . .	Gallatin County.
ROBERT P. VIVION,* . . . .	Gallatin County.
EDWARD MCSORLEY, . . . .	Jefferson County.
NATHANIEL MERRIMAN,* . . .	Jefferson County.
MATTHEW CARROLL, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
CORNELIUS HEDGES, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WILLIAM B. HUNDLEY, † . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
GEORGE STEELL, ° . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOSEPH K. TOOLE, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JAMES E. CALLAWAY, . . . .	Madison County.
HORATIO S. HOWELL, . . . .	Madison County.
JAMES FERGUS, . . . .	Meagher County.
WILLIAM F. HAAS,* . . . .	Meagher County.
JOSEPH F. McCLINTOCK, . . .	Meagher County.
JOHN B. CATLIN, . . . .	Missoula County.
RICHARD A. EDDY, . . . .	Missoula County.
WASHINGTON J. McCORMICK,*	Missoula County.
WILLIAM J. STEPHENS, . . . .	Missoula County.
WILLIAM A. CLARK, . . . .	Silver Bow County.
MARCUS DALY, . . . .	Silver Bow County.
WILLIAM W. DIXON,    . . . .	Silver Bow County.
FRANCIS W. HASTINGS MED-	
HURST, . . . .	Silver Bow County.
THOMAS L. NAPTON,* . . . .	Silver Bow County.
WILLIAM Y. PEMBERTON, . . .	Silver Bow County.
JOHN C. C. THORNTON,* . . . .	Silver Bow County.
FRED L. GREENE,* . . . .	Yellowstone County.
FRANCIS M. PROCTOR, . . . .	Yellowstone County.
PAUL L. VAN CLEVE, . . . .	Secretary.
JAMES B. WELLS, . . . .	Assistant Secretary.
W. R. ARMSTRONG, . . . .	Clerk.
JAMES B. WALKER, . . . .	Clerk.
WILLIAM F. WHEELER,* . . . .	Clerk.
WILLIAM I. LIPPINCOTT, . . .	Stenographer.
SAMUEL ALEXANDER, . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
BUCHANAN DILLARD, . . . .	Fireman.
STONEWALL ROE, . . . .	Page.
JAMES SHANNON, . . . .	Page.

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\*Deceased.

°Appeared and qualified the last day of the Convention.

‡Delegate at Large from Third Judicial District.

†Delegate at Large from First Judicial District.

|| Delegate at Large from the Second Judicial District.

CONVENTION OF 1889.†

Held at Helena.  
 Convened July 4th, 1889.  
 Adjourned August 17th, 1889.  
 Constitution Adopted August 17th, 1889.  
 Constitution Ratified October 1st, 1889.

WILLIAM A. CLARK, PRESIDENT.

MEMBERS.

FIELDING L. GRAVES, . . .	Beaver Head County.
HENRY KNIPPENBERG, . . .	Beaver Head County.
AARON C. WITTER,* . . .	Beaver Head County.
DAVID G. BROWNE, . . .	Choteau County.
CHARLES E. CONRAD, . . .	Choteau County.
SAMUEL MITCHELL, . . .	Choteau County.
WALTER A. BURLEIGH . . .	Custer County.
CHARLES H. LOUD, . . .	Custer County.
CHARLES R. MIDDLETON, . . .	Custer County.
TIMOTHY E. COLLINS, . . .	Cascade County.
PARIS GIBSON, . . .	Cascade County.
CHARLES M. WEBSTER, . . .	Cascade County.
O. F. GODDARD, . . .	Dawson and Yellowstone Counties.
HENRI J. HASKELL, . . .	Dawson and Yellowstone Counties.
ALFRED MYERS, . . .	Dawson and Yellowstone Counties.
JOHN R. TOOLE, . . .	Deer Lodge County.
HENRY R. WHITEHILL, . . .	Deer Lodge County.
GEORGE B. WINSTON, . . .	Deer Lodge County.
J. F. BRAZLETON, . . .	Deer Lodge County.
DAVID M. DURFEE, . . .	Deer Lodge County.
GEORGE J. REEK, . . .	Deer Lodge County.
EDWARD BURNS, . . .	Deer Lodge County.
JOHN C. ROBINSON, . . .	Deer Lodge County.
CONRAD KOHRS, . . .	Deer Lodge County.
S. S. HOBSON, . . .	Fergus County.
PERRY W. MCADOW, . . .	Fergus County.
WILLIAM H. WATSON,* . . .	Fergus County.
WALTER COOPER, . . .	Gallatin County.
CHARLES S. HARTMAN, . . .	Gallatin County.
LLEWELLYN A. LUCE, . . .	Gallatin County.
EDWARD CARDWELL, . . .	Jefferson County.
ROBERT E. HAMMOND, . . .	Jefferson County.
THOMAS JOYES,* . . .	Jefferson County.
ANDREW J. BURNS,* . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WARREN C. GILLETTE, . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WILLIAM MAYGER, . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
B. PLATT CARPENTER, . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WILLIAM A. CHESSMAN, . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
WILLIAM MUTH, . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
LEWIS H. HERSHFIELD, . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.

\*Deceased.

†Authorized by Enabling Act, approved February 22nd, 1889. See 25 U. S. Statutes, p. 676.

MARTIN MAGINNIS, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
JOSEPH K. TOOLE, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
ALEXANDER F. BURNS, . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
MILTON CAUBY, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
ARTHUR J. CRAVEN, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
SIMEON R. BUFORD, . . . .	Madison County.
JAMES E. CALLAWAY, . . . .	Madison County.
RICHARD O. HICKMAN,* . . .	Madison County.
J. E. KANOUSE, . . . .	Meagher County.
WILLIAM PARBERRY, . . . .	Meagher County.
LOUIS ROTWITT, . . . .	Meagher County.
WALTER M. BICKFORD, . . .	Missoula County.
CHARLES S. MARSHALL, . . .	Missoula County.
WILLIAM R. RAMSDELL, . . .	Missoula County.
LUKE D. HATCH, . . . .	Missoula County.
WILLIAM J. KENNEDY, . . . .	Missoula County.
JOSEPH E. MARION, . . . .	Missoula County.
GEORGE O. EATON, . . . .	Park County.
WILLIAM T. FIELD, . . . .	Park County.
ALLEN R. JOY, . . . .	Park County.
PETER BREEN, . . . .	Jefferson County.
WILLIAM MASON BULLARD, . .	Jefferson County.
J. E. GAYLORD, . . . .	Jefferson County.
HIRAM KNOWLES, . . . .	Silver Bow County.
JOHN E. RICKARDS, . . . .	Silver Bow County.
GEORGE W. STAPLETON, . . .	Silver Bow County.
JOSEPH HOGAN, . . . .	Silver Bow County.
LEOPOLD F. SCHMIDT, . . . .	Silver Bow County.
FRANCIS E. SARGEANT, . . .	Silver Bow County.
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CHARLES S. WARREN, . . . .	Silver Bow County.
WILLIAM H. TODD, . . . .	Chief Clerk.
JENNIE M. MERRIMAN, . . . .	Assistant Chief Clerk.
SAMUEL ALEXANDER, . . . .	Sergeant at Arms.
REV. H. E. CLOWES, . . . .	Chaplain.
EDWARD KERR, . . . .	Clerk.
E. CLARENCE GARRETT, . . . .	Clerk.
LEE SWORDS, . . . .	Clerk.
JOHN M. TRUMBULL, . . . .	Clerk.
HENRY BARNARD, . . . .	Clerk.
EUGENE E. DICKERSON, . . . .	Messenger.
WILLIAM ALEXANDER, . . . .	Page.
CORNELIUS HEDGES, JR., . . .	Page.
MAURICE LANGHORNE, . . . .	Page.

NOTE—Districts entitled to three delegates each and in above list arranged numerically in order.

\*Deceased.



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MARTIN MAGINNIS, . . . .	Lewis and Clarke County.
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CORNELIUS HEDGES, JR., . . .	Page.
MAURICE LANGHORNE, . . . . .	Page.

NOTE—Districts entitled to three delegates each and in above list arranged numerically in order.

\*Deceased.

SURVIVING MEMBERS  
of  
CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

1923

Name	Age Aug. 1920	Address.
Con. W. A. Clark .....	81	Butte, Montana. <i>died Mch. 2, 25</i>
Con. Allen R. Joy .....	65	1036 Ch. of Com. Bldg., Portland
Con. Henry Knippenberg .....	77	Room 12, Union Tr. Bldg. Indianapolis <i>died Apr. 16, 24</i>
Con. J. A. Loud .....	63	Helena, Montana.
Con. J. A. Middleton .....	67	Studette, Minnesota.
Con. Wm. Smith .....	69	Helena, Montana. <i>died Feb. 19, 25</i>
Con. W. R. Smeddall .....	60	30 S. Stone Ave., Tucson, Ariz.
Con. J. E. Rickards .....	72	San Francisco, Cal.
Con. Francis E. Sargeant .....	79	1201 Biltmore St., Wash., D. C.
Con. Joseph H. Poole .....	69	Helena, Montana.
Con. Walter Cooper .....	77	Bozeman, Montana. <i>died Apr. 1925</i>
Con. Arthur J. Craven .....	63	Bellingham, Wn. <i>died Apr. 1925</i>
Con. S. A. Durfee .....	65	Phillipsburg, Montana.
Con. Geo. O. Eaton .....	72	c/o Rocky Mountain Club, N. V.
Con. Wm. F. Field .....	61	811 N. Noble Ave., Guthrie, Okla.
Con. O. F. Goddard .....	67	Billings, Montana.
Con. R. W. Hammond .....	61	Avre, Montana.
Con. Chas. E. Hartman .....	59	Bozeman, Montana.
Con. Geo. B. Winston .....	59	Maconda, Montana.
Con. Milton Sauby .....	83	Helena, Montana. <i>died Feb. 15, 25</i>
Con. J. E. Lamouse .....	75	Townsend, Montana.
Con. W. W. Dickford .....	68	Missoula, Montana.

Total membership..... 75  
Living..... 62

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e., Portland  
dg. Indianapolis

son, Ariz.

., D. C.

ub, N. Y.  
thrie, Okla.

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